

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DECEMBER

10¢

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
CENTRAL SERIAL RECORDS
RECEIVED

NOV 17 1941

COPY 2



Gene
Tierney

**DON'T MISS:
SOCIETY
CRASHES
HOLLYWOOD!**

**GARBO—
Tough & Nice**

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"

Starring **BETTE DAVIS, ANN SHERIDAN, MONTE WOOLLEY**

Exclusive Fictionization of Comedy Hit of the Season!

Two
movie dates
you'll want
to keep this
Fall!

TERRIFIC
BETTY GRABLE



NEW "IT" MAN
VICTOR MATURE



THRILLING
CAROLE LANDIS

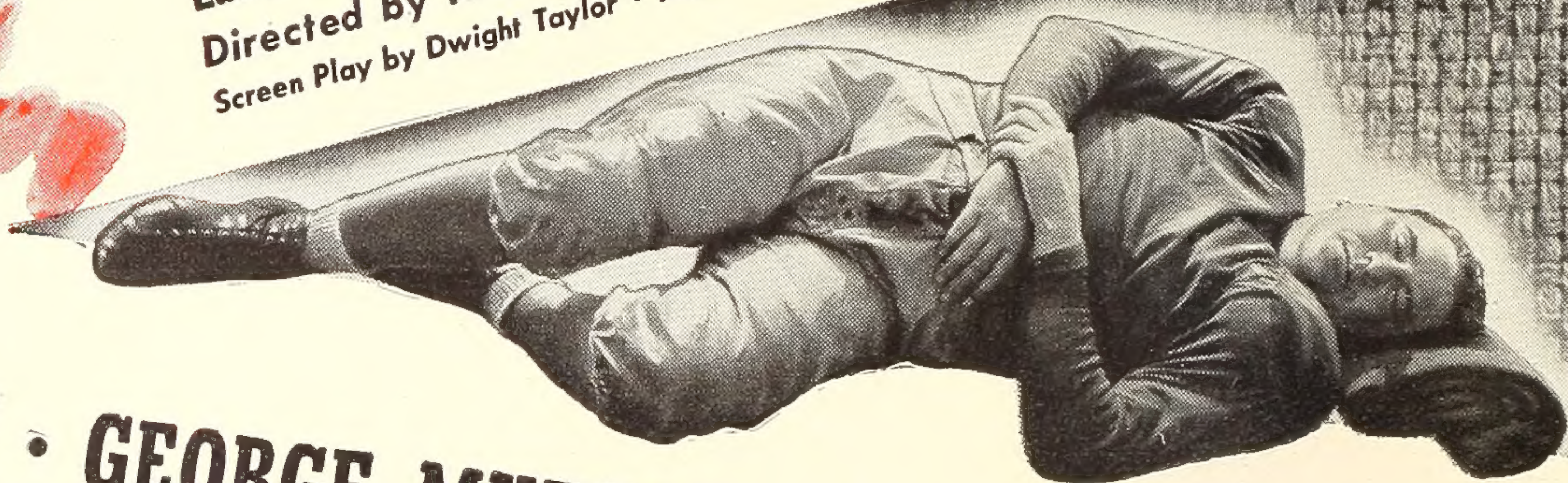


Together

in the most exciting picture you will see this year!

HOT SPOT

with
Laird Cregar • William Gargan • Alan Mowbray • Allan Joslyn
Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone • Produced by Milton Sperling
Screen Play by Dwight Taylor • From the novel "I Wake Up Screaming" by Steve Fisher



JACK OAKIE • GEORGE MURPHY • LINDA DARNELL
WALTER BRENNAN • MILTON BERLE
in Mark Hellinger's

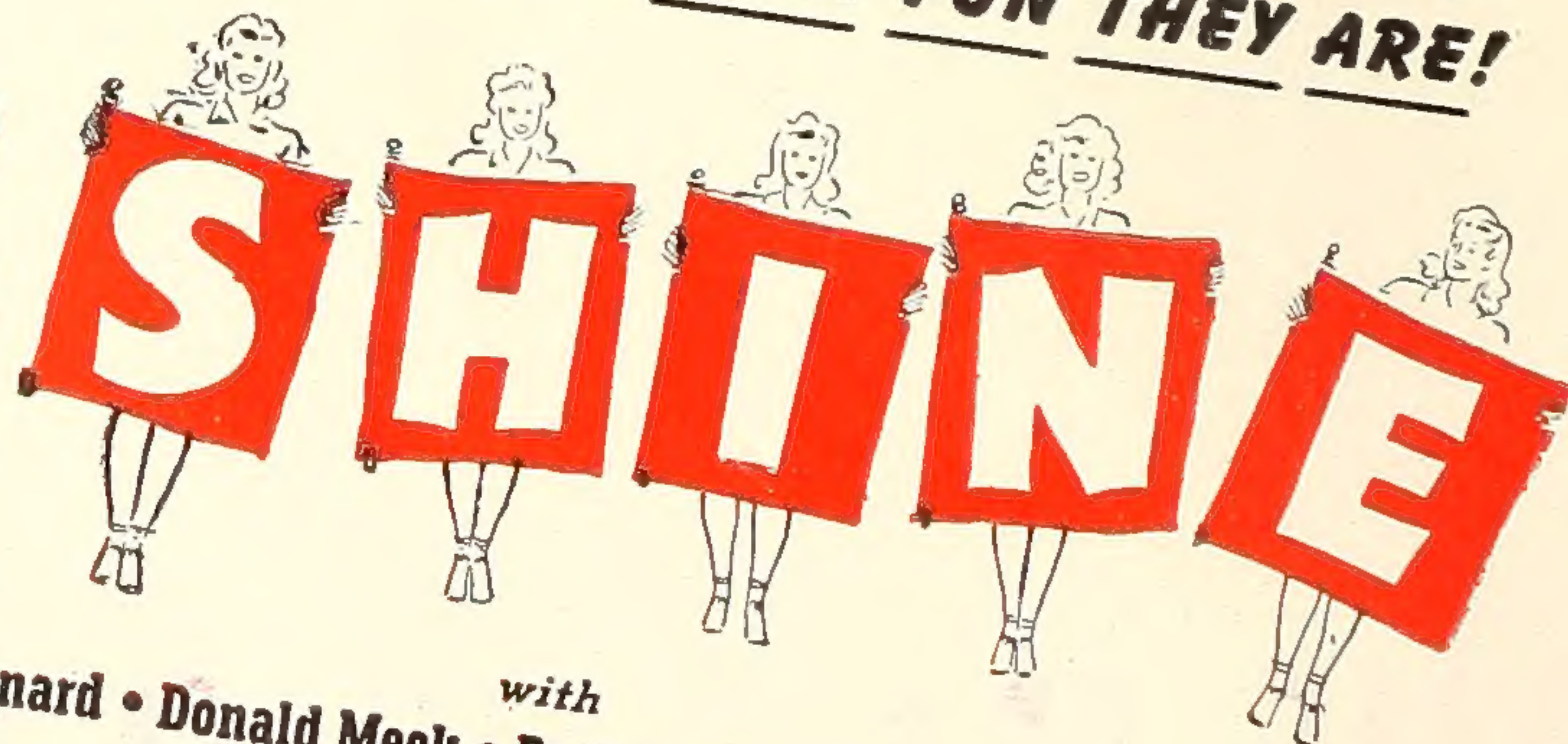


THE LAUGHS COME
LOUD, LONG . . . AND
CLOSE TOGETHER! AND
THERE'S MUSIC, TOO!



From the story by JAMES THURBER

THEY'RE ALL COMPLETELY WACKY
... BUT, OH, WHAT FUN THEY ARE!



Sheldon Leonard • Donald Meek • Ruth Donnelly • Raymond Walburn
with
Directed by Allan Dwan



Even if Heaven denied you Beauty—

YOUR STAR IS LUCKY.. if your Smile is Right!

Your smile is YOU! Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter with Ipana and massage!

YOU don't have to be a beauty to have beauty's rewards—popularity, success, the man you want most to win.

Even if you're "plain" let your hopes soar high. Fortune can be more than kind...fortune can be lavish if your smile is right! A lovely smile is a magnet to others...the charm that wins hearts—and holds them.

So help your smile to be at its best.

But remember healthy *gums* are important if you want your smile to have brightness and sparkle. That's why it's so unwise ever to ignore the first warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush...*see your dentist*. He may merely say your gums have become tender because today's soft foods have robbed them of work and exercise. And like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean and refreshing taste. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a smile that lights up your loveliness!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

Start Today with
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers

NOV -3 1941

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Whistling November finds the motion picture theatres doing very well, thank you.

For "The Chocolate Soldier" (not propaganda for candy or warriors) comes singing to the screens of America.

A lusty duet when Nelson Eddy joins with the sensational new star Rise Stevens.



Miss Stevens is unquestionably a thrush. Her voice has the liquidity of a babbling brook. Although unlike the famed stream of Tennyson it only goes on to the ultimate convincing note.

There has been some curiosity about this new excitement. It is a blending of two famous works.

Ferenc Molnar's "The Guardsman" has been embellished and enriched with the historic score of Oscar Straus' "The Chocolate Soldier".

It might well have been called "The Chocolate Guardsman".

But be that as it may it will unquestionably be called a great hit.

Eddy is in rare form. Director Roy Del Ruth gets a half-Nelson on his audience with a whole Nelson on his screen.

This is a film to see and to hear. To see beauty in the unstinted M-G-M manner.

And to hear "My Hero", "Sympathy", "The Chocolate Soldier" and other Straus songs of romance, as well as stirring pieces from Wagner, Schubert, Bizet.

In the cast also are Nigel Bruce and Florence Bates. Victor Saville's is the producing hand.



To be not brief but all-inclusive, "The Chocolate Soldier" has everything from A to...

Zip and zest.

—Lea

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

December, 1941

Vol. XLIV, No. 2

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	19
Society Crashes Hollywood!.....	Elizabeth Wilson	20
"The Man Who Came to Dinner." Complete Fictionization	Elizabeth B. Petersen	22
The New "Doug and Mary" at Home.....	Liza	26
Hollywood Needs You! By Sam Wood, Famous Director.....		28
Nelson Eddy, P. H. (Perfect Husband).....	Linn Lambert	30
Private Life of—Martha Scott.....	Gladys Hall	32
Atlas with a Grin. Laird Cregar.....	Fredda Dudley	34
Meet Our Pet Picture Contest Winners.....		48
Song of an Actress. Virginia Gilmore	Charles Darnton	51
Your Guide to the Best Current Pictures.....	Delight Evans	52

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Maureen O'Hara, Betty Grable, Victor Mature, Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Sterling, Roland Young, Veronica Lake, Edward Arnold, Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Ida Lupino, Here Is An Epic! (We Hope)—Scenes from "How Green Was My Valley," Loretta Young, Margaret Sullavan, Charles Boyer, Jackie Cooper, Susanna Foster, Darryl Hickman, The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:

Hot from Hollywood.....	6
Inside the Stars' Homes. Jean Parker.....	Betty Boone 8
Tagging the Talkies.....	10
Honor Page	12
Fans' Forum	14
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle.....	Alma Talley 16
All Hands to the Fore. Joan Bennett.....	Courtenay Marvin 54
Yours for Loveliness.....	55
Here's Hollywood	Weston East 56

Cover Portrait of GENE TIERNEY, as she appears in Walter Wanger's "Sundown." Her next, "Shanghai Gesture" (United Artists)

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer
Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 427 W. Fifth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$2.00. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.
Copyright 1941 by Screenland Magazine, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Her First Picture Since Famed "Ninotchka"

Garbo at her Gayest!

SHE RHUMBAS



SHE SKIS



SHE SWIMS



GARBO
MELVYN DOUGLAS
IN
TWO-FACED WOMAN
with **ROLAND**
BENNETT • YOUNG
ROBERT STERLING • RUTH GORDON

Original Screen Play by S. N. Behrman,
Salka Viertel and George Oppenheimer
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by GOTTFRIED REINHARDT



BETTE DAVIS really started something when she suggested they use Tschai-kowsky's piano concerto in B-flat Minor for the theme song of "The Great Lie." Music stores all over the country report they can't even keep the record in stock. Despite the seriousness of that dog-bite on the nose, the thing that really hurt Bette the most was Willie Wyler's blast at her in the Eastern newspapers. Bette steadfastly refused to admit there was anything wrong between her and the director of "The Little Foxes." Intimates know the suffering she experienced at his hands. Because she has such respect for Wyler's talent, Bette was just crushed at the one-sided attitude he took when he attacked her via the newspapers. Thus ends a "beautiful friendship."

GEORGE RAFT'S buddy, Mack Grey, is worried about "the boss." The two have weathered many a storm together. According to those who know, George has fallen hard for Betty Grable. His gifts and attentions far surpass former romantic demonstrations. Mack thinks Betty is a swell girl. He's hoping she feels the same way about things as George does. Until Mack knows for sure, he's worried. Being a pal, he doesn't want to see George get hurt.

The eye-popping below is brought on by the caveman stuff at right. The foursome, June Preisser, Eddie Bracken, Ella Neal and Betty Jane Rhodes, who're in "Sweater Girl," campus musical, all set for some hints to the lovelorn, get excited when things begin to happen. Ray Milland tries to make Paulette Goddard see things "his way" in a bit of off stage fun while making "Reap the Wild Wind," in which they co-star. First, he warns her; but Paulette strikes the first blow—"a left hook," if we may call it that; they "clinch"; Ray, who now has her in his pow—arms, kisses her, but there's plenty of fight left in the little gal even though Ray is determined, as you can see from last picture.

NO ANNOUNCEMENTS seem to be forthcoming, but Ann Sheridan is wearing a new ring on her third finger, left hand. What's more, it's a square-cut diamond and it was given to her by George Brent. Ann also has a gorgeous new hunk for her right wrist. It's a cluster of cabochon emeralds set in old gold. With her new shoulder cape and muff of paradise fox, La Sheridan is just about the most exciting eyeful in town. Despite their denials, Annie and Brenty will probably pull a fast one any day now.

JUST before Clark Gable and Carole Lombard took off on a hunting trip, Clark received a wire from Spencer Tracy. "I've just read the New York reviews on 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,'" said Spence. "I take back everything I ever said about your 'Parnell.'"

LANA TURNER confides that it's all over but the shouting, as far as Tony Martin is concerned. Tony, by the way, is closing up his house and dismissing his servants. He may be getting ready in case he is drafted into the service. Lana has been doing the Palladium with Roger Pryor, his first date since his separation from Ann Sothorn. Changing partners is quite a business in Hollywood!



HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

THE GREATEST MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT
SINCE THE BLUES WERE BORN!

"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"

15-count 'em-15
of the Greatest
Songs Ever
Written, Sung
and Swung as
Never Before!
**IT'S A BLUE
HEAVEN!**

"MY MELANCHOLY BABY"

"MEMPHIS BLUES"

"SHINE"

"ST. JAMES INFIRMARY
BLUES"

"TIGER RAG"

"CUDDLE UP A LITTLE
CLOSER, LOVEY MINE"

"BY THE LIGHT OF THE
SILVERY MOON"

"WAIT TILL THE SUN
SHINES, NELLIE"

"AT A GEORGIA
CAMP MEETING"

"WAITING AT
THE CHURCH"

"AFTER THE BALL"

"ST. LOUIS BLUES"

"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"

"THE WAITER AND THE
PORTER AND THE
UPSTAIRS MAID"

"PADEREWSKI MINUET"

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"
with **BING CROSBY · MARY MARTIN**
Brian Donlevy · Carolyn Lee · Rochester

J. CARROL NAISH · Directed by Victor Schertzinger · A Paramount Picture
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Walter DeLeon · Story by Harry Tugend



ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



The Nearest Thing to Natural Curly Hair



Frederics—one of the great names in permanent waving — announce another notable new discovery! A permanent wave that looks and acts like natural curly hair!

This wonderful new Frederics Permanent Wave contains **NO** beauty-stealing, metallic salts whatever — cannot possibly dry your hair or make it frizzy, dry or brittle. There is no set "permanented" look — even the first day.

And while you're getting this natural-looking permanent, there are no disagreeable chemical odors; no possibility of dizziness or headaches — no painful pulling or stretching of the hair. It's so quick, so cool, so comfortable, you hardly know your hair is being waved.



NO FRIZZ



NO KINKS



**NO BRITTLE
HAIR**

Don't guess, don't hope, don't wish! Say to your hairdresser, "I want a Frederics Tru-Curl permanent." Then see that the Tru-Curl wrappers and lotion are taken from a sealed individual package. In this way you will know that you are getting what you pay for . . . a Genuine Frederics Tru-Curl Permanent . . . America's Finest Permanent Wave.

• Frederics Tru-Curl permanent waves, when given with a Frederics controlled-heat permanent waving machine, are 50% cooler—50% more comfortable. Waving with low temperature protects the hair, preserves its life, lustre and loveliness. See that a Frederics machine is used.

frederics tru·curl

permanent wave

E. FREDERICS, INC., Dept. 203, 44-02 11th St., L. I. City, N. Y.

Send me a list of Frederics Franchise Salons in my community. Also **FREE BOOKLET** which reveals the "inside story" on permanent waving.

Name _____

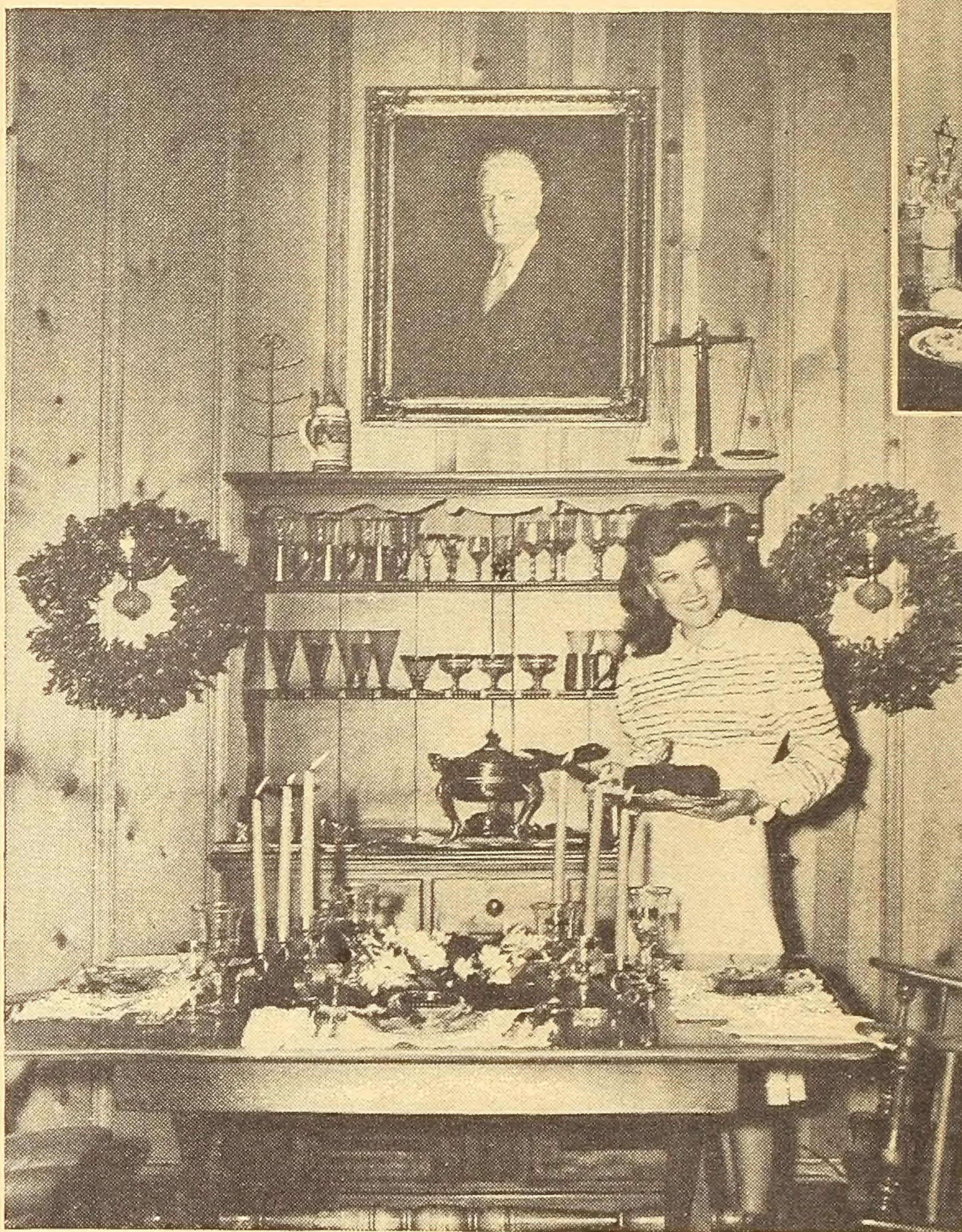
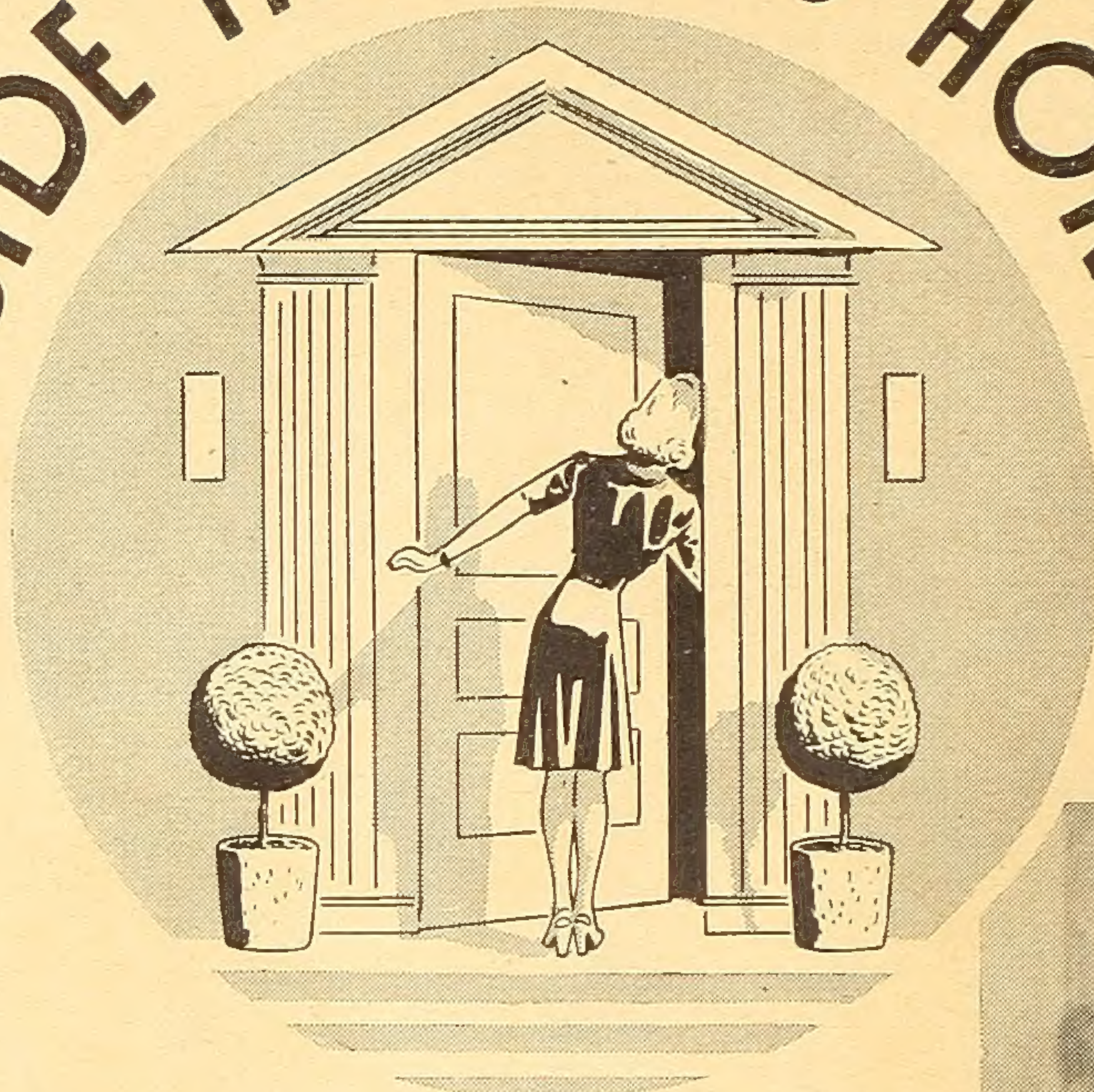
Address _____

City _____ State _____

P.S. Send 10c (in coin) for a Salon Size bottle of Frederics famous Color-Perfect Nail Enamel, "It stays beautiful longer". (Specify shade polish you now use.)

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

By
**Betty
Boone**



**Christmas on
a California
ranch, with
Jean Parker
your hostess.
Food and fun
in the hol-
iday spirit!**

THE young Douglas Dawsons—(Jean Parker is married to the radio commentator)—live in San Fernando Valley, on a pint-sized ranch just big enough to accommodate their three horses and themselves. Bette Davis is their nearest neighbor, so close a neighbor that the gay party at one place cheerily echoes back from the other, in spite of high brick walls and towering eucalyptus trees between.

There's a corral in front of *Sands-Park*, as Jean and Doug have christened the ranch, and here Whistle, John Doe, and Blueberry Hill, the Dawson horses, were sunning themselves as I drove up the flower-bordered drive.

"BEWARE—Guardian Watch Dogs," reads the sign on the ranch gate. But "Doc," the St. Bernard, and "Mike," the Irish water spaniel, evidently haven't read it, for they dashed to meet me, barking a

joyful welcome. Or was it the Christmas spirit?

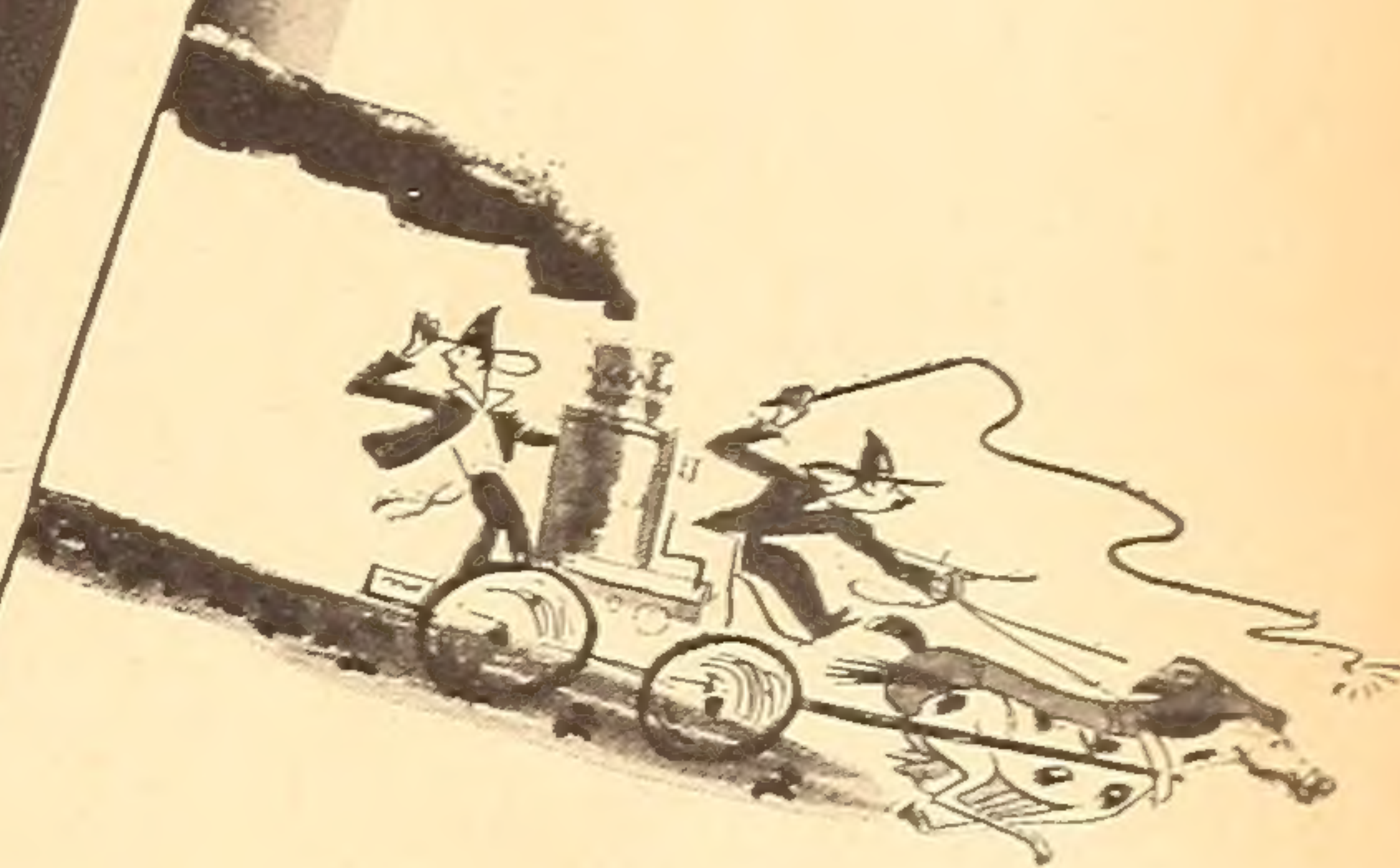
A winding brick walk leads to the ranch house, solidly built of white-washed brick, the windows set deep in thick walls, shaded by pepper, olive, and black acacia trees. Small iron grilles are set into the walls, haphazardly, and these are filled with pots of rare begonias.

Jean was experimenting with Christmas decorations and I found her leaning out of the Dutch door, trying a wreath on its lower panel.

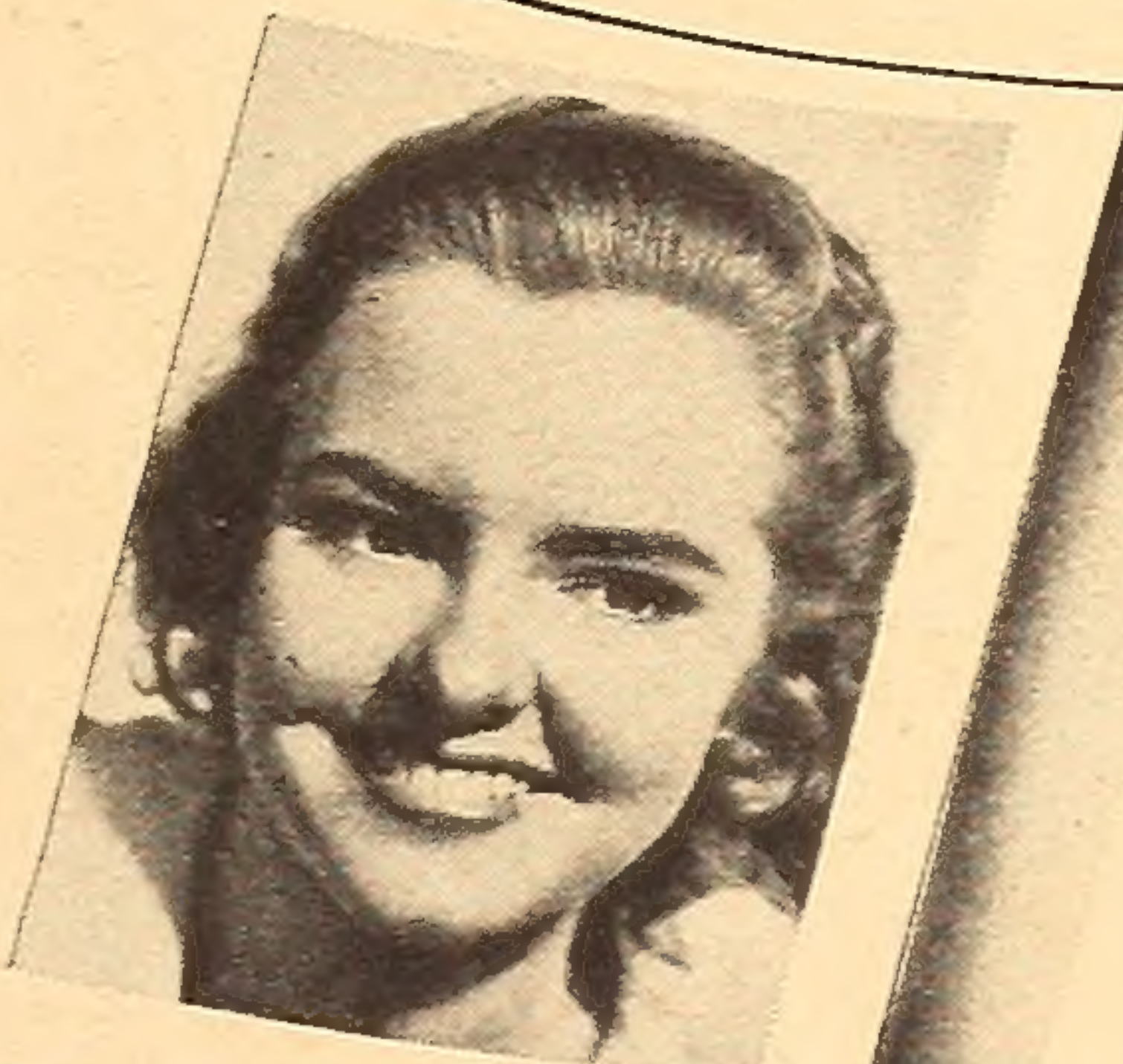
"I'm a pushover for Christmas," she confessed. "So is Doug. We have great arguments about whether we should go completely Californian and use only cactus and desert holy as decorations, or be conventional with the usual wreaths and tree."

The experimenting was going on in
(Please turn to page 71)

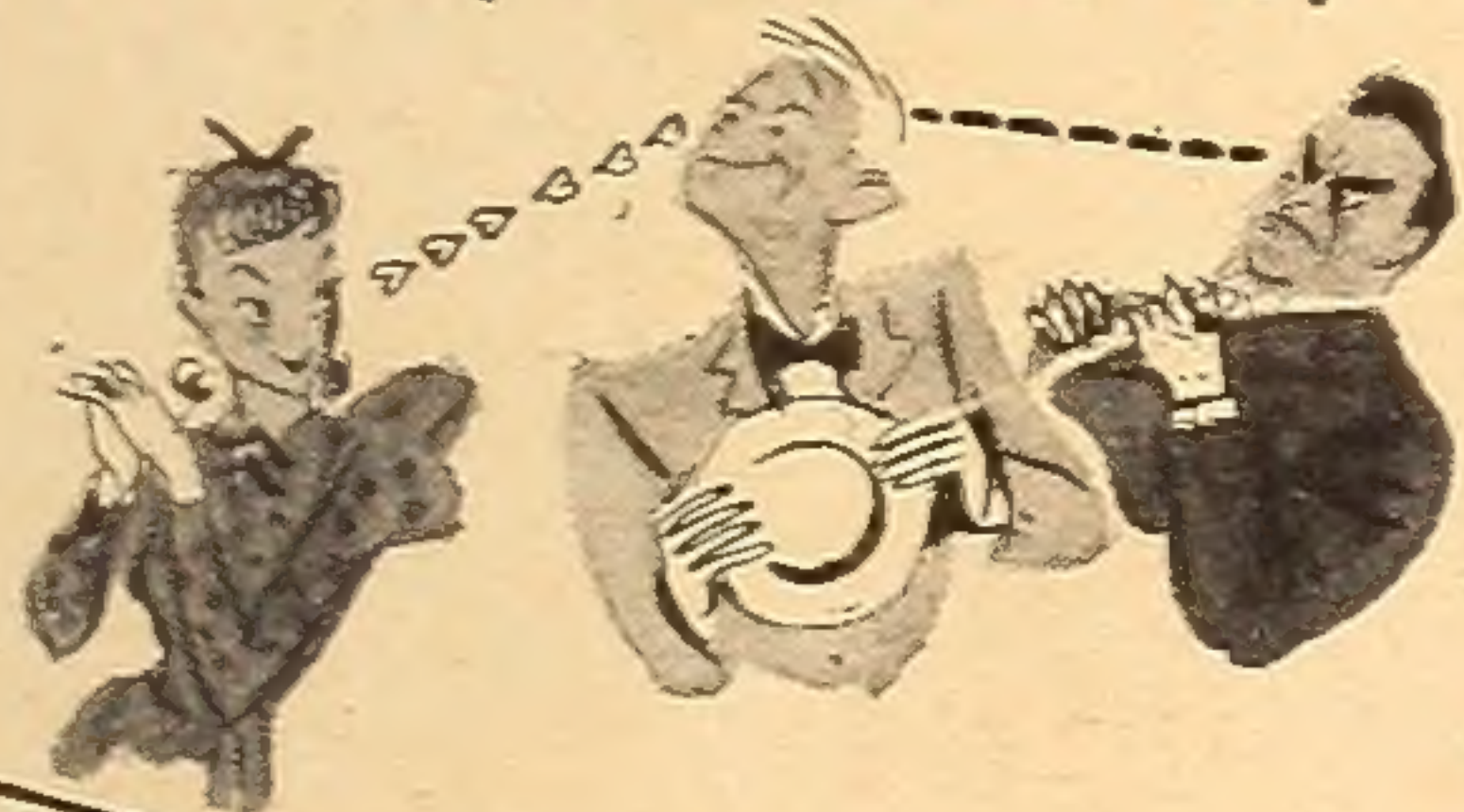
MAN! What a Man IS FATHER!



Sis doesn't chase
the fellows...
Father does!



Brother has an eye
for girls... Father has
his eye on brother!



But to Mother—
Father's just
her biggest baby!
... He always has
one foot in heaven
—and the other
in hot water!



WARNER BROS. delightfully pre-
sent the most affable, laffable family
that ever stepped out of America's
screens . . . into America's heart!

FREDRIC MARCH MARTHA SCOTT

*In the big new hit based on the
year's most celebrated best-seller!*

"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"

With BEULAH BONDI • GENE LOCKHART
ELISABETH FRASER • HARRY DAVENPORT
LAURA HOPE CREWS • GRANT MITCHELL

Directed by IRVING RAPPER

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Book by Hartzell Spence
Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. First National Picture



IRRESISTIBLE

You



WITH
Irresistible
RUBY RED

Glamorous daring red for your lips with IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED Lipstick... a color that flashes like precious rubies. Wear this richest of reds as a brilliant accent to all costumes. Ruby Red Lipstick is WHIP-TEXT to be softer, smoother, non-drying, and keeps your lips lovelier longer. Matching Rouge, Face Powder and Foundation. Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores

IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER...
SMOOTHER



USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

Tagging the Talkies



Smilin' Through—M-G-M

Exquisite Technicolor makes the third offering of this tender romance more charming than the earlier films. The story spans two periods and treats of undying love. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond are teamed for first time, in dual rôles,—she as *Moonyean* and *Kathleen*; he as her aunt's suitor-murderer, and later as his son. Brian Aherne plays the uncle. All give fine performances. Sentimentalists will love it.



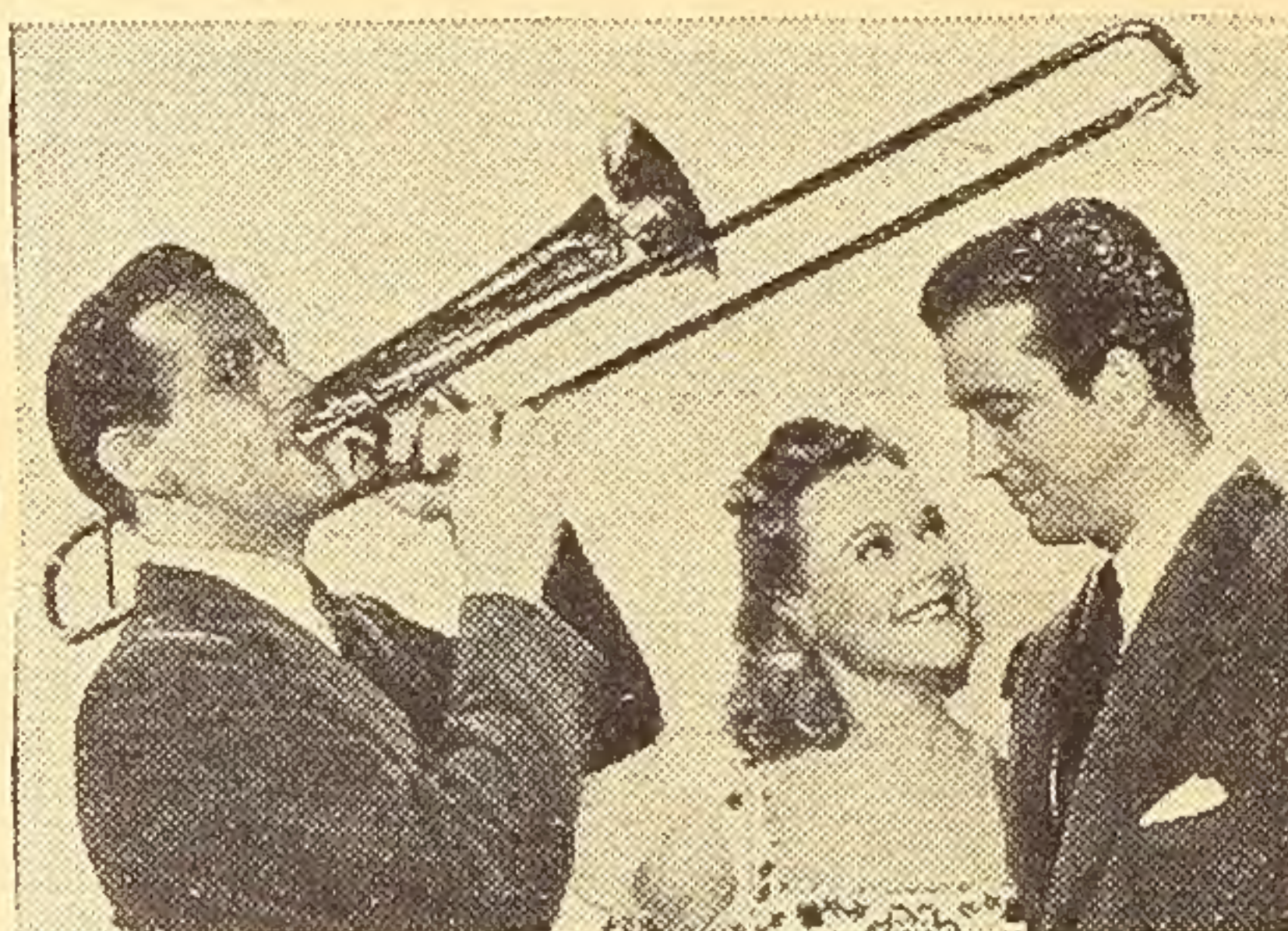
Texas—Columbia

Lusty is the word for "Texas"—lusty and full of vim, vigor and vitality. It's red-blooded, all right. Did we like it? Sure did. William Holden's *Dan Thomas* is something to talk about. And *Dan* is no namby-pamby. He's a tough hombre. Edgar Buchanan's rôle of the respected *Doc Thorpe* is a new high in smooth villainy. And funny. Holden and Glenn Ford reach Texas after the Civil War hungry and broke. Claire Trevor is in cast



The Maltese Falcon—Warners

It wouldn't be fair to you if we went into details of "The Maltese Falcon." We mean plot details. Suffice it to say, however, writer-director John Huston did an extraordinary job of maintaining suspense even after you suspect the identity of the evil ones. Watching Humphrey Bogart's characterization of *Detective Sam Spade* is a memorable experience. Mary Astor, Peter Lorre and Sidney Greenstreet also merit high praise.



Sun Valley Serenade—20th Century-Fox

If you're feeling tense and jittery, "Sun Valley Serenade" is a sure-fire pick-me-up. Sort of like a tonic. No deep stuff, this. It's light and fluffy and full of fun. And it has lots of lovely scenic shots. There's Sonja Henie, a dream on ice, playing the part of a refugee. There's the triangle—Sonja, John Payne and Lynn Bari. There's the comedian—Milton Berle. There's the music—Glenn Miller and his orchestra. Gay and entertaining!



This Woman Is Mine—Universal

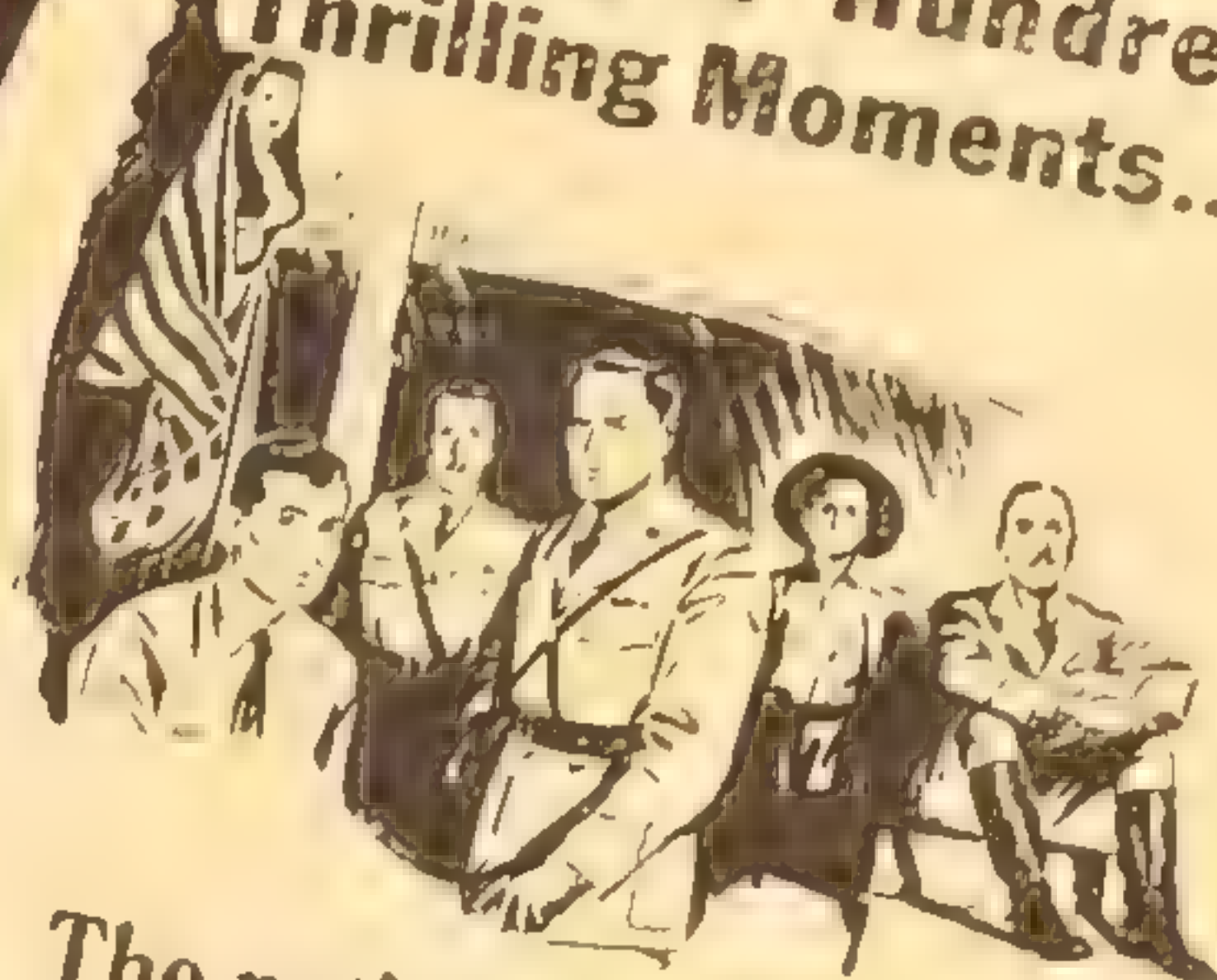
Somewhere along the line something happened to this. Unhappily, it didn't happen for the best. The action is pokey; the atmosphere morbid instead of lively. Adventure doesn't make its bow until the last few minutes and then it's too late to care. The story is about a fur-trading expedition. Carol Bruce's vivid personality is not shown to advantage. Franchot Tone's movements are lethargic; John Carroll's accent is thick, but he's lively.

More Reviews on Page 17

*The most thrilling
adventure film of the year!*

FROM THE PRODUCER OF THE UNFORGETTABLE
"FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT" AND "ALGIERS"

Among a Hundred
Thrilling Moments...



The native habari brings
its message—of these
five men, one must die...



In the darkness, a
native killer... in
the light, a man
whose wits were
his only weapon

She is
Zia — for
whom men face
death and danger
—for a kiss from
her lips!

The Saturday Evening Post
serial that thrilled millions...

WALTER
WANGER'S
Great
Adventuromance
of Today!

SUNDOWN

starring GENE TIERNEY • BRUCE CABOT • GEORGE SANDERS
HARRY CAREY • JOSEPH CALLEIA • Reginald Gardiner • Carl Esmond
Marc Lawrence • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE

Directed by Henry Hathaway • From the Saturday Evening Post story "Sundown" and screenplay
by Barre Lyndon • A HENRY HATHAWAY PRODUCTION • Released thru United Artists

• ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR LOCAL THEATRE WHEN HE IS PLAYING THIS GREAT ADVENTUROMANCE

EX-LAX MOVIES

MOTHER KNOWS BEST



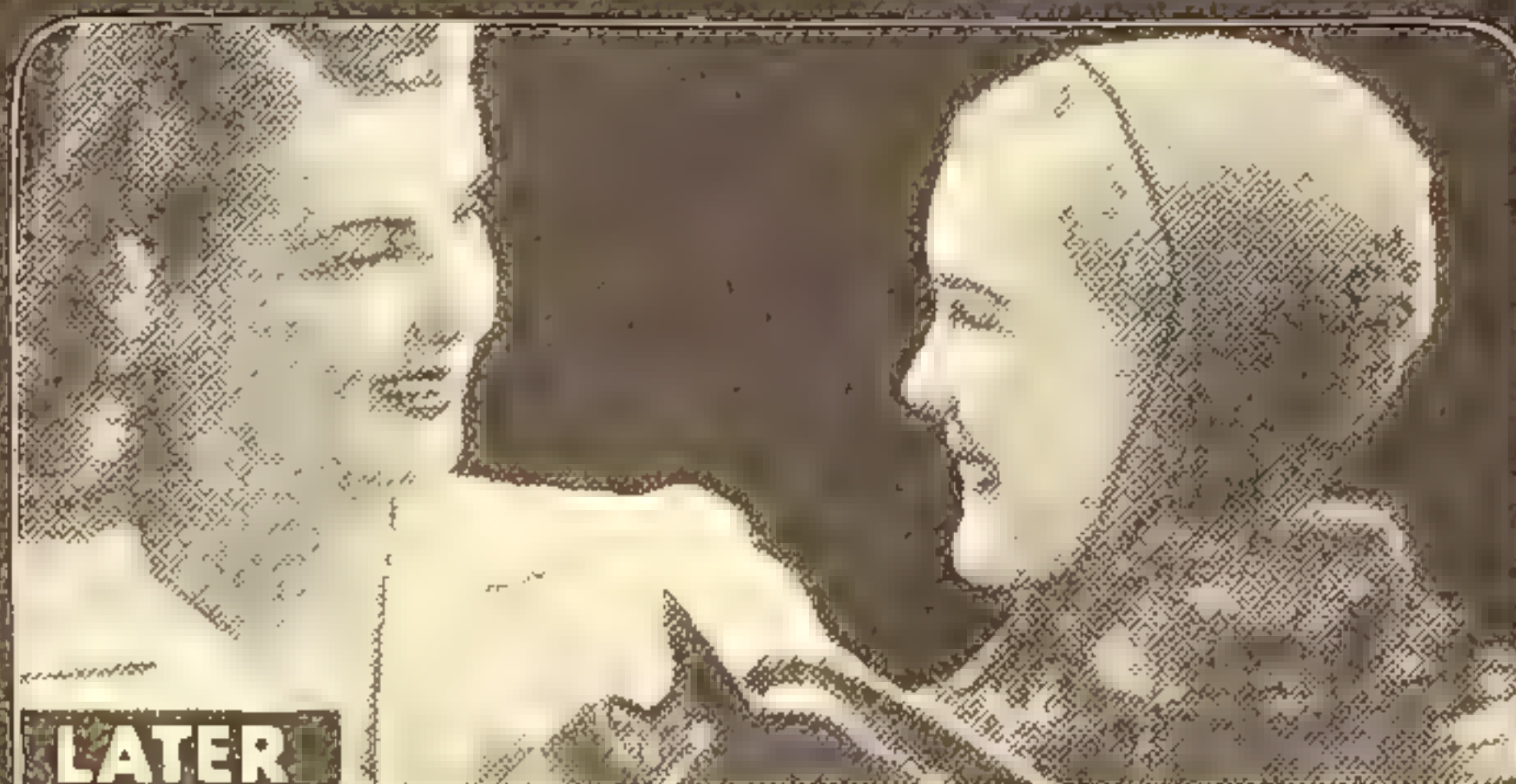
MOTHER: You haven't been yourself all day. I think you need a laxative.

ALICE: O-h, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?



MOTHER: No, Darling. Here's a laxative you'll really enjoy. It's Ex-Lax!

ALICE: Yummy, this is fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.



MOTHER: You slept like a top all night. How did that Ex-Lax work?

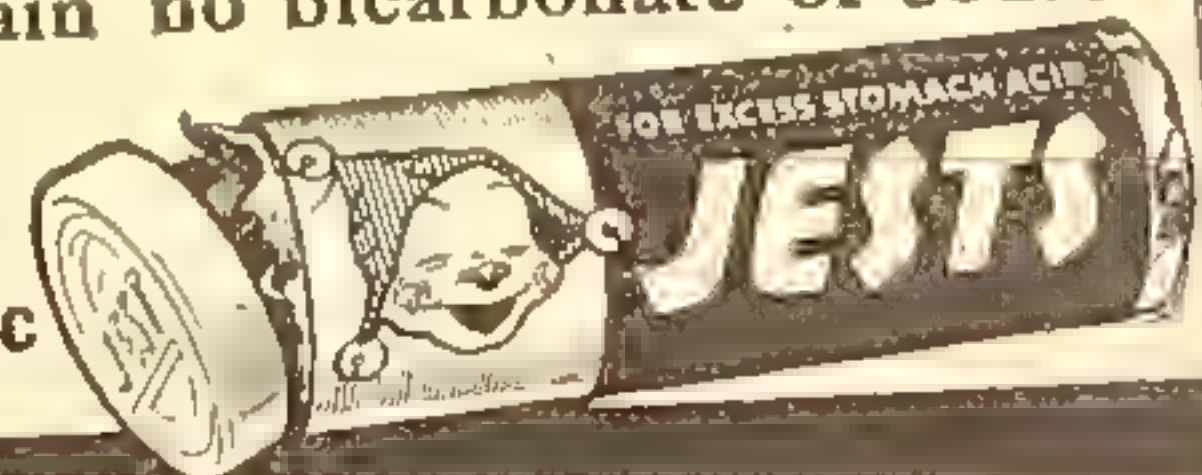
ALICE: Fine, Mommy! And it didn't upset me the way that other laxative did.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild—*just right*. Take Ex-Lax according to the directions on the label. It's good for *every* member of the family. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

EX-LAX The Original
Chocolated Laxative

GASSY STOMACH Get fast, longer relief from excess stomach acid discomforts with JESTS! Great for acid indigestion and heartburn. Taste good. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.

10c A ROLL—3 for 25c



Stop that Itch

Relieve itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other skin troubles. Use cooling antiseptic D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Stops itching quickly. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for D.D.D. Prescription.



FIRST PRIZE LETTER

\$10.00

Why the fuss over movie propaganda? Almost any serious effort in any direction has some touch of propaganda in its effect, and as pictures are bound to reflect the spirit of the times, we're going to get a certain amount of war stories. I'm willing for Hollywood to play its dramatic rôle in disseminating current history, but I hope they minimize the false glories and the cankerous bitterness. I don't believe the world is dying of dry-rot as long as there are *Edna Gladneys* living for the benefit of "Blossoms in the Dust." I'm tired of being told I have to hate somebody. There are too many unknown, unsung Father Flanagans in the world to love. If the stress on human relationships for the future happiness and betterment of all is to replace hate and pessimism—let Hollywood lead the glad parade. Let's have oodles of pictures of romance and love and hope in the most glamorous Hollywood styles—for I believe the fans are ready for romance plus, just as they were ready for the streamlined Abbott and Costello brand of old-time slapstick comedy. The whole world is anxious to have a good laugh with somebody, and to be in love again, with just most anybody, and if Hollywood can spread that kind of propaganda—go ahead, Hollywood, and spread!

MRS. BERNIECE B. JACKSON, Ludlow, Ky.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

\$5.00

It was fine and dandy for Johnnie to take me to the movies and swoon over Colbert and Dietrich, because I figured I was near and Colbert and Dietrich were a few thousand miles away, and what could a few shapely shadows on the screen mean to Johnnie while I was near him? That was the way I had it summed up until Johnnie went to camp for Uncle Sam, but now they've invented Glamor Junkets and "my Johnnie" has lunch with Claudette and takes Marlene riding in a "jeep," and has his pictures taken with both of them while I'm the "forgotten girl" back home. Competition is all right to a certain extent, but these Glamor Junkets are too much for this "girl friend." I say it's unfair; it ain't right and I protest!

W. L. STONER, Muncie, Ind.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

\$1.00 EACH

Eating well-balanced meals seems to be the main problem of every household these days, but occasionally our spirits run below par and need a little uplift, for this purpose the movies certainly can "dish" out a well-rounded entertainment menu!

To me an emotional upset is just as exasperating as an upset stomach but I find a good cure for the blues is a nice helping of laughter served *a la* Ritz Brothers. When I'm in a romantic mood a choice "blue plate" of Charles Boyer seems to fill the bill, while my adventuresome nature is soothed by a "juicy" murder with Basil Rathbone as the "main dish."

Supplying myself with emotional "vitamins" is no trouble at all with such portions of "protein" as Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and William Powell. I make no protests when my "calcium" is in the form of Bette Davis, Myrna Loy or Paulette Goddard, and who am I to deny that I like a generous amount of "dextrose"—Baby Sandy supplies this need.

To flare up your ego and lift your spirits try a well-balanced menu of motion pictures to keep you eMOTIONally happy!

MRS. GRACE A. LOCKE, Los Angeles, Calif.

Many times I have been convinced by advance fanfare that a certain picture would be the season's sensation, and have cancelled all plans and hoarded pennies against its arrival, only to be sadly disappointed at having the picture fall short of my expectations. Balancing that is the pleasant experience of getting far more than I bargained for, for such was the case when I went to see Jack Benny in "Charley's Aunt." I suppose my husband's natural reaction best explains it, for after watching him for the first time on the screen, after laughing at his radio antics for years, he said, "Why, the fellow can really act!"

And so he can act, and did an excellent job of it in that picture, and I might add that I was equally surprised to find he is good-looking, too. It certainly is a pleasant change to find an actor who is so personally unassuming that the sight of him is a genuine surprise and a pleasure.

MRS. MAE ANDERSON, Akron, Ohio

SHOEMAKER STICK TO YOUR LAST!

A handful of bigwigs have gotten around to smearing pictures they openly confess they haven't seen. Well! Well! And Tut! Tut! We resent that a little simply because we have always believed in the proverb "Let not a shoemaker judge above his shoe." So let's leave the producing of pictures to the movie producers. It seems to us the cash customers should have the last say-so on the subject, anyway. Producers make movies with an eye to the box office; you with an eye and an ear to entertainment. In the final analysis you, the cash customers, are the big bosses. Which reminds us that we want to hear from you. We much prefer knowing what you like and dislike about the movies than what any bigwig, with an axe to grind, thinks. This is a standing invitation. Don't forget those monthly cash prizes of \$10.00, \$5.00 and five of \$1.00 each.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND's Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

not care for the screen star who rates high with our neighbor, or someone may like Westerns which we can't abide, but that is all right, because we have learned to censor our own movies by staying away from the ones we don't like or condemn.

And now comes some member of the Senate sub-committee who admits he has not seen the movies he wants to suppress and tells us it is not good for us to see the wickedness of THAT MAN and his cohorts. Are we babies to be protected from the bogey man? The producers at least know how quickly we'd reject such a picture. They do not always know what we want, but at least they know better than some of the members of that committee.

We may deplore that isolationist's viewpoint and yet support his right to express it, but he had better realize here and now that the movies belong to the people and we will do our own censoring. We will not tolerate interference from those servants of the people who have lost touch with the ones they are supposed to represent.

We fans will do our own criticizing of our shows. They had better lay off before we forget to be tolerant of their piddling beliefs.

HELEN M. BRADLEY, Kansas City, Mo.

HONORABLE MENTION

Three cheers, Mary Margaret Thomas of Jefferson City, Mo., for your letter published in September SCREENLAND! You took the words right out of my mouth. I, too, am fed up on the *Dr. Kildare* series. Why don't they get away from this poppycock which is ruining Lew Ayres and give him some real breaks? I agree with you that he is too fine an actor to be wasted in pictures of this kind so you are not alone in your opinion.

HELEN VALERIA SHEEHY, Wallingford, Conn.

Were I Mrs. Aladdin I'd borrow my husband's lamp, polish it up a bit, and send carloads of diamond-studded Oscars to the following stars for the joy they've brought to millions:

Betty Field—refreshingly real and forever feminine.

Ginger Rogers—delightfully pert yet simple and sweet.

Joan Crawford—unafraid, sincere and lasting.

Paulette Goddard—truly glamorous and truly capable.

Glenn Ford—the screen's most appealing young actor.

MRS. PRESTON CHAPMAN, Birmingham, Ala.

If I could choose a new male star for 1942, he would be David Bruce, an extremely capable and competent young actor who has a confidence and charm that draws fans like a magnet.

He is as refined as a southern gentleman, as handsome as a young Colman, as refreshing as a Niven, as warm and vital as a Gable, with the added enhancement of the passion and tenderness of a Power. All of which adds up to why I like David Bruce and believe him to be of the stuff of which stars are made.

I wish all the fans who saw David Bruce in "Singapore Woman," a little program picture which he made important, would voice their approval of him in this Fans' Forum, too.

HELEN E. NIGRA, San Francisco, Calif.

While reading your Fans' Forum page I came across Emily Lee Dove's letter. She says that the Andrews Sisters are frightening. Miss Dove must be a very lovely lady. I would like to see a picture of her printed in your magazine. Miss Dove also states that the Harvard college boys selected the Andrews Sisters as the most frightening. Who do those squirts think they are, great judges of feminine beauty?

I don't claim to be a judge of beauty but I do know that the Andrews Sisters have beauty in their voices. I don't expect a prize for this letter. Please just print it and let's see if anybody else thinks as I do. I never went to college so maybe I'm not qualified to judge beauty. I'm just A Soldier.

SGT. J. K. H., Canal Zone

I don't belong to the "Prunes and Prisms" school nor am I one of the old dodos who are continually writing complaining letters to long-suffering editors. In fact, I'm just an ordinary young fellow who works hard every day and two or three times a week goes to the movies for recreation.

What I can't get is the hue and cry against the poor, harmless sweater! I have noticed in nearly every movie that the girls wear evening clothes so low-cut as to be positively dangerous, and nary a complaint about them. Also, how about the period movies—in some of them I know the ladies would be grateful for a sweater, for their health's sake if for no other reason.

Let's be consistent—bring back our sweater girls and you can have the "ladies of the evening frocks."

JERRY PERSAN, Columbus, Ohio

I have read a great deal of editorial comment regarding the Senate Interstate Commerce sub-committee's investigation of movie producers and their so-called film propaganda and I was glad to see the newspapers support freedom for the movies and radio, but none of them gave the fans' viewpoint.

Most of us are pretty tolerant of the other fellow's ideas. For instance, we may

DON'T LET
"SOAPING"
DULL YOUR HAIR

GLORIFY IT WITH HALO!



Let Halo Shampoo
Rid Your Hair of Soap Film!

OLD-fashioned "soapy" shampoos leave a dulling film on hair . . . film that makes it hard to curl.

But just try one Halo shampoo . . . because Halo contains no soap, therefore Halo leaves no dulling film! It's made with a new-type ingredient!

Halo leaves your hair radiantly lovely and easy to manage . . . reveals its natural virgin color.

And when you shampoo with Halo there's no need for a lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo makes billowy lather in hardest water.

Get Halo Shampoo—to-day, in generous 10c or larger sizes! Halo has the full approval of Good Housekeeping Bureau.



HALO SHAMPOO
A product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company

GIVEN AWAY!
-Guaranteed Rings-
Aviation emblem Ring for Ladies, also Boys, in 1/40 10K rolled Gold plate; or a lovely new sweetheart Ring in 1/30 10K rolled Gold plate; your size, your choice, FOR selling 4 boxes of Rosebud Salve at 25c each. Patriotic Lapel Pin FREE with each ring for prompt selling. Order 4 salve. Send No Money.
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., BOX 57, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

CALLOUSES
BURNING or TENDERNESS on
BOTTOM of your FEET
Doctor's New Quicker Relief!
Get New Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads if you have painful callouses, burning or tenderness on bottom of your feet. They give quick relief; soothe, cushion, protect the sensitive area. 630% softer than before! Separate Medications included for removing callouses. Cost but a trifle.
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

My Skin Care May Help You



Here's a good tip from little Miss Constance Blake, who like many youngsters, depends on Resinol Soap and Ointment for the daily care her delicate skin requires.

Why not use Resinol Soap to cleanse and refresh your skin? Then see how smooth and soft it feels.

For skin irritations, externally caused, apply specially medicated Resinol Ointment. It allays the burning itch, and so aids healing.

Buy both from any druggist today, and follow this special skin care. For sample write Resinol, S-10, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol OINTMENT AND SOAP



Hair OFF

Face
Lips
Chin Arms Legs

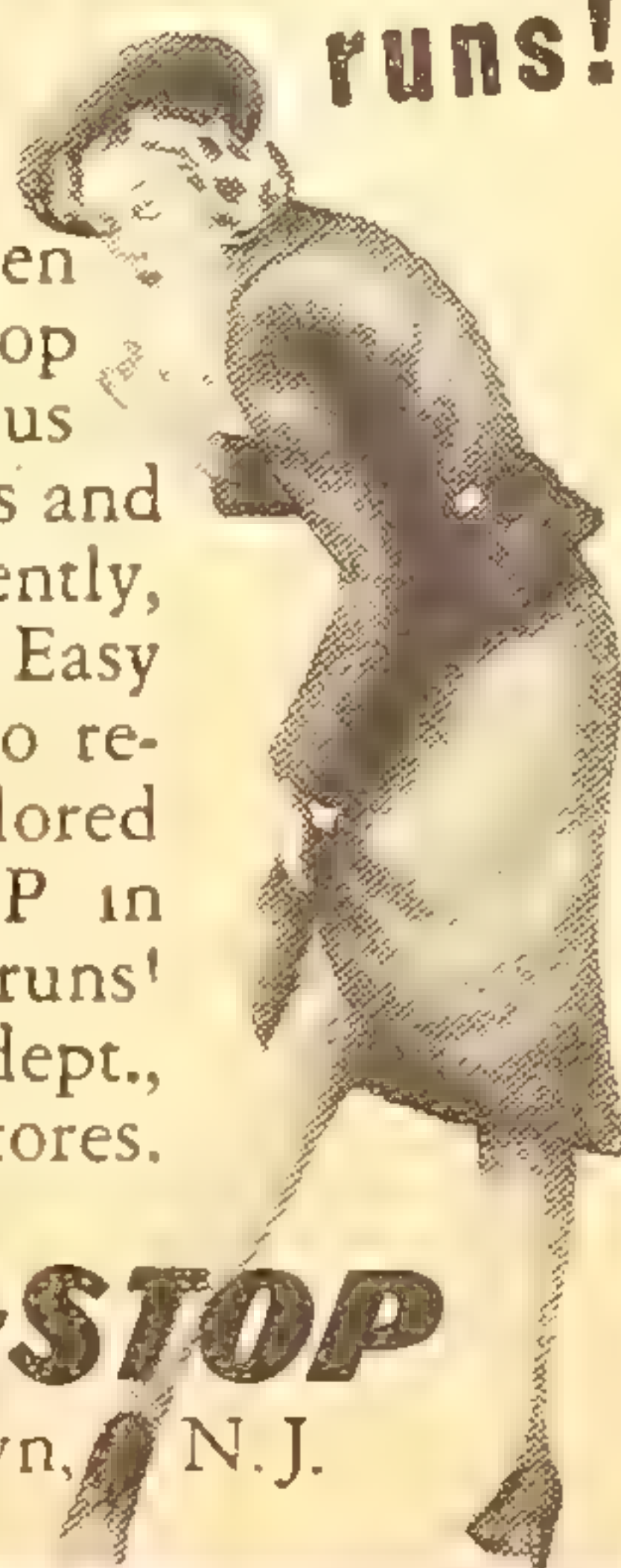
Happy! I had ugly hair ... was unloved ... discouraged. Tried many different products ... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 57, Chicago.

SONGWRITERS

Original songs and song poems wanted. NO CHARGE FOR MELODIES. Monthly awards. Free Examination. HOLLYWOOD RECORDING STUDIOS Dept. R3, Box 87 Preuss Sta. LOS ANGELES

NATIONAL DEFENSE against hosiery

Be prepared! Don't let a sudden run spoil your day! Just a drop of RUN-R-STOP—the famous colorless liquid, STOPS runs and snags instantly and permanently, in all silk and Nylon hose! Easy to carry; easy to use; easy to remove. Comes in a gay colored vanity. Carry RUN-R-STOP in your handbag, and end runs! Get it today! 10¢ at all dept., drug, shoe, hosiery & 10¢ stores.



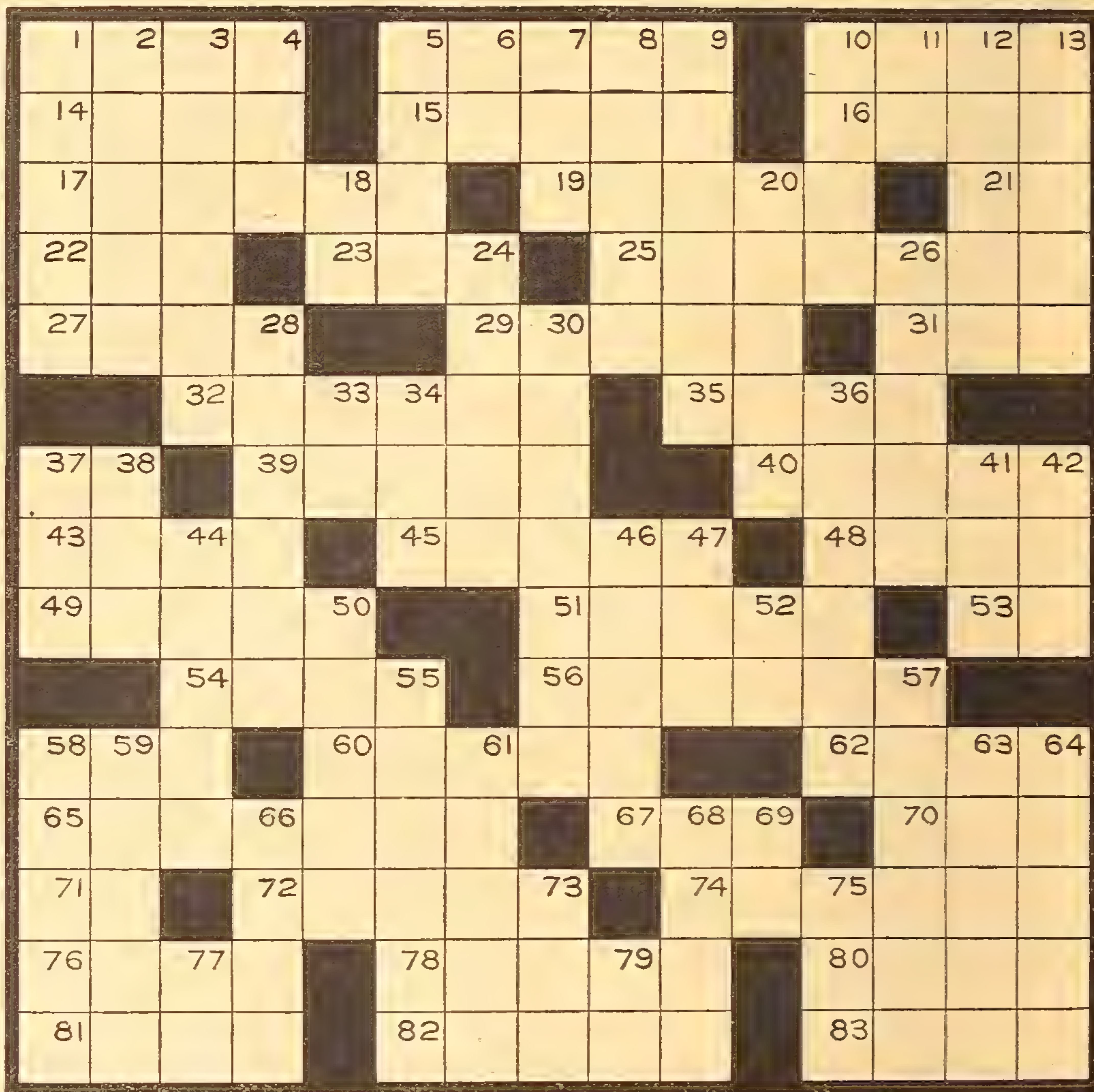
Run-R-STOP

Dept. 38, Morristown, N.J.
(15¢ in Canada)

10c Complete, tube in vanity

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

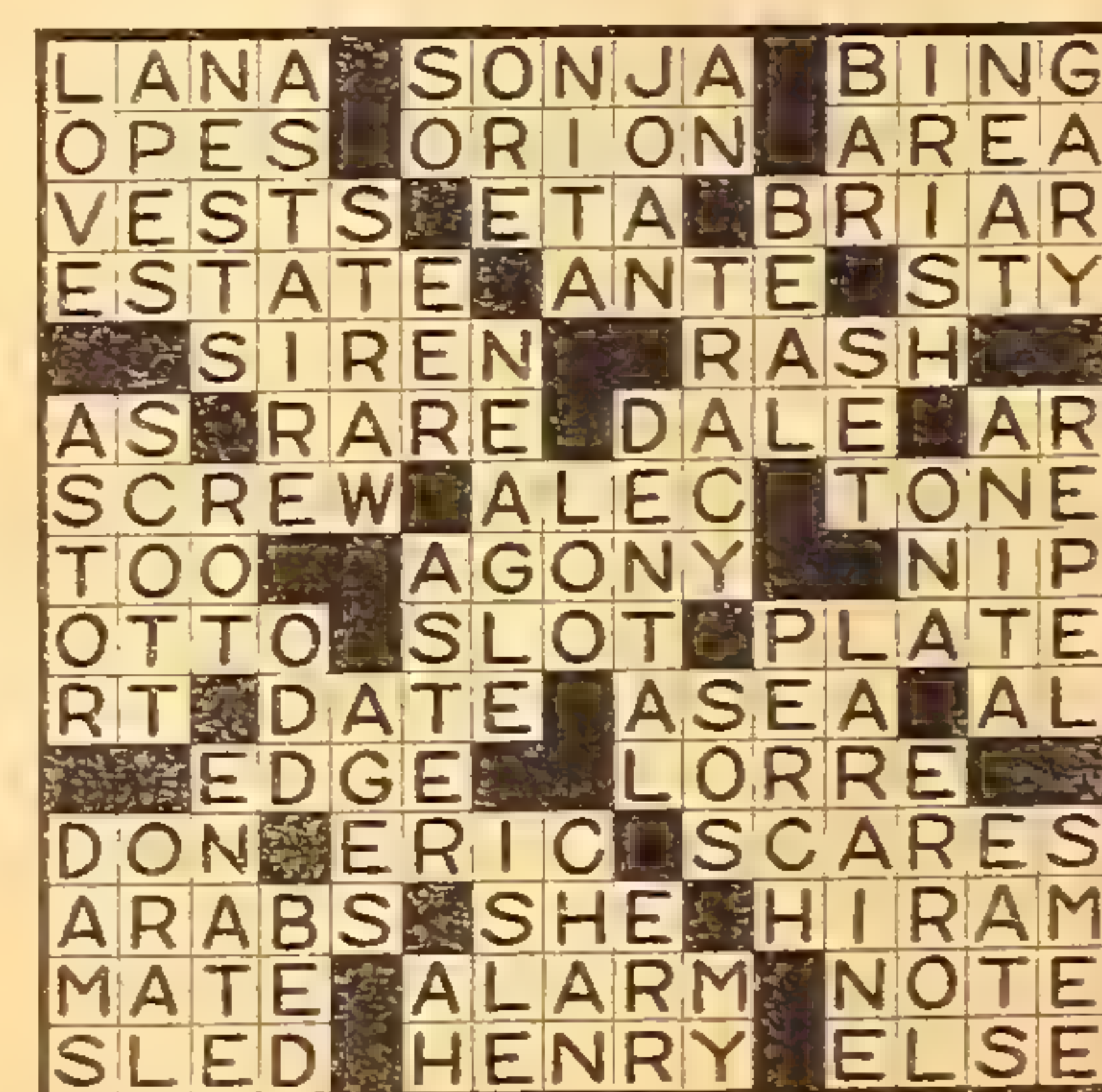
1. Co-star, "Birth of the Blues"
5. He plays Charlie Chan
10. Makes a mistake
14. Range, scope
15. She's featured in "Harmon of Michigan"
16. Co-star, "The Men In Her Life"
17. Infrequently
19. "----- Finger, Left Hand" (Loy, Douglas)
21. Pa's wife
22. Opposite of outs (like ups and downs)
23. Payment
25. Co-star, "Lady Be Good"
27. Co-star, "Mexican Spitfire's Baby"
29. Co-star, "Our Wife"
31. "----- Night in Lisbon" (Carroll, MacMurray)
32. Star of "Sunny"
35. Darling
37. Article
39. Started aside (as a horse)
40. Butler's character name in "Unfinished Business"
43. Amount owing
45. Famous Swedish star
48. She's featured in "We Go Fast"
49. To clean with a broom
51. To lift up
53. "----- Time For Comedy" (Russell, Stewart)
54. Cavern (poetic)
56. She's featured in "I Was A Prisoner On Devil's Island"
58. Malt drink
60. To spin around
62. To cultivate (as land)
65. She's growing up out of "brat" roles
67. He's featured in "Shadow of the Thin Man"
70. To cease living
71. Near by
72. "-----, My Love" (Colbert)
74. Star, "It Started With Eve"

DOWN

2. Co-star, "Unfinished Business"
3. His new one is "The Chocolate Soldier"
4. To wander about
5. Domesticated
6. "Accent - - Love" (Montgomery, Massen)
7. Ignited
8. She plays Mrs. Fitzhugh in "A Yank in the R.A.F."
9. Scolded, berated
10. Norse legends
11. Note of the scale
12. He played opposite Garbo in "Mata Hari"
13. Trap
18. "Aloma - - The South Seas"
20. Woman star of silent days ("The Big Parade")
24. Eel fisherman
26. Her new one is "We Were Dancing"
28. Bird who builds a nest
30. He's featured in "Puddin' Head"
33. Exclamation
34. Light carriage
36. Ida Lupino's sweet-heart in "Out Of The Fog"
37. Public notices (abbrev.)
38. "----- Wine" (Ilona Massey)
41. Sea eagle
42. "That Night In - - -" (Faye, Ameche)
44. Give birth to (Biblical)

46. What dogs wag
47. To be ill
50. Star, "A Yank in the R.A.F."
52. Compass point (Abbrev.)
55. Excitement
57. Co-star, "The Wagons Roll At Night"
58. Conscious of
59. He's featured in "Mr. Aldrich's Boy"
61. Emanate
63. Ocean steamship
64. Rental contract
66. He plays Norton in "The Smiling Ghost"
68. Sums up
69. Myself
73. Epoch
75. Everyone
77. Since
79. Small European fish

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



Tagging the Talkies



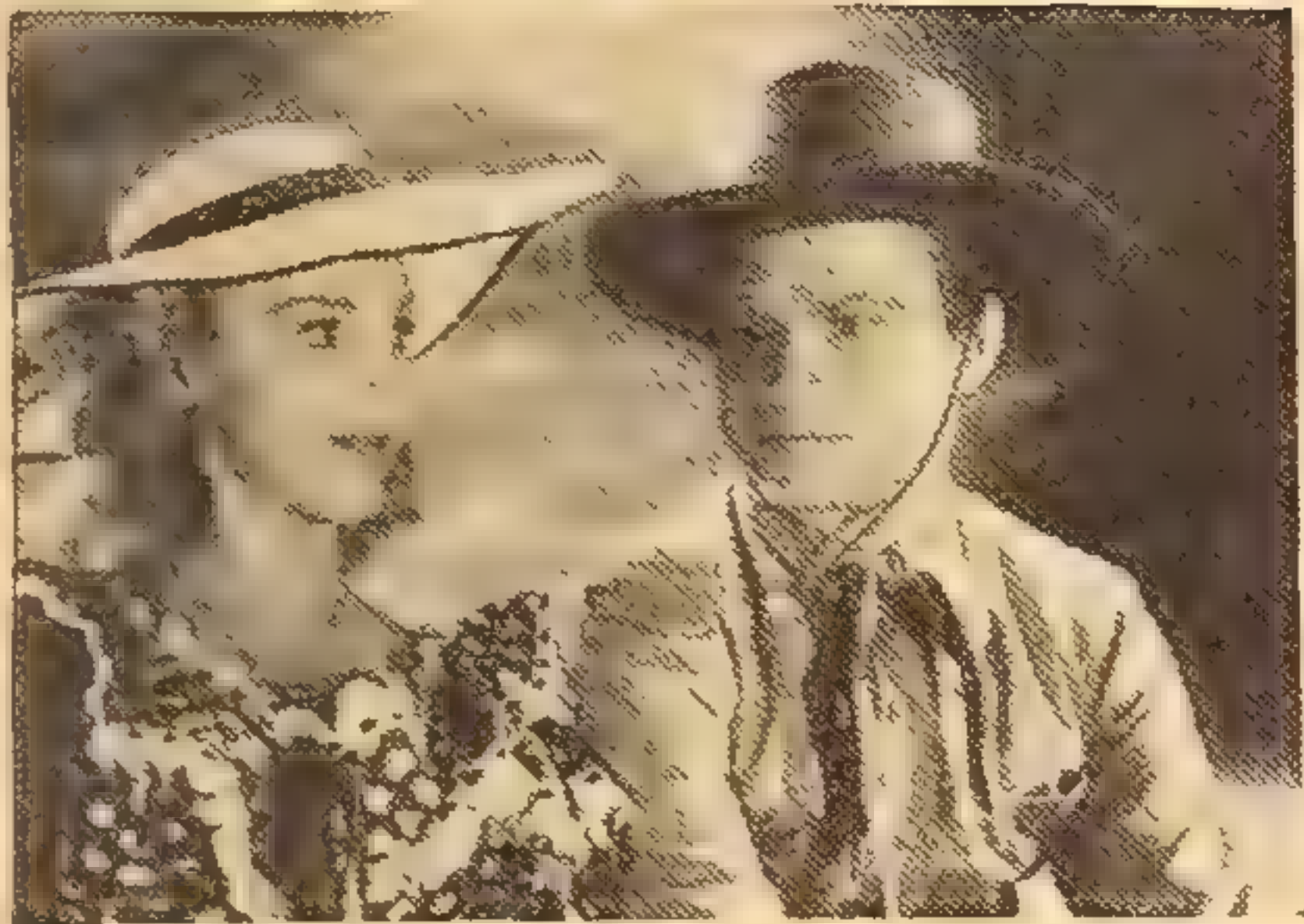
Married Bachelor—M-G-M

Here's a chuckle. After seven years of marriage Ruth Hussey and Robert Young are still just one step ahead of the sheriff. Ruth is able to take a very breezy outlook on their monetary mess because she has a terrific crush on her husband. Robert promises to turn over a new leaf and become a respectable businessman. Meeting Sam Levene, a bookie, is not exactly respectable, but it leads to complications, martial and otherwise.



Under Fiesta Stars—Republic

Gene Autry and pretty Carol Hughes jointly inherit a mine. Carol is all for selling out, but is balked by Gene because such a procedure would throw the valley into a terrible state of unemployment. Carol has to learn her lesson in righteousness the hard way. But learn she does. A new addition to the comedy department is Joseph Strauch, Jr. a miniature Smiley Burnette. Gene delivers a few pleasant ditties in his own inimitable way.



Death Valley Outlaws—Republic

Don "Red" Barry's name is synonymous with law and order. He's a clean-cut, hard-fighting, fearless cowboy from the wide open spaces. Don, like our modern G-Men, is the kind of hero little shavers try to emulate when playing cops and robbers. A band of masked terrorists ride the hills, plundering and killing. The vigilantes are unable to cope with the situation. Lynn Merrick hasn't much to do, but she's mighty decorative.

Meet the Bride who
wouldn't stay for
Breakfast!



A joyous reunion of the stars of "THE LADY EVE"

**HENRY
BARBARA
STANWYCK ★ FONDA**

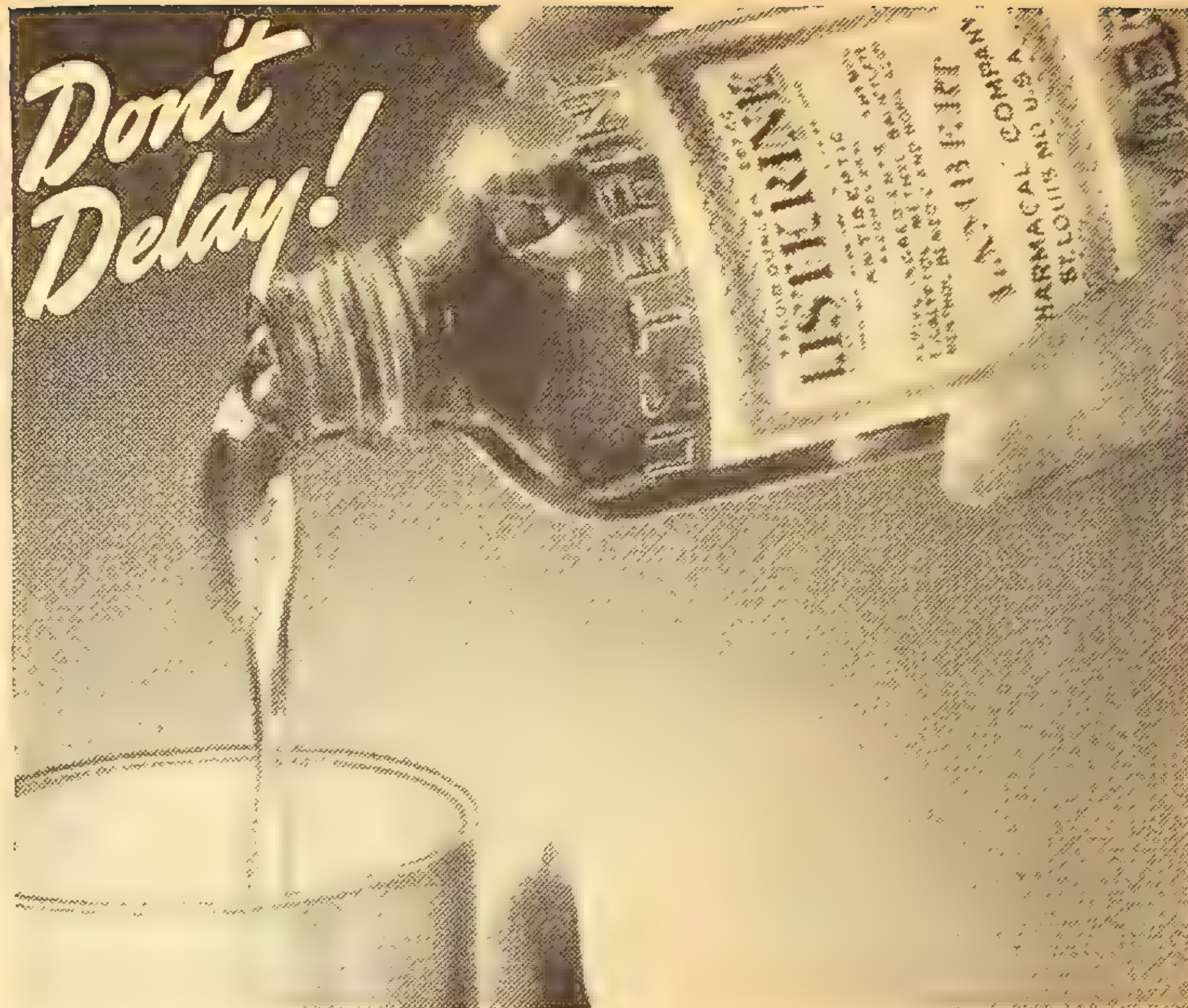
in Wesley Ruggles'

*You belong
to me*

with **EDGAR BUCHANAN**
Roger Clark · Ruth Donnelly · Melville Cooper
 Screen play by Claude Binyon
 DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES · A COLUMBIA PICTURE



These may be the first signs that troublesome germs associated with a cold are attempting to invade the throat tissue and set up infection.



Quick action may ward off a cold or nip it in the bud if it is just starting. Begin gargling with Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of trouble. Don't dilute it. Use full strength.



NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS



BEFORE

The drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



AFTER

Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders." These bacteria, say many authorities, cause most of the distressing aspects of a cold.

For impressive evidence of Listerine's amazing power against the very germs which accompany colds and sore throat read carefully the test data summarized in the panel above.

Test Results Showed:

FEWER COLDS and SORE THROATS for LISTERINE USERS

The above statement is one for you to remember the next time you feel a cold or sore throat coming on.

It is highly impressive when you realize that it reflects the results of carefully conducted tests during a ten year period of research.

First, these tests showed that those groups which gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day contracted fewer colds than the non-using groups.

Furthermore, these colds were milder and did not last as long as those of non-users of Listerine Antiseptic.

This success, we believe, must be due to the ability of Listerine Antiseptic to

combat the troublesome bacteria which inhabit and multiply on mouth and throat surfaces . . . the very bacteria that many authorities say are responsible for most of the distressing aspects of a cold.

In other words, Listerine Antiseptic often seems to give Nature the helping hand she needs in combating such germs when fatigue, drafts, wet feet, or exposure have weakened body resistance so that germs find the tissue easier to attack.

Gargle Listerine Antiseptic systematically as a precaution

against colds and as a first aid when you feel a cold or simple sore throat coming on. It may save you real trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

WATCH YOUR THROAT
Where illness often starts

GENUINE DU PONT
"LUCITE"
ILLUMINATOR

**LISTERINE
THROAT
LIGHT**

ONLY 75¢ BATTERIES INCLUDED

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Claudette Colbert



In "Skylark," Colbert is at her enchanting best opposite Ray Milland.

DEAR CLAUDETTE:

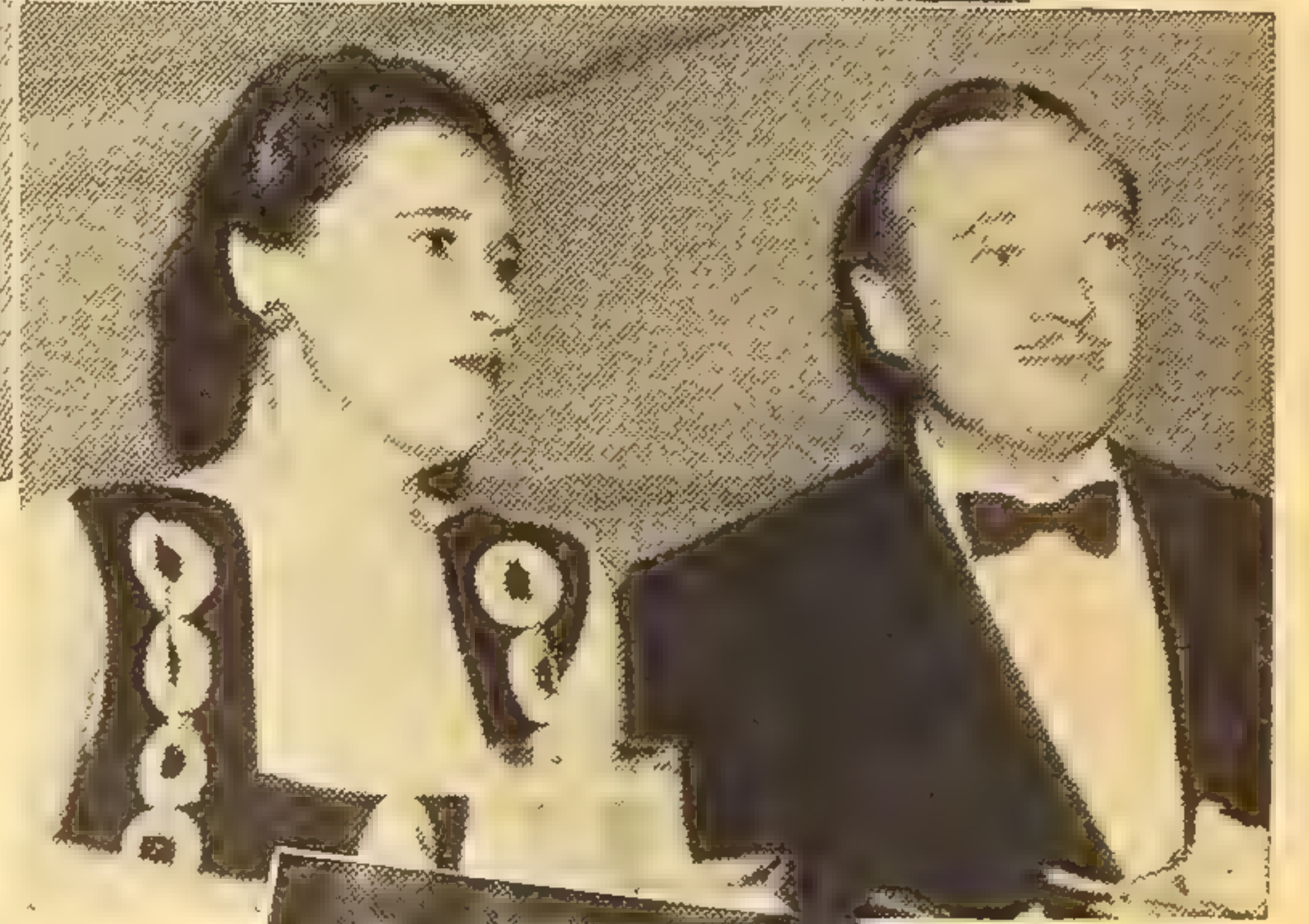
Frankly, this is a fan letter—inspired by your sparkling performance in "Skylark," your latest.

It should have been written a long time ago! It took your blithe acting in "Skylark" to wake me up. Somehow I had been taking Colbert very much for granted for too long. Your pictures have mostly been good, your acting always elegant—so in the rush of new faces and—er—forms in the movie parade I just accepted Claudette as the ever-satisfactory star and let it go at that.

Well, that was far from fair. How many other Hollywood stars have kept pace with progress as you have? Starting as a sex-appeal kid, back in those saucy Lubitsch days, you surprised everybody

by advancing into dramatic stature by leaps and bounds of those handsome legs—which, not incidentally at all, still shape up among Hollywood's finest, Grable or no Grable. "It Happened One Night" and it kept right on happening—Colbert could be depended upon for entertaining pictures, and became a Big Box Office Star. Versatility, too—comedy or drama, all the same to you. (Though I like you in comedy best.) The movie parade moved along and you moved with it—and still you've never got stuffy, you've kept your head and your temper, you're never too busy to be gracious—a little lesson some of the dazzling newcomers had better learn, but quick. Instead of scandals you took up skiing and sailing—you couldn't stand still if you tried. That's why I think we fans owe you a vote of thanks. Here's mine. Cuties may come and go, but Colbert, we hope, goes on forever—and she's pretty cute, too.

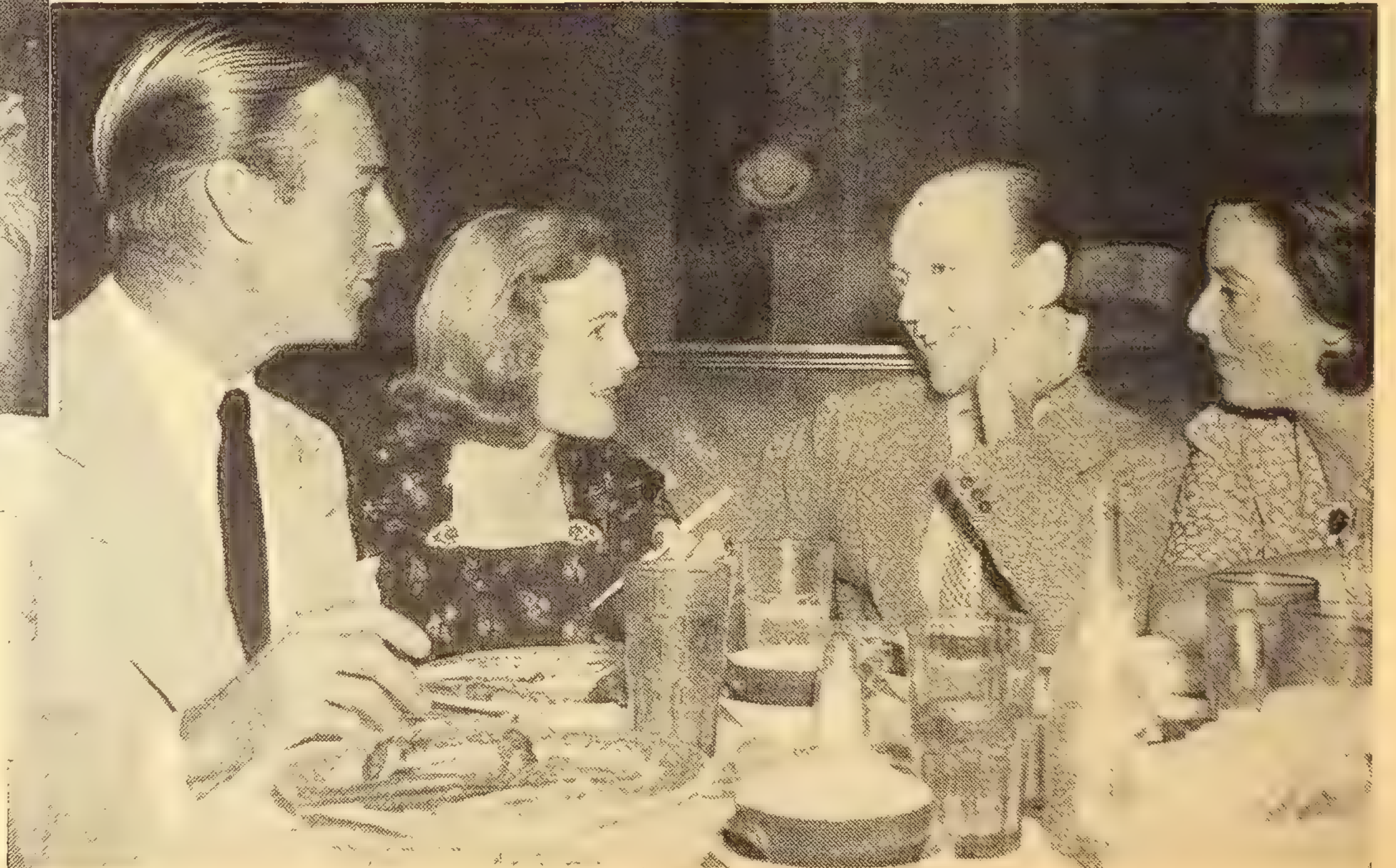
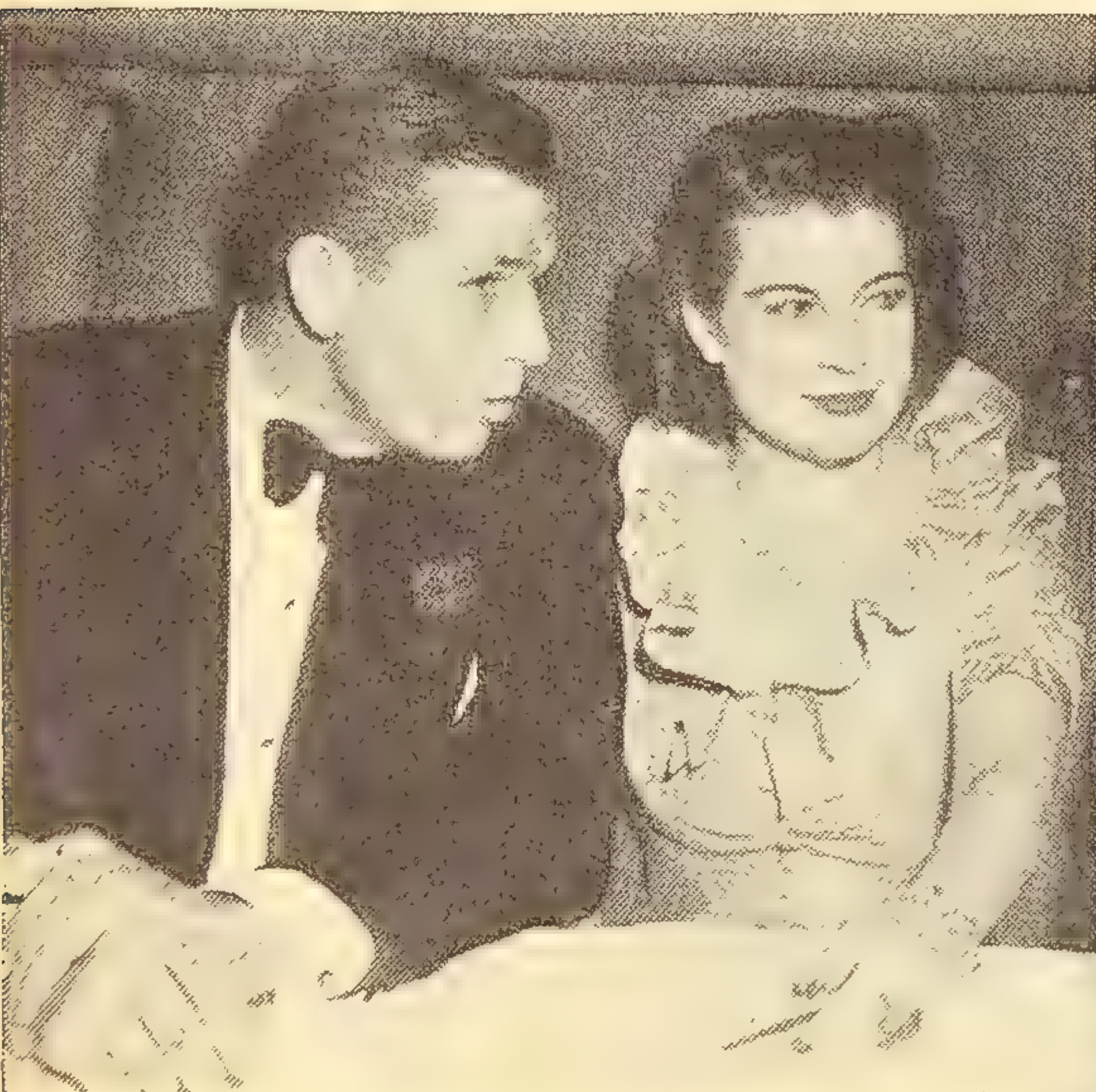
Delight Evans



SOCIETY

CRASHES

HOLLYWOOD!



Socialites and filmmites include Gloria Vanderbilt and Cobina Wright, Jr., with George Montgomery, top; Lady Mendl at movie party; Lady Furness with Eddie Lowe; Jock Whitney; Bruce Cabot and visiting lovely, above; Liz Whitney with the Fred Astaires and Randy Scott; the Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., studio-visiting; Alfred Vanderbilt, Jr.; Joan Whitney Payson in a party; the Doug Fairbanks, Jr., with Mrs. John Jacob Astor.



Why do the blue-bloods seek the red-blooded society of cinema-ville? Here's the surprising answer

By
Elizabeth Wilson



LAST fall we read in the newspapers and magazines how aghast, agog, stunned and fretted the Bloods Indigo at snooty Tuxedo Park were when Jinx Falkenburg, movie star and model, attended their sacred Autumn Ball. Seems that Jinx was smuggled in by her escorts, B. Sumner Welles and Bedford Davie, and knew nothing of the uproar she was about to cause. Only girls destined to carry on Society's lorgnette traditions are invited to Tuxedo Park's Autumn Ball. An actress at their party! The stuffy dow- (Please turn to page 60)



The MAN who

**NOW
HE'S
BETTE'S!**



Our fictionization continues on following pages, with complete cast and credits.



DAVIS vs.

FICTIONIZATION by

THERE had never been a celebrity quite like Sheridan Whiteside, the middle-aged pixie of the air-waves and the most beloved literary figure of his time. He was the wittiest wit, the most critical critic, the whimsical authority on everything from Charles Dickens to murder. His writings cast a spell of enchantment and his weekly broadcasts were just fifteen minutes of unutterable bliss in which the listener became a part of Whiteside's own full, rich life as he told little anecdotes of the famous and humble alike, pointed sometimes with his gentle irony and at others touched by the compassion of his great understanding and love for all humanity.



CAME *to* DINNER

**NOW
HE'S
ANN'S!**

Broadway's comedy sensation becomes the season's most entertaining film! Exclusive fictionization of Warner Bros. picture from famous George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart play, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monte Woolley playing his original title rôle

Monte Woolley in title rôle, backed up by Bette Davis as his secretary, Ann Sheridan as her rival for affections of newcomer Richard Travis—a great cast for a great comedy!

SHERIDAN

Elizabeth B. Petersen





memory to stay with her for the rest of her life. But it had turned out to be even more wonderful than that. He had slipped on the ice as he was walking up the steps to her house and his hip was broken. That meant he would be their guest indefinitely. Mrs. Stanley was so thrilled she could hardly bear it.

Everything had been so exciting, even though the great man had been confined to his room, with messages coming from all parts of the world. It was too wonderful. Mrs. Stanley couldn't understand how Maggie Cutler, Whiteside's secretary, could take it all so casually. She didn't bat an eye, even when people like Ethel Barrymore and Winston Churchill and Katharine Cornell and the Windsors called. But the best part was coming. He was well enough to come down stairs. Mrs. Stanley's heart was fluttering as she placed the family around her as a sort of welcoming committee, with John the butler and Sarah the cook lined up behind them for all the world like the servants in a gracious English country house. Richard and June were actually impressed for the first time their mother could remember, and even her husband looked expectant



Mrs. Stanley, president of the Mesalia, Ohio, Woman's Club, had followed his life breathlessly though vicariously, reading of his travels, his fabulous friends, chuckling over the reports of his outrageous escapades with Banjo, the utterly mad Hollywood comedian, and thrilling to the pictures of him with Lorraine Sheldon, the famous screen star, and Beverly Carlton, England's gift to sophistication and the stage—and all the other glamorous personalities who were his intimates.

Just having had him as her guest for dinner on the evening of his lecture at the club would have been a

as the door to the living room opened and there on the threshold was Sheridan Whiteside, looking so distinguished with his long beard that he made even the wheelchair he was sitting in seem like a throne. There was a hush as the nurse wheeled him in, with Dr. Bradley and Maggie acting as convoy.

"How do you do, Mr. Whiteside!" Ernest Stanley was the first to break the awed silence. "I hope that you're better."

"Thank you," Whiteside said. "I am suing you for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars." He glared at Mrs.



Stanley. "And why are you standing there like the kiss of death?" he demanded. "I have a few small matters to take up with you. Since I shall be confined in this mouldy mortuary for at least another ten days, I shall have to carry on my activities as best I can. I shall require the exclusive use of this room, as well as that drafty sewer you call the library." He leaned back impatiently, then bolted upright again as his head came in contact with Miss Preen's capable hands fluffing up his pillows. "Will you take your clammy hand off my chair?" he demanded. "You have the touch of a love-starved cobra. And now will you all leave quietly or must I ask Miss Cutler to pass among you with a baseball bat?"

Mrs. Stanley looked like a child whose lollypop had just been snatched away as she tiptoed from the room,

while you're here? I would like your opinion on it." "I shall drop everything," Whiteside glared at the bulky manuscript and turned it over to Maggie. "Will you take *Forty Years an Ohio Butcher* or whatever it's called and —"

Maggie shook her head as the door closed hastily behind the doctor. "You ~~are~~ Sherry," she said quietly. "you have one great advantage over everybody else in the world. You never have to meet Sheridan Whiteside. I must say you have certainly behaved with all your accustomed grace and charm."

"Look here, puss," Whiteside said firmly. "If we may dismiss the subject of my charm, for which, incidentally, I receive fifteen hundred dol-

lars per appearance, perhaps we can get to work. Oh, no, we can't," he decided as he (Please turn to page 62)

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"

Warner Bros. picturization of the play by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. Executive producer Hal B. Wallis. Directed by William Keighley. Screenplay by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. With the following cast:

<i>Sheridan Whiteside</i>	Monty Woolley
<i>Maggie Cutler</i>	Bette Davis
<i>Lorraine Sheldon</i>	Ann Sheridan
<i>Bert Jefferson</i>	Richard Travis
<i>Beverly Carlton</i>	Reginald Gardiner
<i>Mrs. Ernest Stanley</i>	Billie Burke
<i>Mr. Ernest Stanley</i>	Grant Mitchell
<i>June Stanley</i>	Elisabeth Fraser
<i>Richard Stanley</i>	Russell Arms
<i>Harriet</i>	Ruth Vivian
<i>Miss Preen</i>	Mary Wickes
<i>Dr. Bradley</i>	George Barbier
<i>Banjo</i>	Jimmy Durante



beckoning to the others to follow. But Dr. Bradley lingered. "Shall I look in again this afternoon?" he asked with a false heartiness.

"If you do," Whiteside said evenly, "I shall spit in your eye."

The doctor laughed uneasily. "What a sense of humor you writers have! By the way, I've been doing a little writing myself. I'm calling it *Forty Years an Ohio Doctor: The Story of a Humble Practitioner*. I happen to have a copy with me. Would it be too much to ask you to glance over it

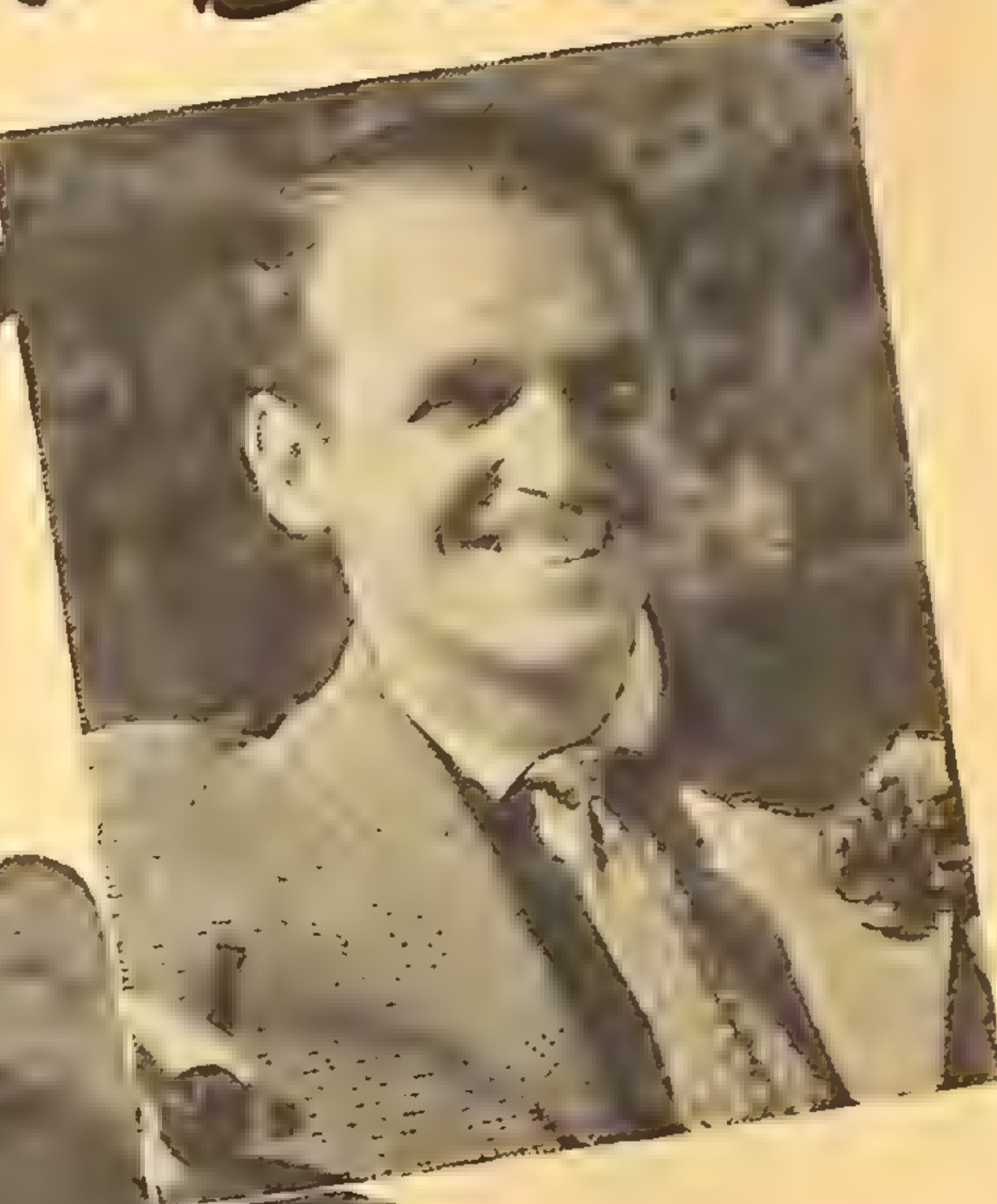
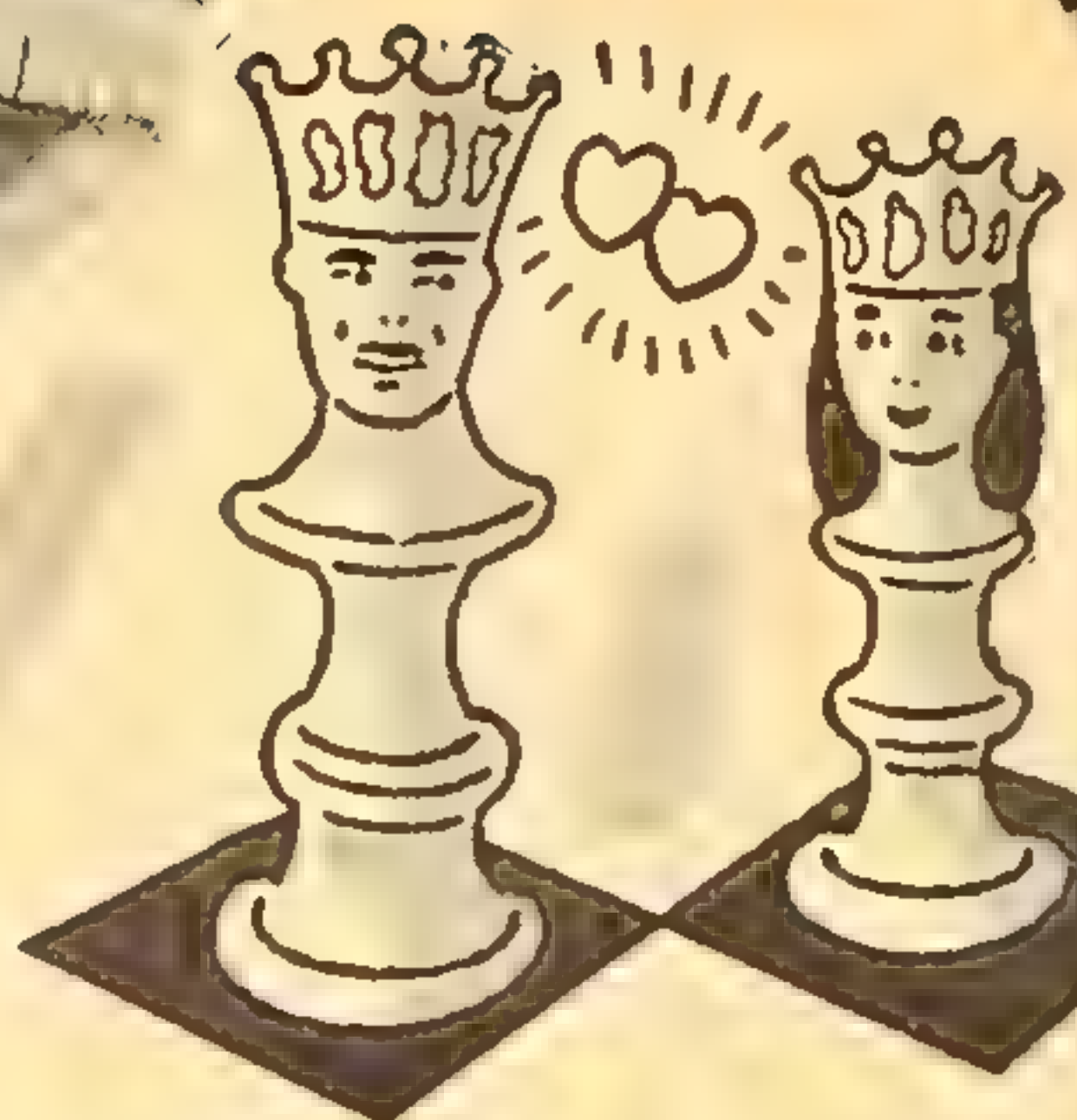
Scene stills tell the hilarious story of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," exclusive fictionization presented here. Principals are Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monte Woolley, Jimmy Durante, in amusing episodes from big film.



Above, the wild-eyed and gaga Jimmy Durante and Monty Woolley shake hands on some mischief they've thought up.

THE

New



By
Liza

**Royal Family of
Hollywood, sec-
ond generation—
the Douglas Fair-
banks, Jrs.—greet
you as honored
guests in this, their
first exclusive
home interview**



LESS than three years ago, as time flies, Mary Lee Epling Hartford curled up on the satin coverlet of Merle Oberon's guest-room bed, and gave herself over to a fine case of moping. She just couldn't have been more miserable. Her marriage to good-looking young Huntington Hartford, of the chain store millions, was definitely on the rocks—no use kidding herself any longer. She was homesick for her home in Virginia. And



DOUG and MARY



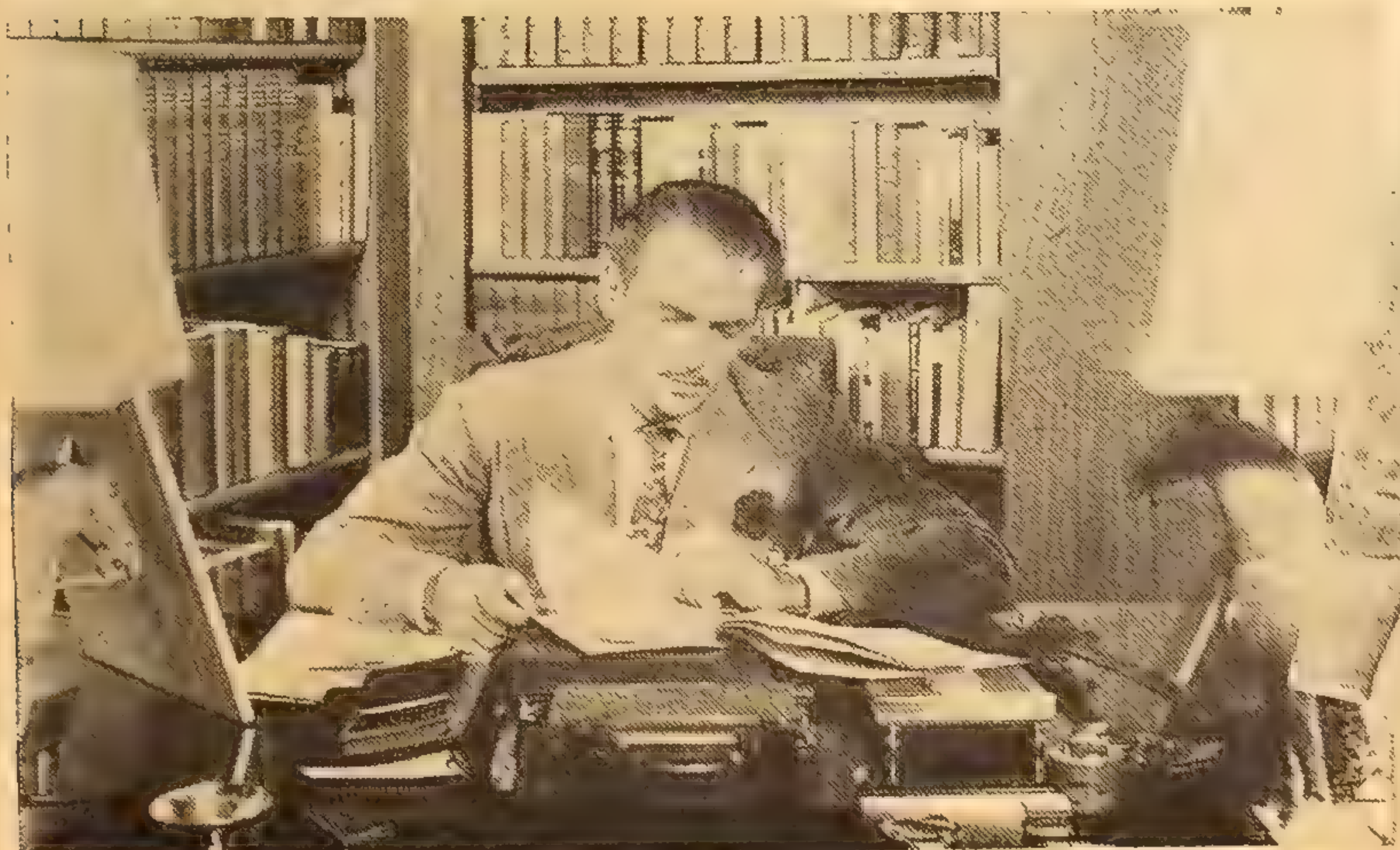
at home

it was pouring down rain. Why go on, she thought, when my life is over! She had just worked herself up to a good girlish howl, when the door opened, and Merle entered.

"You're a silly girl, Mary Lee, to stay up here feeling sorry for yourself," said Merle, "when downstairs in my living room is the most attractive man in Hollywood." (Please turn to page 78)

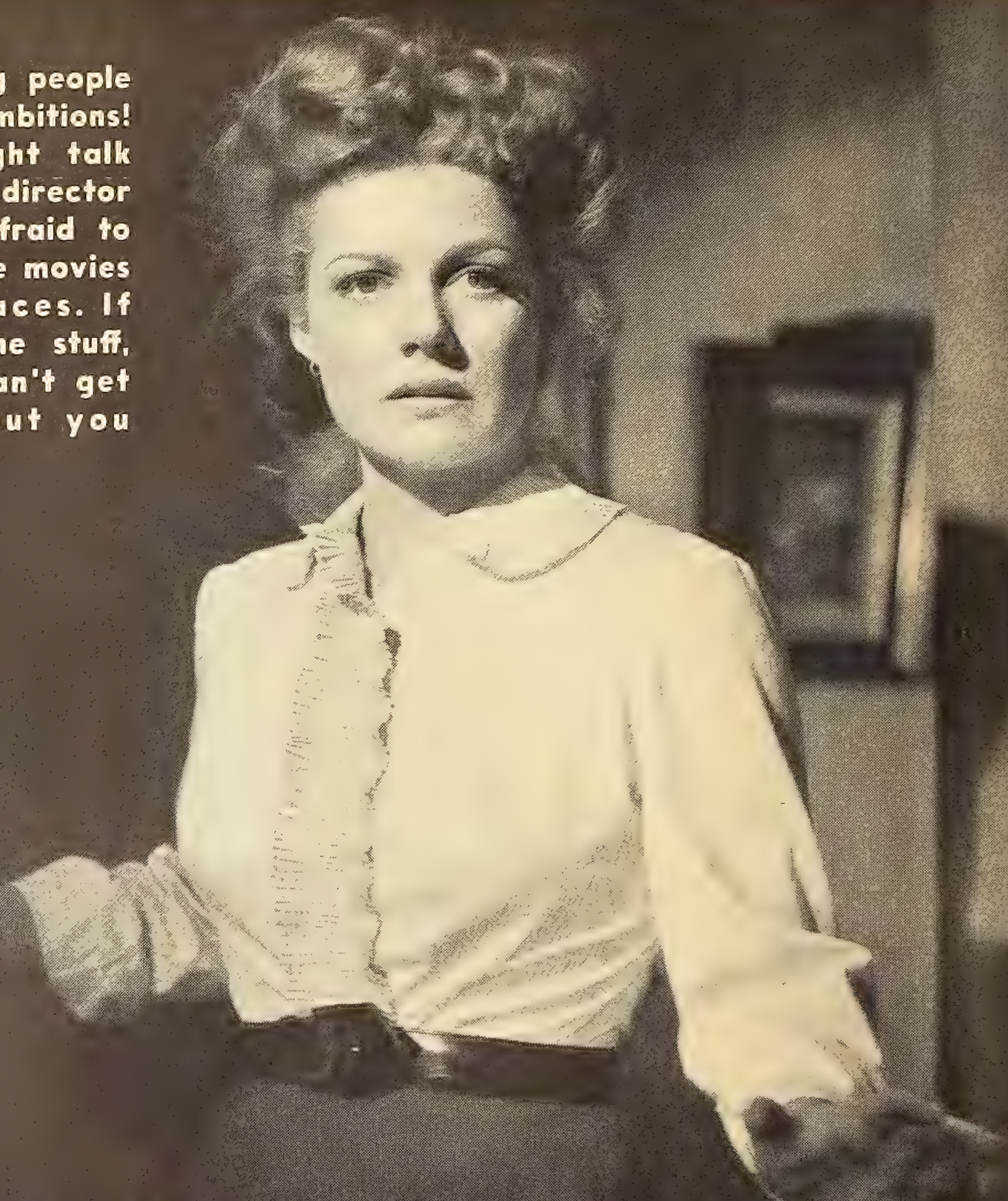


Photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., made exclusively for SCREENLAND by Tom Evans.



In a dual rôle tailored to his measurements, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., returns to the screen in Edward Small's lavish production of "The Corsican Brothers," above. The other photographs on these two pages are the first ever made of young Doug and his lovely wife, Mary Lee, in their Pacific Palisades home, and we proudly present them as a scoop for your pleasure.

All you young people with screen ambitions! Here's straight talk from a great director who is not afraid to admit that the movies want new faces. If you've got the stuff, Hollywood can't get along without you

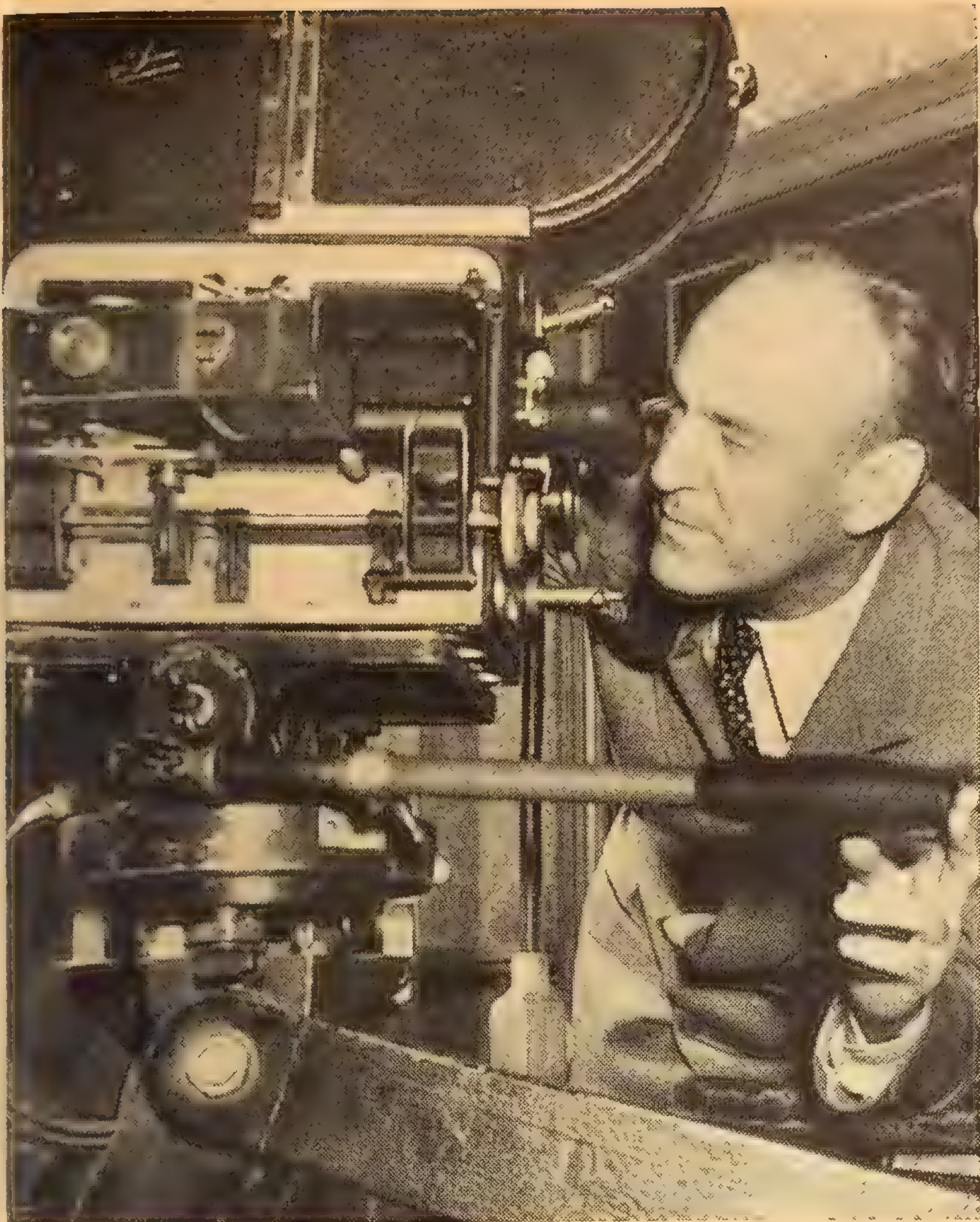


HOLLYWOOD NEEDS YOU!

By SAM WOOD, Famous Director

Ann Sheridan, above, playing her first big dramatic rôle in Sam Wood's latest production, "Kings Row," expresses Mr. Wood's meaning when he says: "I stress personality above acting ability. Call it by any name you like—vitality, sex appeal, emotional warmth—the fact remains that acting ability can be acquired, personality can't. If you haven't it to begin with, nothing and nobody on God's green earth can give it to you. Without it, you'll be a dud on the screen!"

Now, you kids with screen aspirations—have YOU real personality? If so, you have a chance. But don't forget that dozens of new people are screen-tested every week in Hollywood—and never used. The noted discoverer of Martha Scott, Greer Garson, James Craig, and many other stars tells you in this exclusive feature some of the obstacles you would be up against once you crashed the studios. It's frank and hard advice from an authority—can you take it?



Great director Sam Wood, top left, has such fine films as "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Our Town," and now "Kings Row" to his credit. Top, he coaches Ann Sheridan; above, Ann with Ronald Reagan in scene from "Kings Row"—which we will present in fiction form in an early issue; right, refreshment and fun on the set.

THIS is addressed to all you young people with screen ambitions who happen to read it. I've been asked to tell you what I think of your chances in Hollywood today. There's a certain danger attached to the giving of advice, a responsibility assumed by the adviser which he has no right to assume when, as in this case, the advisees are unknown to him and what's right for Mary may be wrong as sin for Jack.

So I'm offering no advice. Instead, I give you the facts as I see them from where I sit. Since I'm closer to the ring, my clearer view of them may be helpful to you in the bleachers. It's for you to apply them to your own cases.

Now that I've shifted the onus of responsibility, I make bold to tell you that if you have personality and the will to act, Hollywood needs you. The chance of her taking you is another matter, which I shall presently delve into. But that she needs you Hollywood herself, at her most confused, will not dispute. Personalities form her chief stock-in-trade, her most precious asset. Take them away, and what's left are liabilities.

You will note that I stress personality above acting ability. This is by design. I consider it more important. Call it by any name you like—vitality, sex appeal, emotional warmth—the fact remains that acting ability can be acquired, personality can't. If you haven't it to begin with, nothing and nobody on God's green earth can inject it into you. Without it, you'll be a dud on the screen.

With it, you stand a chance. I wish I could say a good, even a fair chance. All I can honestly say, is a chance. It's not my object to discourage you. On the contrary. If only for Hollywood's sake, I should like to spur you on to every effort. But not by pulling the wool over your eyes. Some knowledge of the obstacles ahead may help you steer your effort to better purpose.

There's no producer or director in the industry worth his salt who doesn't, according to his temperament, pray, bellow or weep for new faces. Every time we cast a picture, we go through hell. We know we haven't the proper tools to build with. It's like saying to a man,

here's a shovel, go make a boat. He can't make a boat with a shovel, and we can't make the kind of pictures we want to make with the inadequate human inventory we have to draw on. So what happens? We're desperate for an actor to play a certain part. We scramble around, we try to borrow, we run tests of knowns and unknowns, we get to the point where expenses pile up, shooting's scheduled to start and everyone's squirming. We set out with hopes of Clark Gable and end up, willing to settle for Old King Cole.

Which leads to the question you're going to ask next. With so many aspirants (Please turn to page 73)

Nelson Eddy, P.H.

That sympathetic closeup of
elusive Eddy you fans have
been hoping for—here it is

By Linn Lambert

The elegant Nelson Eddy you meet in the movies gives you no warning of the down-to-earth good fellow you'd meet in his own home. Yep, here he is at right, admiring one of the monstrous Mexican variety lemons which grow on one tree in his back yard. The lovely lady seen with him above is his wife, Ann.

NO, THERE'S no "D" on the end of this "Ph." For this new academic degree goes beyond the merely mental accomplishments of Doctor of Philosophy. It means simply "perfect husband," and certainly Nelson Eddy has earned the right to decorate his already radiant name with this further rosette of honor. To prove that this title is fact, not fancy, here are ten points which make Nelson Eddy a Perfect Husband:

1. He is very good-natured, and likes to laugh. It takes a great deal to annoy Nelson, for he has universal understanding, and has been through the mill himself, and therefore is always willing to see the other fellow's viewpoint. Being the fine healthy specimen that he is, he has that exuberance of spirit which is really the essence of good nature. He relishes an opportunity to let loose a really good belly laugh, but never at the other fellow's expense.

2. He likes people and likes to entertain, but is a one-woman man. Nelson has an avid curiosity, in the finer sense. Likes to figure out the actions and reactions of people, and therefore makes a grand host. However, he'd never center his attention on a woman guest, and thereby cause his wife to be jealous. Neither does he show lack of trust in his wife by displaying jealousy of her.

3. He likes left-overs. Food, I mean. His favorites are such dishes as hash, croquettes, and the like, made from last night's roast. He likes simple, plain foods of all kinds, and enjoys raiding the ice-box best of all. Oh, yes, and tomato-soup cake.

4. He appreciates women's clothes. His mother has taught him a fine discrimination in such matters, and Nelson never fails to remark on that new piece of finery. And this keeps him very busy, as both his wife and

THE MAN



Wide World



THE STAR



"The Chocolate Soldier" is the biggest and, some say, the best Nelson Eddy film so far. M-G-M has made a lavish musical version of "The Guardsman" for Eddy, has given him Met-opera songbird Rise Stevens as co-star—see scenes at left. Above, page Mr. Ripley—it's Nelson disguised for his dual rôle.

mother have unusually fine, though conservative, taste in clothes. As their photographs testify.

5. Loves a home. (A Cancer attribute, you astrology-hounds). This perhaps is his most outstanding characteristic. He takes a keen interest in home decoration, and the garden. Accent on luxury in the house. And accent on any color, so long as it's blue.

6. He lacks conceit. Has a natural pride in self, but is singularly without self-adulation. He has learned humility, and this same humility carries over into the husband department, naturally.

7. He is generous. Not only generous with money but truly generous-spirited.

8. He is thoughtful and moderate. He thinks of small but important ways of pleasing those he loves. Notes all their likes and dislikes and he has an uncanny memory.

9. He is tender, affectionate and loyal. These attributes are part of his mother's training. Always they have had a pleasantly affectionate association, and Nelson merely added the proper connubial zest to this part of his nature when he married.

10. Likes animals and likes to read. He especially likes horses and dogs. Likes all games. As hobbies, he likes to sculpt and collect old marked pewter. Is an insatiable reader, and very well-informed.

And there you are. Sounds easy, doesn't it? And it is easy, for the Nelson Eddy of today. For he is a "natural" for this rôle of Perfect Husband. His whole life has fitted him for it. And no little credit for his success in this important department of life should go to his mother, Isabelle Eddy, for she made him what he is today.

Five years ago, when I was acting as Nelson's secretary the (Please turn to page 82)

WHAT do you know about this Martha Scott? I live here in Hollywood and all I knew about her was that: she broke my heart and ruined my make-up in "Our Town" and Cheers For Miss Bishop"; she was born, September 22d, on a farm, in the small town of Jamesport, Missouri; she graduated from the University of Michigan with a teaching certificate for safety, the desire to be an actress for a dream; she comes from distinguished forebears, her father, Walter Scott, being related to the famed novelist of the same name; her mother, the former Letha McKinley, is a second cousin of the martyred president, also of the same name. That's all I knew for facts. The rest was hearsay and conjecture.

I'd heard that she is married, that she lives on a

ranch. She is and does. I imagined her hair was tan color, her eyes blue. Wrong. Her hair is gold color. Her eyes are brown. She has a mouth done by a diamond cutter, it is so beautifully and sensitively chiseled. I imagined she was serious, rather on the intellectual side. She is—rather. But there is a picture of her on the piano in her living room that would make Franchot Tone try to date her, if he saw it!

Her husband tells the most amusing anecdote about her. How, one night, he took her to the theater in New York. How she was all decked out in her new, sable-dyed muskrat coat, costume jewelry wherever costume jewelry was possible and even where, one would have thought, not possible, and—she wore her glasses which she had mended with manuscript clips!

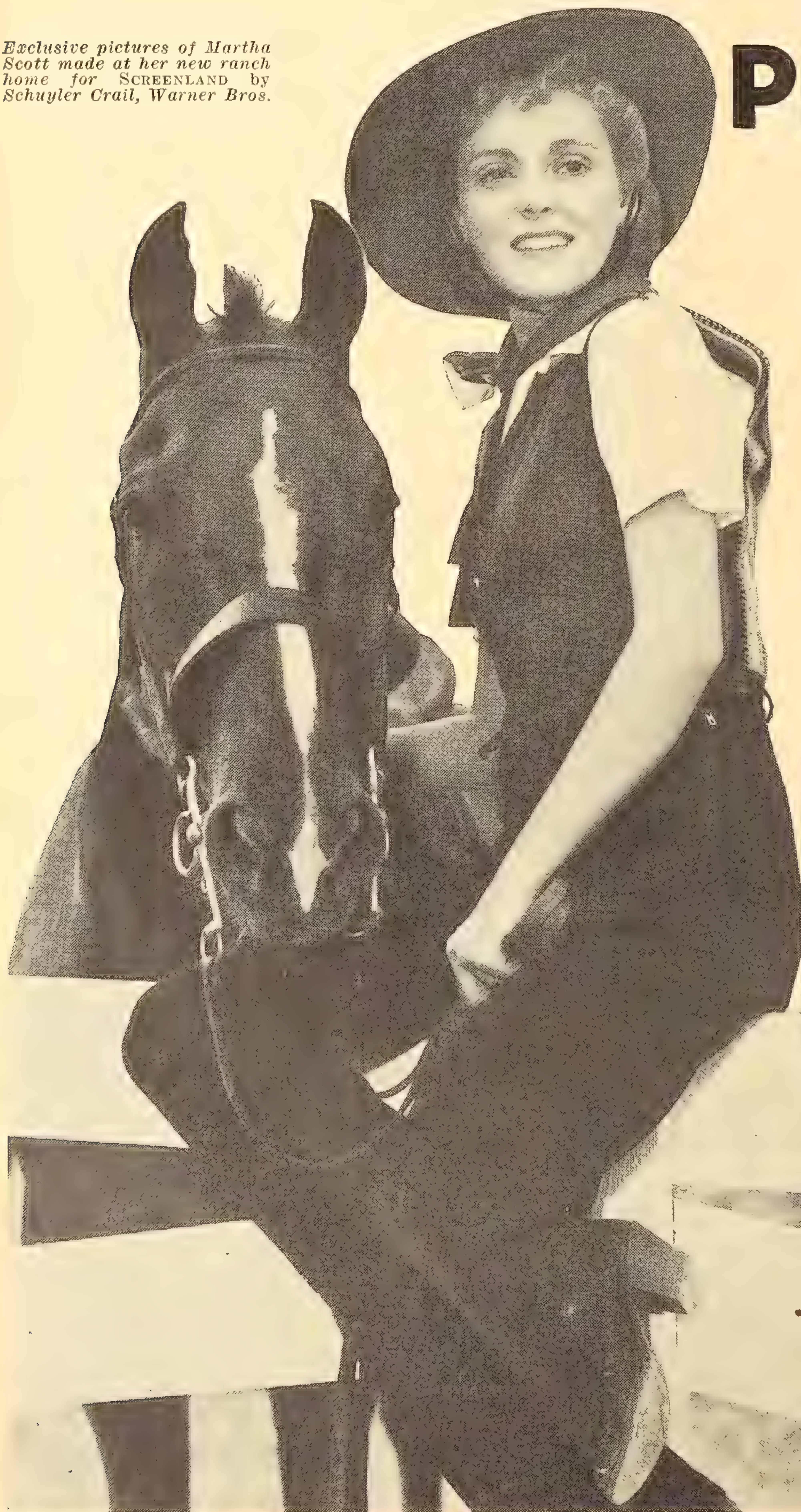
Exclusive pictures of Martha Scott made at her new ranch home for SCREENLAND by Schuyler Crail, Warner Bros.


Private Life of —

Not the wistful actress you know as Martha Scott, but the gay and buoyant girl who goes for garlic, goats, gin rummy, grandmothers, dime-store jewelry—and whose husband says of her, "she is too honest and too sweet for this modern world." You'll love her, too!

By Gladys Hall

Below, Martha Scott with Fredric March in Warners' big new drama of a preacher's life, "One Foot in Heaven."





O'—(oh, oh!)

HARA!

The fair Maureen is making movie audiences go oh-and-ah with her newly vivid personality. Once demure, now she dazzles. And her acting keeps pace with her face in "How Green Was My Valley," big new film

Four-
Alarm

FIRE!





When Betty (Legs) Grable meets Vic (Handsome-Hunk-of-Man) Mature, in new picture called "Hot Spot," you may expect the screen to sizzle, and you won't be disappointed. Not that it is a great picture—but it has this team of Grable-Mature. That's all, brother—but wow, it's enough!



GARBO!

NAUGHTY



On this page, she's naughty. See her technique with Melvyn Douglas, top left; watch her wiles, with knee action, right center; catch her cavorting as a water nymph, above; and charming Robert Sterling and Roland Young, right, as she shocks 'em with her candid comments on love in her woman-of-the-world rôle.

& NICE!

Siren, or sweet thing? You'll see the great G.G. in both moods as she plays dual rôle in film, "Two-Faced Woman"



M-G-M Photos



And here, Greta as the nice girl, twin to the temptress. Tender love scene with the same Mr. Douglas, top right; wholesome holiday in the ski-country; in bulky borrowed pajamas, above; and, at right, coaxing Roland Young to eat his porridge—yes, she can cook, too. "Two-Faced Woman" is a romantic movie.

THE CASE FOR CHARM

In this corner, the best current cinematic proof that it's startling charm that counts, in Hollywood: Veronica Lake, whose curious coiffure set a new style, but whose acting ability remains to be seen in "Sullivan's Travels"

Richie



Preston Sturges' pictures—remember "The Great McGinty" and "The Lady Eve"—are movie events. His new film, "Sullivan's Travels," presents Veronica Lake in her first part since her hit in "I Wanted Wings," giving her juicy rôle of girl hobo with Joel McCrea.

And here is convincing evidence that youth and glamor are not all-important at the box-office, when a fine and mature talent like Edward Arnold's brings fans flocking to see his latest performance in "Unholy Partners"

In "Unholy Partners," Arnold plays a gangster chieftain who tries to give orders to Edward G. Robinson in the rôle of a tabloid editor. Laraine Day plays the fearless young secretary.



THE CASE FOR CHARACTER

Clarence Bull, M-G-M

LOOK AT LUPINO!

Original costume designed by Marie Miller for Miss Lupino, at right: topping off a red, grey, and blue plaid dress is a waistcoat-front cape. Smart accessories include navy blue gloves with plaid trim, navy bag, saucy felt hat with feathers.

Return of the slashed skirt and the leg o'mutton sleeve is celebrated in the dinner gown below. The black velvet skirt has a girde of black ciré satin, the blouse of shell-pink taffeta has high circle neck, long sleeves. Miss Lupino wears a pert satin hair-bow. At right below, her afternoon gown has a tunic front with inverted pleats at the center, boat-shaped neck, softly rounded shoulder line. A brilliant char- treuse-yellow lily is appliquéd at the front of the waistline, where it catches the soft folds. Her "Mercury" helmet has a veil.



The covered-up look continues to be in the mood for evening. Black and white crepe fashion the long-sleeved, high-necked dinner gown worn at right by Miss Lupino. The body of the dress is black with V-shaped section of white set in above the waist and forming the front skirt panel.



...ion scoop! We
 ...ent the exclus-
 ... new clothes
 ...pecially created
 ...Ida Lupino by
 ...brilliant young
 ...ollywood de-
 ...er, Marie Miller

...exclusive fashions modeled
 ...Miss Lupino, Warner Bros.
 ...ar, photographed by Schuy-
 ...er Crail for SCREENLAND.



Sensational style note: the double-duty dinner gown. Directly above, square-necked, full-length sleeved blouse of white lace worn with a striped skirt in American beauty and white. At left above, the same blouse, this time worn above a daringly draped peg-topped skirt of soft black crepe with a high, fitted waistband and slashed to the knee.

For gala occasions, Ida Lupino likes the formal silver-cloth gown at left. Styled on princess lines, it boasts a flattering, squared-back collar of white fox. Perfect for the star's slender, graceful lines. The two photographs of the gown were posed in Miss Lupino's drawing-room.



Maureen O'Hara plays
Anghara
Walter Pidgeon
Mr. Gruffydd
in "How Green Was My Valley."

HERE IS AN EPIC!
(WE HOPE)



Too often a motion picture heralded as "colossal" and "terrific" turns out to be just another movie. But this time we think we're justified in predicting a masterpiece. "How Green Was My Valley" may live up to its ballyhoo because it is based on Richard Llewellyn's best-selling novel, directed by John Ford, staged in scenic grandeur and enacted by a brilliant cast



ss O'Hara
her most
able rôle,
young Rod-
McDowall is
in the ap-
ling part of
w in 20th
ntury-Fox's
portant pro-
ction of
hard Llew-
n's novel of
ish miners.

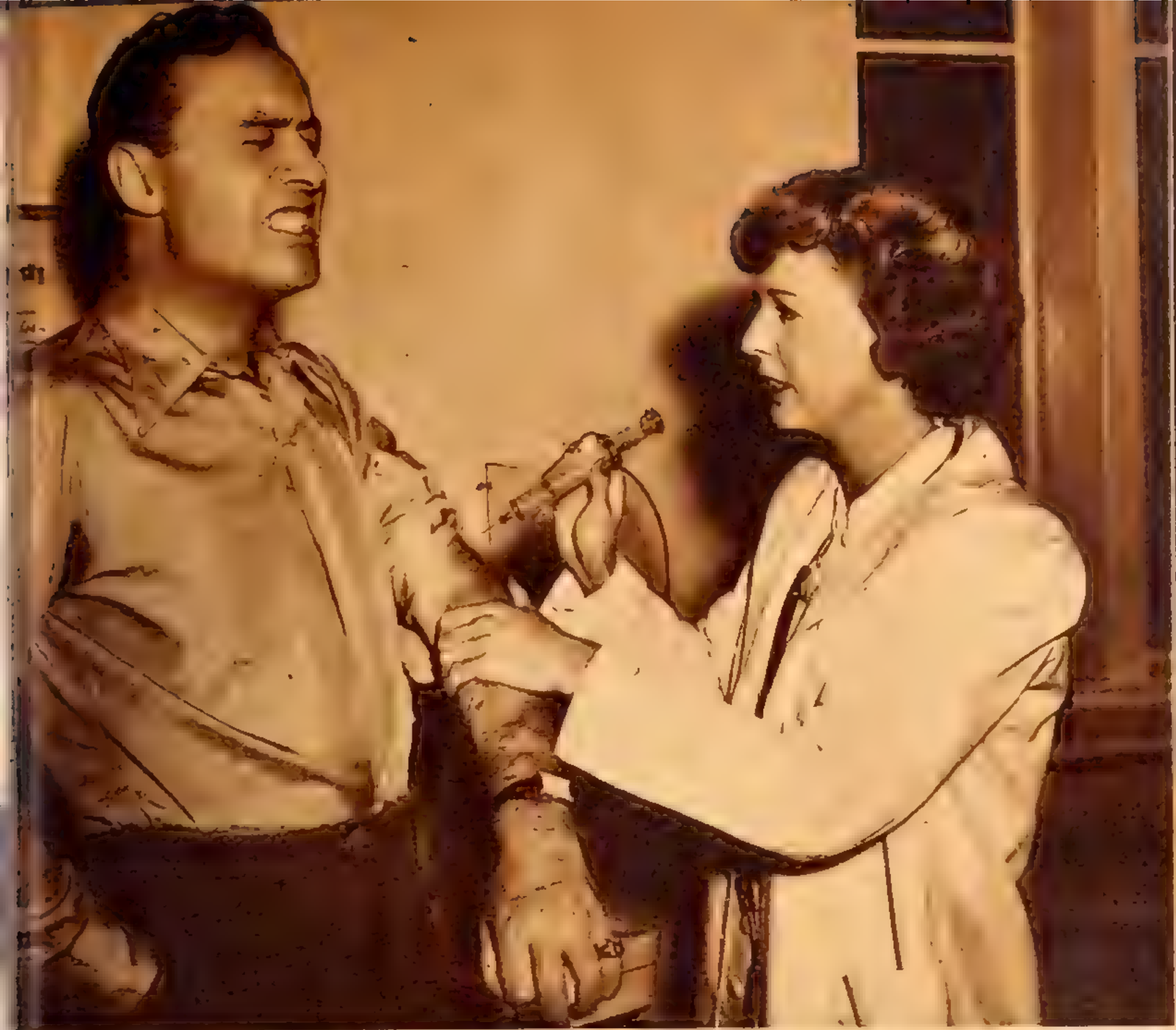


BEAUTY of the BALLET



Exciting new rôle for Loretta Young presents her as a ballet dancer, and it's Loretta you'll be seeing, not a double, when she performs classic numbers in "The Men in Her Life"





Not a sobby "Back Street" but a modern comedy is the new vehicle for the co-starring team of Margaret Sullivan and Charles Boyer. She's a doctor, he's her patient. Wait till you see!



SULLAVAN + BOYER-- ROMANCE!



Ed. Estabrook,
Universal Pictures



\$5.00 PRIZE (above)

Barbara Ellen Ball of Jamaica, N. Y., enchanted the judges with her pet photo of "Perky."



FIRST PRIZE (above)

This magnificent specimen of doghood won for Ann Rogers of Larchmont, N. Y., an original Morgan Dennis drawing of Gable and Friend.

STEP UP AND MEET OUR HANDSOME AND GLAMOROUS PET PICTURE CONTEST WINNERS!

These photogenic stars of the Animal Kingdom seem to know all about camera angles. Top billing goes to the first pet prize winner



\$5.00 PRIZE (below)

Three (tame) little Foxes are we! Lowell Bragg of Hawkinsville, Ga., is the "snapper."



\$5.00 PRIZE (above)

Elizabeth Scully of Scituate, Mass., calls her pet "Fluffy." It suits

\$5.00 PRIZE (above)

Roy Maitland of Littlestown, Pa., caught his kitten "Empress" literally out on a limb.



\$5.00 PRIZE (above)

Mrs. Fred C. Woodward, Jr., of Falmouth, Mass., came upon kitty admiring herself in the mirror.



\$5.00 PRIZE (right)

Virginia Barca of Brooklyn, N. Y., assures us "Rex" is only acting up for the camera.



\$5.00 PRIZE (above)

Here's an interesting bit of dog drama submitted by Edward O'Connell of Stamford, Conn.

\$5.00 PRIZE (left)

"Froggy" is a French poodle and is the special pet of Martha Ann Tinker of North Tarrytown, N. Y.



AH, LOV!

Jackie Cooper celebrated his 14th year in motion pictures during the filming of "Glamour Boy," in which he and Susanna Foster play their own real-life rôles of youthful, popular movie stars

Best rôle of his screen career comes to Jackie in "Glamour Boy." Highlight of refreshing Paramount film is showing of scenes from "Skippy," young Cooper's own great kid-star hit. Susanna Foster reaches C above high C, and Darryl Hickman is fellow player in bright, breezy new film, below.





Mac Julian, Warner Bros.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Brenda Marshall in "Captains of the Clouds"

Song of an Actress →

*If I could wait
Like the choked sky waits
In over-fullness,
Or the cloud waits
Till the lightning signals
It can hold no more;
If I could wait
Like the nightingale
For evening and a perfect stage
On which to sing my song,*

*But I cannot.
I cannot wait like autumn
For propitious season
To paint the leaves,
I cannot die for winter
As the summer can;
I cannot wait, for I must sing
Though the tune is the wind
And the words dried leaves,
I want to sing, I have to sing!*

Up from Bohemia comes Virginia Gilmore, blonde pixie with the soul of a poet

By Charles Darnton

From a poem by

Virginia Gilmore

IT ALL sounded as crazily Bohemian as that house must have looked atop its San Francisco hill. That cockeyed rookery zigzagging to the sky and slanting on its ear. Yet she who had dizzily perched in it, wildly careened with it, and all but gone mad with it, this girl who might readily have been thrown off balance for the rest of her days, was level as a floor, sane as a roof.

Let her bizarre background, then, serve picturesquely to introduce Virginia Gilmore, down to Hollywood and up from Bohemia. Draw a long breath into A-ah! at the magic of that name if you like, but of all things don't begin humming an air from "La Boheme." For Virginia is no *Mimi*. Although she well (*Please turn to page 76*)

Gilmore's latest rôle, a Southern siren with Dana Andrews in "Swamp Water."



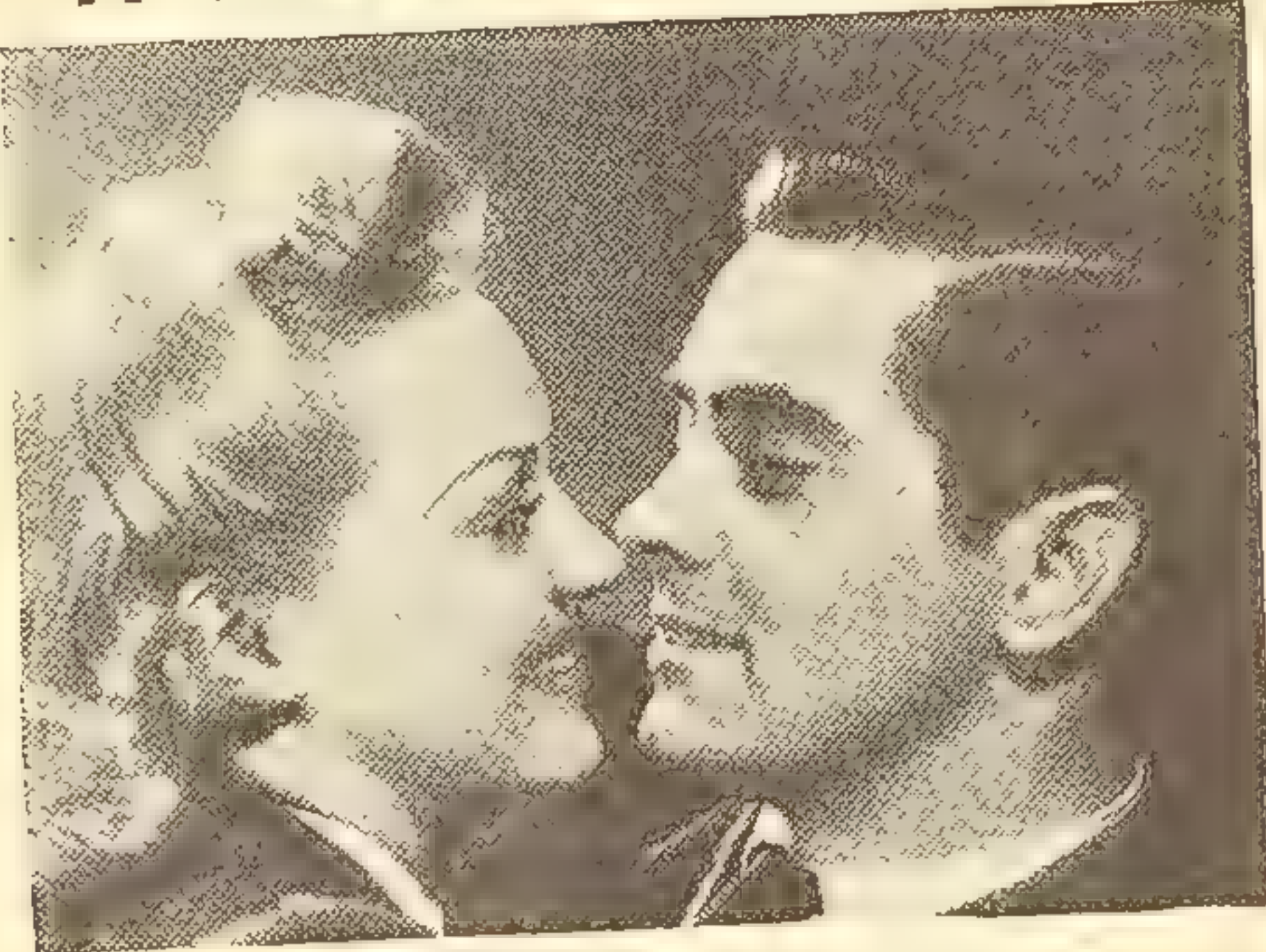


Your GUIDE *at a* GLANCE

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"A YANK IN THE R.A.F."



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
THRILLING

APPEAL: Summed up, it's thumbs up—for all of us with a spark of adventure in our hearts and of patriotism in our souls. Besides, it's swell entertainment.

PLOT: Darryl F. Zanuck's tribute to the courage and daring of the British fliers never spills over—it's kept casual and so it's convincing, with a brash young American in search of thrills the central character, and the heroic evacuation of Dunkirk the high spot. Of course there's romance, too, though rather formula, concerning competition between the Yank and his squadron leader for the affections of an American chorus girl.

PRODUCTION: Authentic shots of aerial combat seem less like the real thing than the spectacular Hollywood stuff—but it's all excitingly paced and excellently directed by Henry King, himself a high-flying pilot. For contrast there are flashy night-club scenes with two numbers danced and sung by la belle Grable.

ACTING: It's Tyrone Power's most dashing rôle since "Lloyds of London," and while it may not win him an Academy Award from his Hollywood confreres, it has the unqualified approval of every femme fan, which is more important to Mr. Power at this stage of his career. Tyrone in the modern dress of the R.A.F. is the most beautiful thrill of the month, according to bemused Margies; but give the boy a big hand for his performance, too—it's sound, and never unbearably debonair. Gorgeous Betty Grable is surprisingly good as the chorus cutie, with Reginald Gardiner and handsome John Sutton rating bows.

20th Century-Fox

"YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GAY

APPEAL: Irresistible, if you like Fred Astaire's fast stepping, and want to see how Rita Hayworth measures up as his new dancing partner—now don't push, fellas.

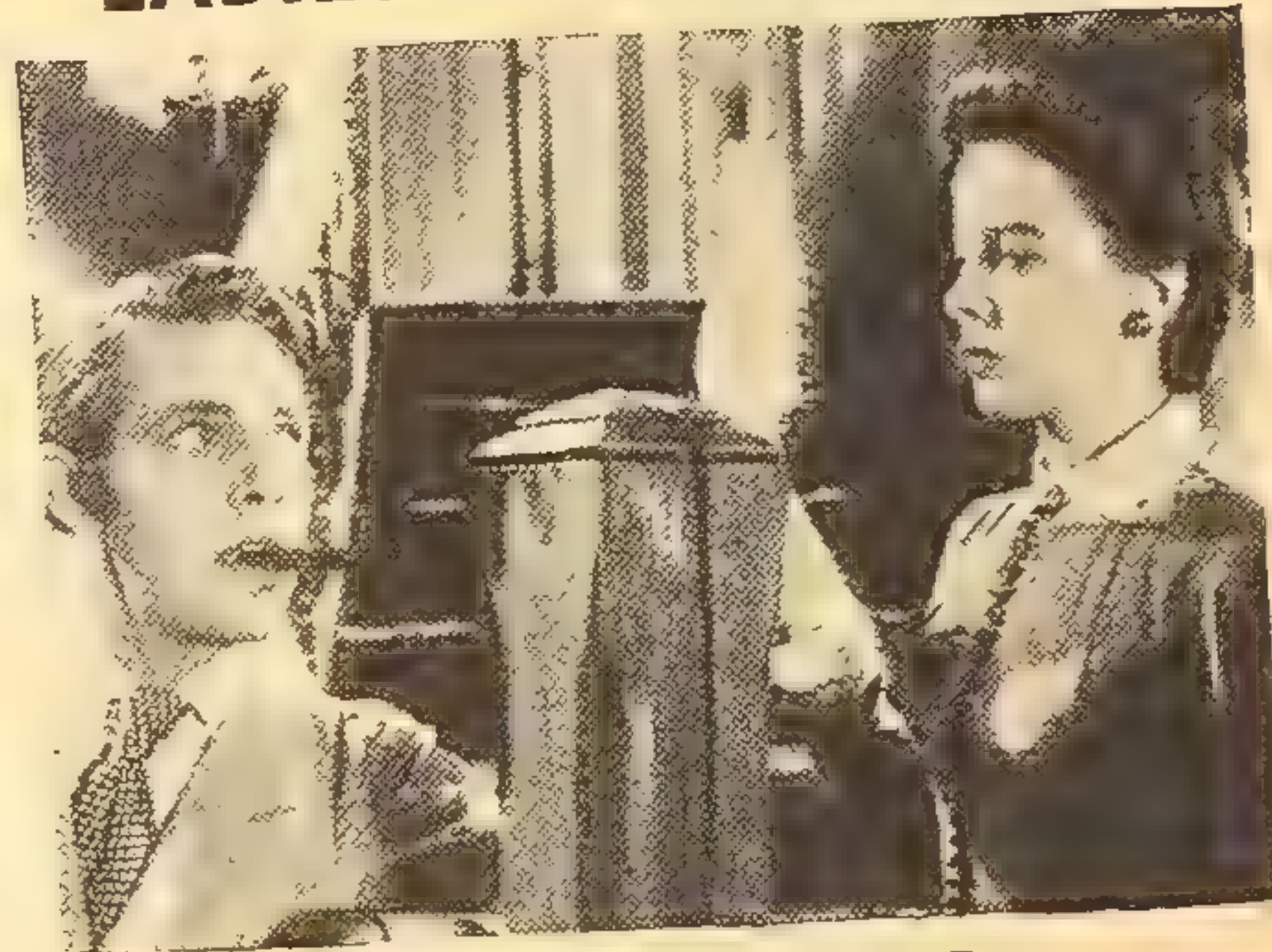
PLOT: From Broadway dance director to Private in Uncle Sam's Army, our hero is kept stepping especially when he impersonates a Captain to captivate that luscious lady he's in love with and ends up in the guard-house—but don't think he is stopped even then; there's a camp show to be put on and he's the boy to stage it, and a good show it turns out to be. To end the suspense—yes, Hayworth *measures up* as Fred's new dancing partner.

PRODUCTION: Just in case you're moaning, "Oh, just another musical!" let me tell you this one is different—no arty terpsichorean routines but fresh, spontaneous sessions staged by Robert Alton, with comedy touches. Every dance number is up on its toes, not dragged in by the heels; and the Fred Astaire solo is something to see.

ACTING: It is a true comeback for the great Astaire, since it presents him as talented comedian as well as inimitable dancer, and provides him with a partner who may at last stop all that sighing for Ginger Rogers. Miss Hayworth will probably be the nation's Number One Dream Girl after this picture, so photogenic as she floats in Astaire's arms that she will get credit for being a better dancer than she really is—and she's not bad. For laughs there is Robert Benchley in his funniest rôle to date, and Cliff Nazarro who will have you doing double-talk yourself over his hilarious drilling of an infantry squad.

Columbia

"LADIES IN RETIREMENT"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GRIPPING

APPEAL: If you are in search of the unusual in movie fare and can take it when you get it—eery and creepy though it may be—you won't want to miss this one.

PLOT: From the stage play about a woman's devotion to her demented sisters—and the lengths to which she goes to give them a home and a measure of security, involving even murder—and a scoundrelly, blackmailing nephew, and all set in the haunting atmosphere of a lonely house in the English marshlands—believe it or not, you'll find it fascinating and not as gruesome as you might think, and incredibly relieved by flashes of humor.

PRODUCTION: Lester Cowan's picturization of Gilbert Miller's play has been cleverly adapted by good screen writers, and masterfully guided by Charles Vidor, who never descends to theatricalism in his direction but nevertheless manages to stretch the suspense to the breaking point. The fine settings, and the imaginative camera work of George Barnes have contributed to the stunning impact the picture will have upon every intelligent movie-goer. It is melodrama in the grand manner.

ACTING: Wait until you watch Ida Lupino in the difficult rôle of the self-sacrificing sister—you won't recognize the Lupino of "They Drive By Night" or "High Sierra." There was a splendid but spectacular actress inclined to twitches and gestures and pawing the air. Here is a totally different artist, utterly restrained yet strangely compelling, projecting a character you will not forget. Louis Hayward, Isobel Elsom, Edith Barrett, Elsa Lanchester fine.

Columbia

to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Swans

"HONKY TONK"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
LUSTY

APPEAL: Well, if you can resist going to see Clark Gable and Lana Turner in their first film together, then you had better confine your cinema pursuits to Baby Sandy.

PLOT: Imagine Gable more "rugged" than ever in the rôle of a red-blooded gamblin' man who operates his card-sharping and assorted "confidence" tricks on the suckers in the lawless towns of early Nevada—and then encounters Lana Turner playing the part of a Boston belle not too naïve to know how to tame the wild man of the West, although it takes even Lana a little time, fortunately for entertainment values.

PRODUCTION: Rootin'-tootin'-shootin'—all in the best Jack Conway directorial tradition, which means hard-hitting and fast-moving from start to finish. It's the fightin'-est film of the month, and if Junior isn't tied to the bedpost he will assuredly find his way eventually to the nearest theater advertising "Honky Tonk," for it offers all the inducements of favorite Westerns with certain added attractions. So, family folks, better watch Junior.

ACTING: Gable is—Gable, that's all, but it seemed to this ardent fan that he worked a little too hard at it this time. Come, come, Clark—you don't have to sell us on your personality—we just know you have it, so take it easy, big boy. Lana Turner is not only improving in looks with every new picture but her acting is also improving—this sweetheart of the campus better be careful or she'll scare away Joe College with an Oscar or two. Claire Trevor is colorful as the inevitable "dance-hall gal" in love with Gable.

M-G-M

"IT STARTED WITH EVE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
DELIGHTFUL

APPEAL: You wouldn't want to miss the very best Deanna Durbin picture yet, would you? Or Charles Laughton's comeback in one of the best performances of the year? Better not!

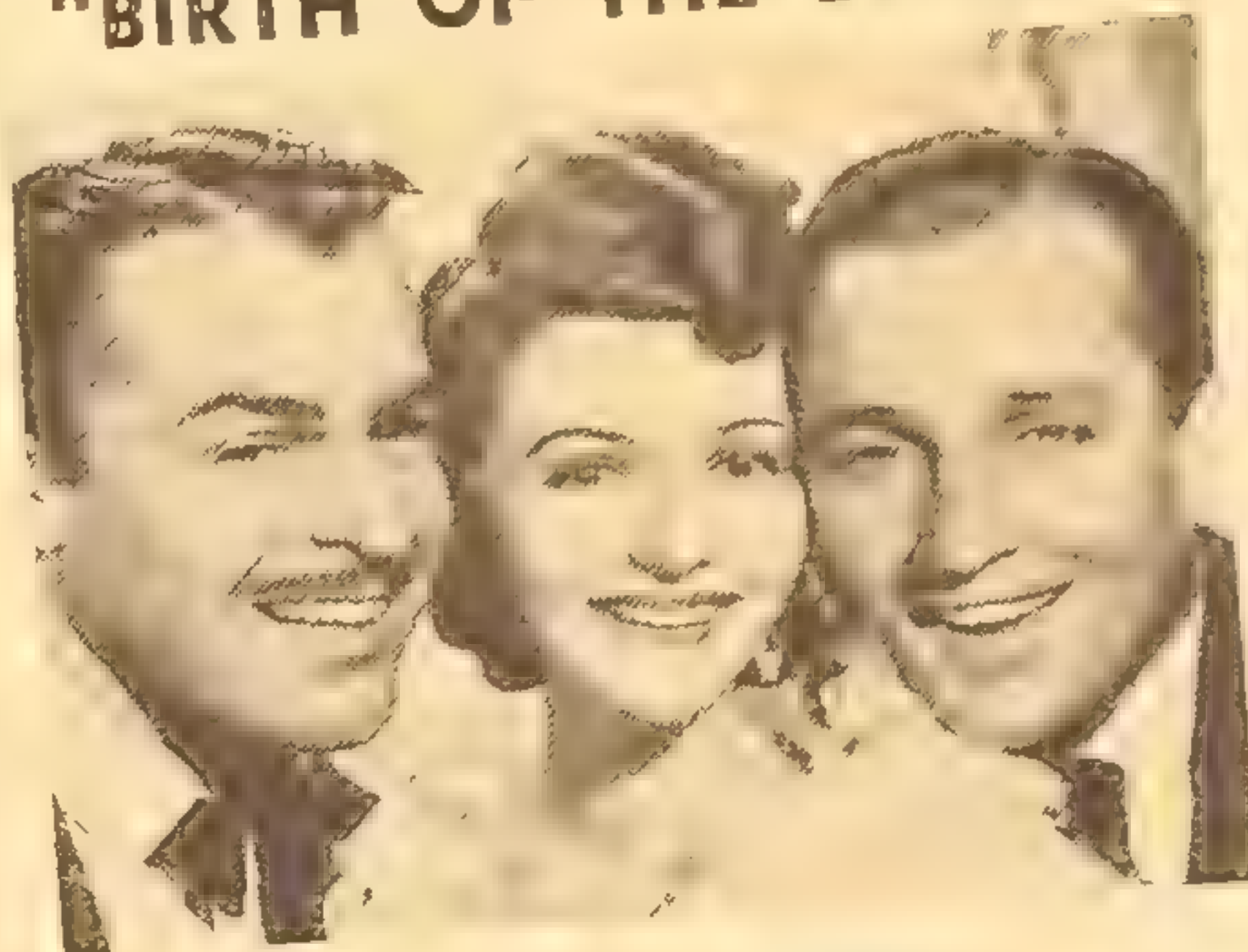
PLOT: Originally "Almost An Angel," fictionized in our October issue, this is the complete and polished version of a truly enchanting story—don't blame us if our fictionization missed some of the high-spots due to press dates; just enjoy the embellishments of inspired writers and brilliant director whose additional scenes and bright dialogue turned a good little comedy into one of the real treats of the season.

PRODUCTION: Hitting a new high even for a Durbin picture, this last production of Joe Pasternak, her discoverer and mentor, for his child-wonder is also her best. Sorta brings a lump to this old fan's throat, to think that hereafter the precious Durbin career will be in another producer's hands. But after "It Started With Eve" Deanna should have no career worries; even if she lost her voice, she would still be a great star for sheer charm, sure technique, pure enchantment. That voice, of course, is lovelier than ever.

ACTING: Deanna will amuse you, touch you, thrill you with her vibrant youth and beauty; and when she sings "Goin' Home" through her tears you will dissolve in yours. The miracle has happened—Deanna has grown up gracefully. If you've been reconciled to Charles Laughton's screen absence you'll change your mind when you see him as a crochety, lovable old codger here—cheating and scheming to bring his son and Deanna together. Robert Cummings as the son is terrific.

Universal

"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FUN

APPEAL: For Bing Crosby fans who've been hoping to catch the Crooner in something new and different—but still with Mary Martin as his easy-on-eyes-and-ears heroine.

PLOT: It's the fictional story of lower Basin Street, where the "Blues" which brought America out of the musical doldrums were born back in 1900 or so—aided by a lad who gets a band together, discovers "the only white man who can play a hot cornet," introduces a girl singer for the first time, and gains recognition for what was known as "nigger music" but finally became America's own native noise.

PRODUCTION: Victor Schertzinger, who knows his music, both sweet and swing, has directed with loving care, and if the interest ever flags for you, I'd blame not Mr. S., but his creaky scenario. The rivalry of Crosby and Brian Donlevy for fair Mary is old movie formula and staged as such; but the memorable scenes are those in which the great "Rochester" Anderson and his gifted feet explain to Miss Martin what makes those "Blues" different from other music.

ACTING: I mean singing—and you get some grand songs, such as *St. Louis Blues* sung by Ruby Elzy, and *My Melancholy Baby* which Bing sings as it has never been sung before. Miss Martin, besides being most decorative, warbles as warmly as usual; Carolyn Lee has a few cute moments; Brian Donlevy does what he can in the rôle of a hot cornet player—shades of "The Great McGinty." But jitterbugs may not agree that this picture really represents the birth of their beloved "Blues."

Paramount

All Hands to the Fore



More romance, more engagements, more marriages than in two decades. More work to be done by everybody. And all hands in the spotlight. You can make and keep them attractive!

**By
Courtenay Marvin**

I think it is fine to walk into a pretty salon, to put your hands on a soft cushion and order just what you want in the way of finger beautification—and get it. I also think every girl should know how to do a good manicure for herself. Then there is seldom an excuse for grubby nails. You can learn every trick of the trade by watching your manicurist, and a little care and patience will enable you to do a good job for yourself. Some points to remember are: a fine, well-made file when there is much shaping to be done, which should be used in light, quick strokes upward to the center from each side; emery boards should be used for minor shaping and for smoothing the nails. Never shape down too closely at the sides. Most women do this, and the result is roughened skin or hangnails and not nearly so good a shape. To see a nail set inside the finger is anything but attractive, and this close side filing produces this effect. Also, it makes nails more prone to breaking, splitting and raggedness. The essentials for a home manicure are a good file, emery boards, orangewood stick, cotton, cuticle remover, cuticle cream or oil, polish remover and polish. If you are smart, you will start at once to use a polish base. You have no idea how much more beautiful your polish will look, how much longer it will last, if you apply one of the clear bases first. Let it dry a few minutes, then apply polish. I have tested many bases thoroughly. With no base, I expect a week of good wear from a manicure; with a base, I find the same manicure will last ten days in perfect condition, though the nails have grown a little. Many of the bases may be used again over the polish after it

It has been a long time since your two little hands were as important as they are now.

They are more important than ever in a strictly pretty way. This Unlimited Emergency has brought romance to the fore, and hands play their special rôle in this game. Many engagements will be precipitated by the times, and resulting marriages. Are your hands lovely enough for that first precious and sentimental diamond engagement ring? And how will they look with that platinum or golden band? And even if romance hasn't yet hit home, do your hands invite it? It is a very good time for strictly pretty reasons to give your hands a thorough survey. Decide what you like about them and what you don't. And what you don't like, proceed to correct at once. For you can correct skin condition and nail condition, and you can even do much with shape by exercise and learning to use your hands gracefully.

Hands are more important, too, in a strictly practical way. Think of what they will do in the next year, aside from the usual routine things of the day. They will learn to drive, to handle intricate machinery, to bandage—to do a dozen and one things beyond the day's usual work, according to the defense and training courses planned. To keep hands efficient—quick and sure—they must have good care. The working hand actually needs it more than the playing hand.

Joan Bennett contributes some facts on her nails, because she has beautiful nails. Joan is fortunate in having naturally strong

nails, but there is a paragraph for the girls who don't, later on in this story. Though she wears her nails fairly long, they are not pointed but gently rounded. This shape is attractive, gives the fingers more graceful shape and length and adds strength for resisting breakage to the nail. Joan has a manicure once a week, which is about right for all, and cuticle is never cut but pushed back gently with a cotton-swabbed orangewood stick dipped into cuticle remover or oil, according to need. Joan covers the entire nail from cuticle to tip and uses two coats of polish.

A star's hands are always in the spotlight. Above, Joan Bennett before the mirror dressing table in her Holmby Hills home, massaging with hand cream. She uses a motion from fingertips to wrist, as if fitting on gloves. She is wearing a beautiful diamond ring and wrist watch, and gown of pink and white marquisette with blue ribbons. Below, Joan is autographing fan pictures and wearing another of her collection of exquisite diamond rings.



has dried for a more brilliant lustre, more protection against wear.

If you are a very busy girl—and I expect you are—then choose a color that goes well with your skin, your lipstick and your costumes. You won't have time for too frequent change, though this is a good idea if you do have the time. The brilliant, true reds are generally good for everyone. Darker tones are in the fashion picture, some with a deep note of plum, some with a warm, henna note. The plum note goes beautifully with plum, wine, black, white, green, and blue and gray. The henna note is smart with beige, the whole family of browns, greens and some of the blues, as well as black or white. Never, however, make the error of decidedly deep nails and a pale lipstick, or vice versa. Try to keep the two somewhat in harmony.

Recently, I had a fascinating hour with Juliette. She is the lady of the unbelievably long nails—three and a half to four inches and who has made a career of letting her nails grow to extreme length for the testing of nail products. I went with some misgivings. The idea did not appeal to me. But I had a welcome surprise. She has a delightful personality, and has several times grown nails to this astounding length to prove that nails with care *will* grow! For almost a year now she has been testing for a prominent company a new product designed, among other welcome purposes, to protect nails and their "growing power." Every nail was intact except one. The end of this one was blown off by a firecracker the Fourth of July, but Juliette's hand was not injured. A manicure with this amount of nail takes half a day and requires a full bottle of polish. Juliette was soon to have a normal manicure again, and she says when this happens, she cries. "It's like losing your long hair the first time."

Juliette uses her hands beautifully, because she must be careful of her nails. I had wondered about shaking hands on my way to her hotel. Somehow, she slips her hand into yours for a warm greeting, and you do not notice the nails. Later she looked at my own. "Strong and healthy," she said. "But you shape them too closely at the sides." We talked about the nail-biters—usually young girls, and her advice is to give the biter a beautiful professional manicure with smart, bright polish, even if she is young. Vanity is aroused, the biter will try her darndest to stop. Then, if she absent-mindedly raises fingers to lips, the bright red will react like a traffic light and cause her to stop. This plan is well worth trying and works in most cases.

Juliette, of course, cannot wear ordinary gloves in cold weather, so she resorts to the convenient and smart large muffs. This nail-growing career of Juliette's came about in a strange way. As a girl, she had tiny nails that would not grow. She detested them and experimented with this and that. Thus she came to the attention of laboratory chemists and now is tops in the nail-growing business. She says the reactions of women are varied. Some scream when they see her nails; others won't believe they are her own and investigate them thoroughly, but only a few wish they had them. Of course, Juliette has had to learn to do things quite differently in extreme stages of growth. For instance, she applies face cream with the knuckles instead of fingers. Juliette is an unusual and personally an animated and very attractive example of how the claims of many products in the beauty field are proved in this day. The product that Juliette has been proving is a clear liquid that enables polish to dry twice as fast; it also makes the polish set one-third faster. Juliette is certainly a dramatic example of what a protective base can do for long, strong nails.

Yours for Loveliness

A wave of redecorating spreads to beauty
— beauty designed to redecorate you

A PRIZE-WINNING face powder, to my way of thinking,— Lady Esther's—recently appeared in a kind of prize-size box. It's between the small and the large; it costs 25¢, is big enough to permit a generous swoosh of your puff, but not too big to carry with you or to clutter up a drawer. It's perfect for the business desk hide-away, and comes in the sweet fan box in pastels. And the powder is tops!

TOUSHAY LOTION is newer than new! Not only is it just making its bow to the public, but here is a lotion that upsets lotion traditions. You apply it *before* you put your hands in water, do your dusting, put the rose bushes to bed for the Winter or other miscellany in feminine chores. It does not seem to wash off the skin, except with real scrubbing, so you can imagine the true protection and softening it offers. It has a delicate, pleasing scent, is a warm skin tone, and attractively bottled. It makes a splendid body rub; will soften knees, ankles, elbows. It is really something!

POND'S presents three fine products in the new Dreamflower packages, powder, freshener and Danya hand lotion. The powder is brand new in texture and tone, and is softer, smoother and more clinging. The other two products, however, are not changed. In powder, there is a little box, a middle-size and a big one, and the six tones are all designed to give more warmth to skin and are simply named so that you may easily recognize them. The freshener should follow the use of cold cream to give that final and complete sparkingly clean feeling. And Danya is an excellent softening lotion.

A BATH of bubbles for body beauty! Troubles and bubbles are good companions, for there is nothing like a nice, warm tub blanketed with snowy bubbles to wash away the blues and make you feel like a million again. Bath of Bubbles by Djer-Kiss is a wonderful bromide for the worries of the day, and a real beautifier of body skin. The elegant container holds tubfuls of bubbles, rich with the sweet, persuasive, unforgettable fragrance of Djer-Kiss. It seems to me that this is a good thought for Christmas giving. Not every girl will get a little Nylon stocking full of bath bubbles!

LOVERS of that Early American Old Spice scent will be glad to know that a fine face powder is now available. The powder was designed expressly for "American character beauty," is exceedingly light and transparent in texture and comes in five flattering tones. Pictured, is the large, deluxe package, looking like a quaint, old-fashioned chest, with the traditional little Early American lady. The powder is redolent of that pervasive Old Spice fragrance, and the box will add to the décor of any Early American dressing-table. It is something, too, for the hard-to-please.

AND more new packages from Coty! From time to time, Coty has redone completely its various scent ensembles. Now it is L'Origan's turn. We have sketched the dusting powder and the "informal fragrance" (toilet water), just to give you an idea. The colors are ivory, flame and rosy gold with gold butterflies and lacey leaves. Truly beautiful, and complimenting the fine products and precious L'Origan scent within. There are eight glamor aids in this "family," and they've been tempting me from practically all the beauty counters these last weeks. Advance gift tip! C. M.





HERE'S HOLLY

Mr. and Mrs. Tarzan are together again—meaning Maureen O'Sullivan is back playing opposite Johnny Weissmuller in the newest jungle adventure film, "Tarzan's Secret Treasure," upper left. The "call to arms" doesn't always mean there's going to be a war—and certainly not when it concerns the two lovers in this scene from "You Belong To Me," Columbia's new laugh film which has as its co-stars Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda, left.

REMEMBER the name of Ava Gardner. She's really a little beauty who is going places in pictures. Mickey Rooney thought enough of her to present her with a beautiful dinner ring. And when Mickey isn't busy with Juanita Starke (the beautiful redhead discovered waiting table in the Republic Studio commissary) Ava keeps his time occupied. Yes, that Rooney boy can sure pick 'em.

ON COOK'S night out in Hollywood the stars usually dine together at Dave Chasens, the Cock 'n Bull, or the Brown Derby. After dinner one night, the Ray Millands, the Fred MacMurrays, the Henry Fondas and the Robert Taylors decided to take in the Palladium. Seated at a horseshoe-shaped table in the famous dance hall, they were immediately surrounded by hundreds of curious spectators. Dozens of cameramen with flashing bulbs appeared out of nowhere. Finally, when they had been stared at and photographed for over an hour, Fred MacMurray (who had been to the circus the night before) cracked: "Now I know how Gargantua feels! Only Gargantua can lie down and scratch his back!"

WHEN Mary Martin read in the paper that Veronica Lake had given birth to a baby girl, Mary cried for days. Finally her husband, Dick Halliday, found out why. "I just *know* history won't repeat itself," wailed Mary, who wants a girl so badly. By the time you are reading this, Mary will know if her tears were in vain.

WHEN it comes to acquiring glamor, Judy Garland believes in going whole hog. Not only has she added years to her appearance by dressing more sophisticated, she's also taken off so much weight the studios are getting uneasy. Judy's too valuable and too busy to afford the luxury of a nice nervous breakdown. So the orders are out for her to add a few pounds of meat to those famous bones.

MARGARET SULLAVAN came mighty close to not being with us. Recently the star and her husband, Leland Hayward, started driving to Oregon. They already have a home in Albuquerque, New Mexico, because Leland's airport is there. They're building a home in Phoenix. They were on their way to Oregon to pick out a farm, when their car turned over three times. Being a charming lady with a charmed life, Maggie came out without a scratch. But her teeth chattered for a week.



CESAR ROMERO was sitting out on his patio one afternoon just taking things easy. He hadn't shaved or even bothered to put on sox. His servant announced that George Montgomery was outside and wanted to come in. Cesar said to bring him in by all means—glad that George felt friendly enough to drop by informally. So in walked George, bringing with him—Greer Garson! Cesar had never met her before. He was so embarrassed at his appearance, he couldn't think of anything to say. Greer didn't have much to say and George said even less. Cesar is still wondering what impression he made on La Garson. He thought she was very, very nice.

INSIDE TIP: Gary Cooper will play Robert Jordan when they get around to filming Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls." They're trying to make the search for Jordan as important as that one for Scarlett O'Hara. Those in the know say it's all in the bag for Gary.

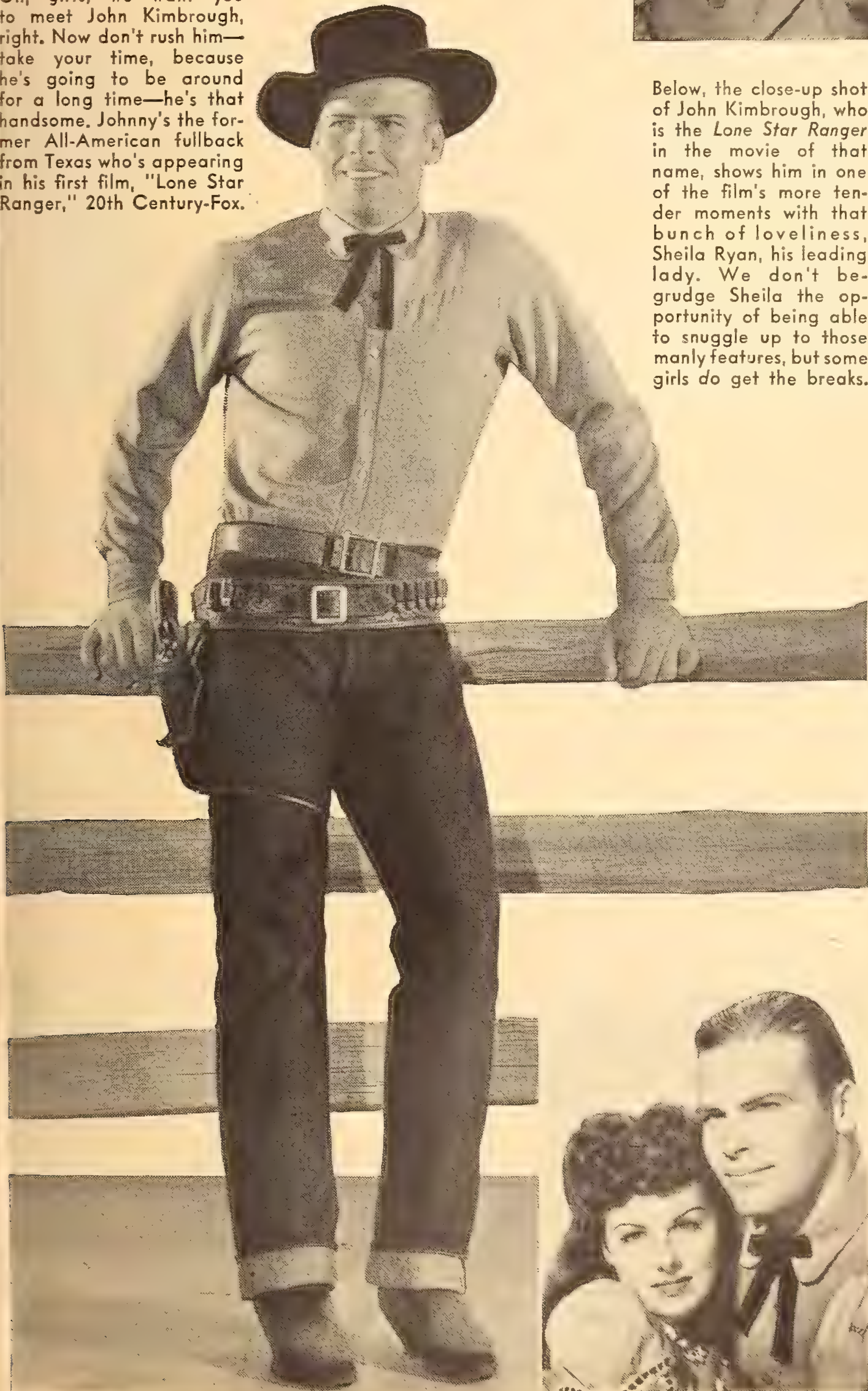
By
Weston East

WOOD

The publisher of SCREENLAND, Paul Hunter, meets exotic Carmen Miranda at the big all-star cocktail party given by 20th Century-Fox at the Ritz in New York for Miss Miranda, Jack Benny, Betty Grable, Carole Landis, and other visiting screen stars. Hollywood itself never put on a better party.



Oh, girls, we want you to meet John Kimbrough, right. Now don't rush him—take your time, because he's going to be around for a long time—he's that handsome. Johnny's the former All-American fullback from Texas who's appearing in his first film, "Lone Star Ranger," 20th Century-Fox.



Below, the close-up shot of John Kimbrough, who is the *Lone Star Ranger* in the movie of that name, shows him in one of the film's more tender moments with that bunch of loveliness, Sheila Ryan, his leading lady. We don't begrudge Sheila the opportunity of being able to snuggle up to those manly features, but some girls do get the breaks.

DO YOU know that Abbott and Costello never read a script? They walk on the set cold every day and allow Arthur Lubin to explain the scene. Then they whip into it and give their own interpretation. They refer to Lubin as their "dramatic director." They are so fond of him they presented him with a full set of luggage. They also made him open it on the set in front of dozens of extras. Dainty lace panties, brassieres, and a few unmentionable things fell out into full view. While the crowd roared, Lubin turned the color of a Japanese sunset.

WHEN they were searching for the right girl to play *Cassie* in "Kings Row," K. T. Stephens, Sam Wood's daughter, begged her director-father to let her try out for the part. Sam, being afraid someone would think he was showing partiality, refused to even consider it. Then Hal Wallis came to Sam and said he thought his daughter was perfect for the part. Joyfully Sam got K. T. on the phone to tell her the good news. "Sorry, Dad," she explained not too sorrowfully, "I'd love to do the part for you, but I've just signed to do the new Kaufman-Hart play on Broadway!" That's why Betty Fields is playing the part of *Cassie*.

IT COULD only happen in the movies! Last time Joan Leslie was in New York, she lived in a tent. The Brodell family traveled by automobile—from town to town, camping along the way. Recently Joan returned to the big city. This time, instead of looking for vaudeville engagements, she was hailed as a visiting star. Besides a suite in the Ritz Tower, there were three evening gowns, five dinner dresses, ten street and afternoon dresses, twelve pairs of shoes with matching accessories for all. In the brief space of five years—all this and Hollywood, too!

HOW would you like to have Hedy Lammarr drop around every month to collect the rent? It practically amounts to that, for Franchot Tone has rented the Benedict Canyon home where Hedy and Gene Markay spent their honeymoon. Hedy got out because the memories haunted her. She took everything but the rugs and draperies. Franchot, who took an option with an eye to buying, also has to get all new furniture. Inconceivable as it seems, could it be that he is taking youngster Jean Wallace seriously? Co-o-ould be!



M-G-M HAS a new director. He's worth his weight in gold and yet he doesn't get a penny for his services. His name is—Jack Benny! For years Jack has been looking forward to the day when he can direct and forget all about trying to be funny. So-o-o, when Mervyn LeRoy started "Johnny Eager," with Bob Taylor and Lana Turner, he allowed Jack to come on the set early each morning and set up the first shot. Jack was delighted. The first day Mervyn had arranged for a chair that read on the back, "Jack Benny, Director." There were scripts in every language but English. Attached to the chair was a telephone. On it was pinned a note that read: "Use this in case you get stuck and want to call Rochester!"

JOAN CRAWFORD went to see Ethel Barrymore's play, "The Corn Is Green." While the Barrymore histrionics left Joan drenched in her own tears, it was another member of the cast who excited her interest. According to Joan, young Richard Waring gives a performance that is the outstanding thing in the theater this season. Joan phoned to the coast and told the executives about it, too. This should make Waring feel very good. For several years he hung around Hollywood and the producers wouldn't give him a tumble. It won't be long now!

Note the difference in "post office" technique used by these popular movie teams. Reading from the right: Olivia de Havilland closes her eyes when she goes into a "huddle" with Errol Flynn in "They Died with Their Boots On"; Elizabeth Bergner pats Randolph Scott's cheek before their lips meet in "Paris Calling." Now go on with this "kissing game" on facing page.

IT'S just a two million dollar headache Alice Faye is giving her studio. But the executives are wise enough to realize that expectant motherhood is the one thing that does come before production. So Alice gets her year off. Those expensive stories bought for her will be temporarily shelved—unless another Alice Faye is found in the meantime! Alice herself is confident the fans will not forget her. She asks that they write to her while she is home waiting for the stork.

GREER GARSON isn't being difficult, but—she isn't too anxious to play "Mrs. Miniver." If they follow the book, the lady has a twenty-year-old son. Maybe they'll make him a step-son, or whittle a few years off the original age. Small miracles are performed easily in the movies. Especially when they're anxious to keep a Greer a-grinning.

THE most devoted young man in Hollywood is designer Bernie Newman. The lady deserving to his special attentions is none other than Kay Francis. Bernie tells everyone who will listen, how fond he is of Kay. By the way, the tall, dark, and willowy actress is returning to Warner Bros. Which proves that time heals all wounds, especially in Hollywood. When Kay held Warners to the terms of their contract, instead of making a settlement and bowing out—no one ever thought she'd appear under the Warner banner again. Hollywood is growing up.

REMEMBER "Her Cardboard Lover," with Marion Davies and Nils Asther? M-G-M is getting ready to remake it. George Cukor is supposed to direct and, if he does, the new version will be perfect for Hedy Lamarr and Robert Sterling. Cukor has already sent them the script.



Left, Phyllis Brooks as Dixie, the chorus girl in "The Shanghai Gesture."



WHAT a price Ona Munson is paying for her success! After her colorful *Belle Watling* in "Gone With The Wind," Ona was kept busy but the parts were nothing to scream about. Then came the rôle of *Mother Gin Sling* in "The Shanghai Gesture." The day of starting Ona contracted an illness that necessitated her living in the hospital. She had to have special food and extra-special treatments. But every morning she got up and dragged herself to the studio. Her difficult makeup required three hours. It's a miracle she's alive.

Back in Hollywood after her Broadway musical success in "Panama Hattie," Phyllis Brooks is acting the rôle of the American girl who is stranded in Shanghai and taken to the house of *Mother Gin Sling*, played by Ona Munson. The scene below shows her with Victor Mature for whom a part was written into the script.



IN EVERY Hollywood nook and corner, they're discussing the rumored separation of the Clark Gables. They say the reason Carole has steadfastly refused to make pictures, is to keep herself free to be with Clark whenever he isn't working. Close friends of the Gables say the report is absurd. Clark and Carole in the meantime, are away hunting big game in South Dakota.

IDA LUPINO and Louis Hayward are laughing at the Hollywood gossips. When "Looie" put Ida on the East-bound train and he left by motor, his parting words were, "I'll be seeing you in the daily columns." Sure enough, the story broke the following morning. Ida had urgent business waiting in New York. Louis wanted to drive slowly and see the country. They're afraid they're *very* happy!

IT WAS a happy Cary Grant who returned from Mexico City. While everyone was wonderful to him, Cary really only relaxed and enjoyed himself in small Mexican towns. The Mexico City stay was one long round of endless parties and social activities. Cary makes his first appearance on the Warner lot in "Arsenic and Old Lace," Frank Capra's next production. His plan is to turn his complete salary over to the USO and British Relief committees.

RED SKELTON, the wonder-boy of Culver City, has just bought a new home in Beverly Hills. He's so thrilled with the way his career is going, he couldn't wait for the furniture to arrive. Red picked up a cheap bedroom set and moved in. Signs, with an arrow pointing, are posted along the hallway. They read: "Detour here for the bathroom!"

PROLONGING her decision for over a year, Ann Sothorn now realizes a divorce from Roger Pryor is the only solution to their problems. Their trial separation was in vain. Unless M-G-M will excuse Ann from one of the many pictures lined up for her, she'll have to apply locally for her divorce instead of going to Reno. Ann's one great desire is not to hurt Roger, because she is still very fond of him. In the meantime she has been staying off and on with Hedy Lamarr, who is one of the loneliest girls in Hollywood—believe it or not!

DON'T let anybody fool you into believing that David O. Selznick is anointed with any mysterious "Midas Touch," despite the fact 'twould seem so. What does lurk behind each "Oscar" are commodities Hollywood could use to advantage—understanding and an uncanny ability to spot star stuff. The "wise ones" would have none of Joan Fontaine for the stellar rôle of "Rebecca"; said she was "mousey." Well, "Rebecca" won the Academy Award for the outstanding production of 1940. Need we remind you D. O. S. walked off with the 1939 prize for his "Gone With the Wind"? Or that in just nine short years of picture producing he has had forty-six awards heaped upon him for artistic achievements? Wow!

Susan Miller acts nonchalant in this scene (far left) from "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break"—no wonder Charles Lang's sleeves are rolled; while Claudette Colbert charms her man (John Payne) first, for this romantic episode in "Remember the Day." Below, Sabu as Mowgli and Rosemary De Camp as Messua in the escape scene from Kipling's immortal "The Jungle Book," being filmed in Technicolor.



WHETHER he likes it or not, and it seems he doesn't, Brian Donlevy is taking a beating on the "South of Tahiti" set at Universal. Andy Devine and Brod Crawford rib Brian and tell him the picture is Universal's answer to Dorothy Lamour. In this case Maria Montez is playing "Lamour"—sarong and all. Devine, Crawford and Donlevy do a little dance number themselves—in sarongs. Devine says he's *really* playing the part of Ray Milland. Crawford insists that he's *really* Lynn Overman. Poor Donlevy is beginning to wonder if he is himself. Or someone else!

ONE of the main reasons Stirling Hayden is leaving the movies *may* have been his own studio's fault. A story was printed far and wide that Stirling and Madeleine Carroll, while sailing on the "Kathleen," got caught in a cross current and were lost for hours and hours. This, while making a picture around the Bahamas. They say Stirling was furious. Having been a captain eight years, he resented this aspersion cast on his nautical capabilities. It's also said that sailors from every port wrote belittling letters to Stirling. Anyway—Hollywood's loss is Neptune's gain!

"PARIS Calling," Elizabeth Bergner's first American-made picture, is now back in production again. During the recent Senate investigation of Hollywood's part in making propaganda pictures (if any) the Bergner picture was temporarily halted by Universal. Now it's back on shooting schedule again. Bergner, who is almost as shy as Garbo and almost painfully modest about herself, is now cooing like a dove again. On again, off again, I'll never smile again Bergner, they called her!



Society Crashes Hollywood!

Continued from page 21

agers were dizzily fluttering and fuming.

And this past summer we have been reading in the newspapers and magazines how aghast, agog, stunned and fretted—not to mention how completely stupefied with horror—Newport Society was when Mrs. Anita Niesen, of the Brooklyn and Hollywood Niesens, bought at auction the white marble villa of the late social leader, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, as a summer home for her daughter, Gertrude, top notch singer of radio, screen, and night club fame. Ever since the sale Newport's swank summer colony—that close-knit group of eligibles called the "400"—has sighed and moaned and carried on something dreadful. "A torch singer in Tessie's home," they shudder. "Is nothing sacred?"

All this calls for a good hearty belly laugh. The very idea of Society objecting to Hollywood! Well, phooey. Tuxedo Park could take a lesson from Hyde Park. And as for Newport, shame on them. In the first place, snobbery is no longer chic. And in the second place, if there's any objecting to be done it's Hollywood who's entitled to do it. Because, Society has been crashing Hollywood for the past few years, not in driblets, but in droves. We used to smell only of greasepaint. Now we smell of the stables.

Here were we movie folk, leading our own peaceful lives in our own quaint ways, on the sunny shores of the Pacific, thousands of miles away from the coldly aloof citadels of the social elect, and having a very nice time of it, when suddenly, almost overnight, we found ourselves up to our necks in blue bloods. They had taken over our racetracks, our golf clubs, our night clubs, and our best china—and, we suspected, were well on their way to taking over our jobs. As fine a bit of crashing as we have ever seen. Were we aghast, agog, stunned and fretted? I should say not. Did we snub them as "outsiders"? No. Did we moan, "Just think of John Hay Whitney in Miriam Hopkins' early American living room! Isn't it too dreadful!" We did not. We may not have been born with a silver spoon in our mouths, and we may have gotten no nearer the Social Register than the telephone directory, but we have good manners. When Society crashed Hollywood, Hollywood said, "Well, how nice." Come, come, Newport! Act your age.

The Countess di Frasso (she who was Dorothy Taylor of New York) was the first of the socialites to invade the film colony. The Countess had met Gary Cooper when he was making a picture at the Long Island studios in the East, and fell madly in love with him, as who didn't. When Gary returned to Hollywood, the Countess followed (much to the annoyance of a gal named Lupe) and has been a resident here off and on ever since. Hollywood was quite impressed with the Countess di Frasso in those days, and boasted of invitations to her lavish parties. But when the invasion started, with bigger and better "best families" and titles arriving on every train and plane, the Countess lost caste. (She also lost Gary.) Today we of Hollywood are not at all impressed with Society. We grew out of that. But unlike Queen Victoria, "We are amused." The socialites (some of them only Café Society, but who are we to draw lines?) who have invited themselves to play in our playground have turned out to be, for the most part, much more charming, much gayer, much more amusing, and certainly

much more democratic than we are ourselves.

What with the mingling of the right side of the tracks with the wrong side, the Barbara Huttons with the Cary Grants, the Doris Dukes with the Errol Flynns, no one in Hollywood seemed at all impressed—except the mothers of the movie stars. They remembered the old days when Vanderbilt was a name to roll over the tongue juicily, like a chocolate drop. Typical of the mothers who "remembered" that social era that is now dead as a herring, was Mrs. Blondell, attractive mother of Joan, who used to appear on the stage in a vaudeville act with Ed Blondell. Mrs. Blondell, dropping by the home of her daughter and son-in-law one afternoon, saw on the phone table a message for Mrs. Powell to "call Alfred G. Vanderbilt regarding party." When Joan returned Mrs. Blondell, almost breathless with excitement, asked, "What are you wearing to Alfred G. Vanderbilt's party?" Joan, who had been out with the Whitneys the night before, and the Astors the night before that, said wearily, "I'm not going, I'm too tired." Mrs. Blondell almost fainted. "Not going," she gasped. "If only your grandmother could have lived to see the day a Blondell snubbed a Vanderbilt!" (Mrs. Blondell's daughter, Gloria, later married Alfred G. Vanderbilt's best friend.)

Foremost among the socialites who spend a great deal of time in Hollywood are the two cousins, John Hay ("Jock") Whitney and Cornelius Vanderbilt ("Sonny") Whitney. Both cousins went to Groton and Yale, both inherited \$20,000,000, and both bear the most socially and financially prominent name in the country—a name that dates back to way before the American Revolution. Since his divorce a year ago from Mary Elizabeth Altemus ("Liz") Whitney, Jock has done most of his night clubbing in Hollywood with Norma Shearer and Olivia de Havilland and Irene and David Selznick—the Selznicks being his best friends on the West Coast. Accompanied by his most cordial and attractive sister, Joan Whitney Payson, Jock comes out for the Santa Anita racing season every winter, takes over Miriam Hopkins' hill-top house, and, as you can well imagine, becomes one of the most sought-after young men in Hollywood. At their very *de luxe* parties you are likely to find anyone. Joan Whitney Payson, born with a lorgnette in her hand, has probably never used it.

Sonny Whitney, recently divorced from Gwladys Crosby Hopkins (it was Gwladys who once found Mack Grey, George Raft's pal, sitting next to her at a dinner party, and wishing to be pleasant said, "What do you do, Mr. Grey?" to which Mack replied, "Say, babe, do I ask you what you do?") has not given any of the Glamor Girls a whirl as yet—but give him time.

Liz Whitney finds Hollywood so much to her liking that she divides her time almost equally between Llangollen, her million dollar farm in Virginia, and her ranch in Santa Monica where she breeds show horses. Liz loves fun and gaiety (probably a reaction from stuffy Philadelphia society of her debutante days) and can always be found in Hollywood's smartest restaurants and night clubs. Her escorts are usually Randolph Scott, Bruce Cabot, Tim Durant, Walter Brooks, III, Charlie Chaplin, and before his marriage, handsome young Victor Mature.

There is always a generous sprinkling of Vanderbilts in Hollywood. Alfred

Gwynne Vanderbilt, Jr., 28, and the country's best known young multimillionaire sportsman, is always on hand for the racing season at Santa Anita. Before his marriage to Manuela Hudson (she's now divorcing him in New York) young Vanderbilt was seen every place with Margaret Lindsay. This year it was Virginia Field. His sister, Mimi Baker, is married to Henry Topping, the brother of Dan Topping, millionaire sportsman, now married to Sonja Henie—and both his sister, Mimi, and his mother, Margaret Emerson (of the Bromo Seltzer millions), mingle with the natives when in town, and have a roaring good time of it. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, widow of the late Reggie Vanderbilt, and her twin sister, Lady Furness, have this year established residence in Hollywood and show every sign of staying on. Actor Eddie Lowe and Producer Gene Towne seem to be their favorite escorts around the night spots. Out to visit her mother this summer came seventeen-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt, and sporting the highest pompadour West of the Rockies she quickly became the pet of the gossip columnists. Cobina Wright, Jr., introduced her to cowboy actor George Montgomery, who gave her quite a rush, until Gloria decided that young-man-about-town Pat de Cicco was the most fascinating man she had ever met in her seventeen years. When asked if he was going to marry Gloria, Pat said, "How can I marry an heiress when it's all I can do to support myself?" 'Tis rumored that Gloria's aunt, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who opposed Gloria Vanderbilt Senior's custody of the child in a sensational court action several years ago, is none too pleased.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor (the former Tucky French) drops in on Hollywood several times a year to visit Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. She and Mary Lee Fairbanks have been chums ever since Mary Lee was married to the socially prominent Huntington Hartford of the chain store millions. Another prominent summer guest of the Fairbankses has been Gurnee Munn, multimillionaire Philadelphia socialite, whose first wife was Pauline Wanamaker of the Philadelphia family. Visiting the Joseph Cottens for the summer, Princess Hohenlohe (she's another Vanderbilt) decided that Hollywood has something. It certainly has. Among other things, more Vanderbilts than it can shake a stick at.

Last winter the very social Mrs. Harrison Williams, famous for being the best dressed woman in America, was the house guest of Lady Mendl, and later the guest of Greta Garbo, no less, at La Quinta, a fashionable desert resort near Palm Springs. During Mrs. Williams' visit to Garbo that young woman bestirred herself enough to buy a John Fredericks chapeau, and with Mrs. Williams on one side and Gayelord Hauser on the other go on one of her rare night club sprees. The Marchioness of Queensberry, daughter of the famous portrait painter Harrington Mann, and wife of the Marquess of Queensberry of the well-known boxing rules family, was the recent guest of Merle Oberon, in private life Mrs. Alexander Korda.

The Hyde Park Roosevelts are very Upper Crust, as you know, and when young Franklin D., Jr., who has all the charm and good looks of an Errol Flynn) and his bride, the former Ethel Dupont, visited Hollywood (they were the house guests of the Fred Astaires and the Douglas Fairbankses) everybody entertained like mad, no matter what their political convictions. Franklin likes to tell the story of the beginning of his friendship with Victor Mature. Seems that a little polite panning of movie stars in general, and Betty Grable in particular, was going on

"Guess My Age!"



New kind of Face Powder makes her Skin look Years Younger!

By *Lady Esther*

Once this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age...

For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* shade of face powder! It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin

fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores, made them look bigger.

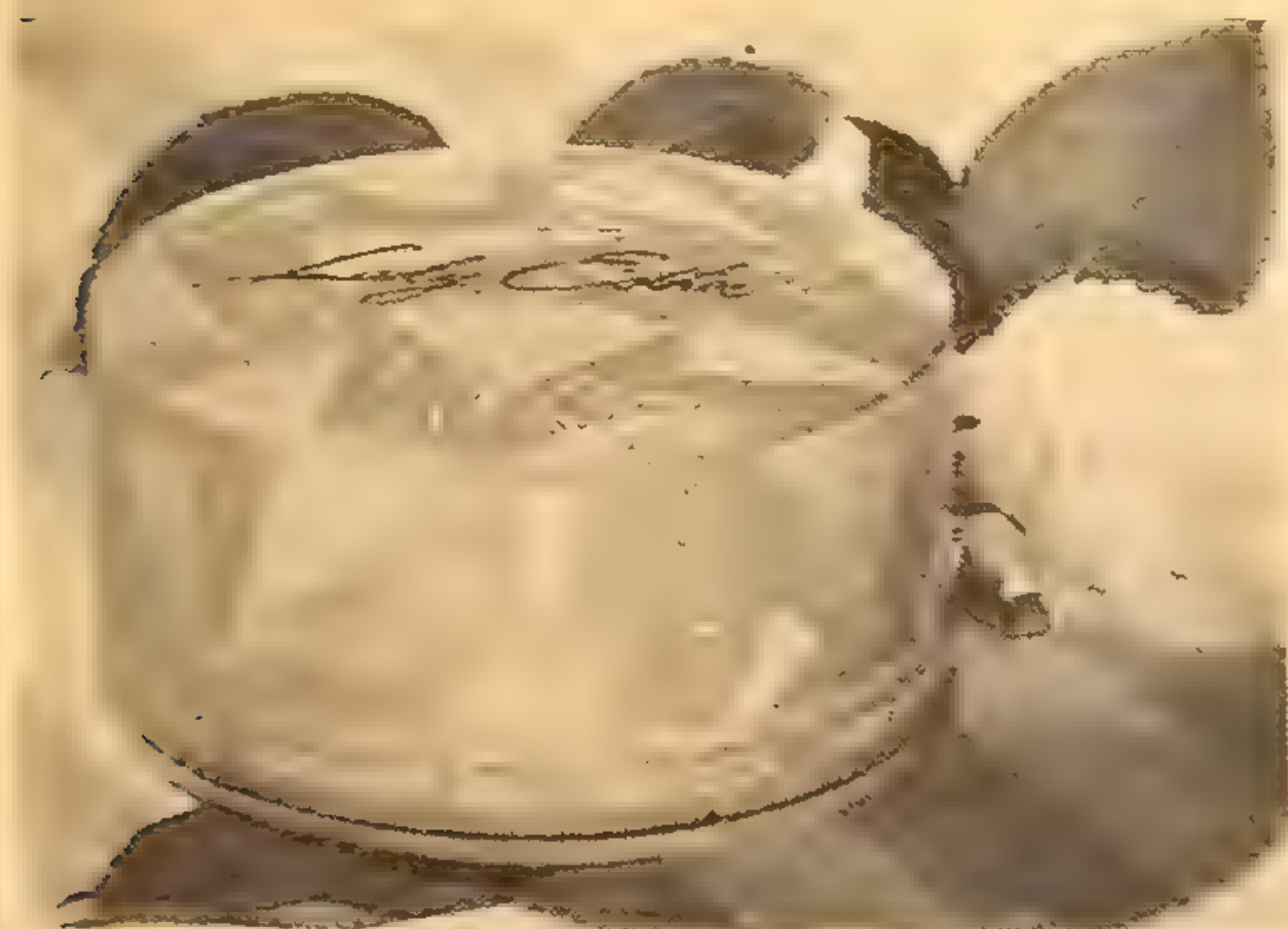
But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Is she 20—30—35?

She has found her lucky shade of face powder! She has found the shade that makes her look young and enchanting.

**How old does your face
powder say you are?**

Are you quite sure the shade of powder you use doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a bit *older*?

Why take that chance? Why not find your *lucky shade*—the shade that makes you look your youngest and loveliest?



Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

SCREENLAND

Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder and try them all, one after another. Let your mirror tell you which is the *perfect* shade for you!

Lady Esther Powder is made a new way. It's blown by *TWIN HURRICANES* until it's softer and smoother by far than any ordinary powder. That's why it clings so long—and that's why its shades and texture are so unusually flattering.

Try All 9 Shades FREE

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder! Send for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger and lovelier! Mail the coupon below now, before you forget.

(You can paste this on a penny.)

LADY ESTHER, (74)
7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

at a very smart New York party. Said Victor, all of a sudden speaking his mind, "You, do you think anybody would ever have heard of you if your fathers didn't have a lot of money and family stuff? Miss Grable has been wiggling her little fanny in public since she was fourteen to support herself and four other people. She's made more money already than all you people will make all your lives." It was then Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., invited Victor Mature to visit Hyde Park.

On her trips to and from Honolulu Doris Duke Cromwell always stops over in Hollywood to visit friends. 'Tis said that since his separation from Lili Damita, Errol Flynn has become very much interested in the tobacco heiress, whose millions are supposed to have reached the 200 bracket. Brenda Frazier (she used to drop in every year for a night club whirl with Bruce Cabot and Pat de Ciccio) returning recently from a honeymoon in Hawaii with her husband Shipwreck Kelly, gave Hollywood the brush-off. Said former Glamor Girl Number One, as she dashed from boat to plane, "I'm through with night clubs."

And of course I don't have to tell you that the romance of actor Cary Grant and the socially and financially prominent Barbara Hutton, Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, who has decided to make her home in Hollywood, just might lead to the altar, any old time.

Why are all these people crowding in on Hollywood? Bringing with them their millions, and their culture, and their stables. Most of them come because they want to have fun, which after all is a very human and excellent reason. And actors, we might as well face it, are fun. With few exceptions—those who take themselves too seriously—they are a casual, gay, care-free bunch of likable people. But there are two, I know, who did not come to make merry. One is Cobina Wright, Jr., daughter of William May Wright and Cobina Wright, Sr. Although Cobina was born with at least a dozen silver spoons in her mouth (when she was a child she had her own special car, and a yacht, and Europe for a playground) after the famous crash of 1929 the entire family fortune was wiped out. Her mother, one of New York's and Newport's favorite hostesses, instead of cadging on her rich friends went to work. And so, a few years later, did her lovely daughter. The reason Cobina,

Jr. came to Hollywood was to get a job. "I have to make a living," she says. "And more than anything else, I like acting." Cobina's favorite young men in the picture colony seem to be Robert Stack, Stirling Hayden, and George Montgomery.

And the other is Lady Mendl, wife of Sir Charles, and famed European hostess whose villa in Versailles was for years the gathering place of the most brilliant Society the world has ever known—or ever will know. I asked Lady Mendl why she came to Hollywood—that upstart place on the Pacific Coast that a few years ago even Los Angeles would not accept socially—and what she said I think is worth repeating:

"I think," said Elsie Mendl, "that Hollywood has become a sort of dream country to everyone all over the world, to which they look forward to come . . . where they can lie down without fear, and walk in safety; where they have enough to eat, and a divine climate. What more could they ask? No wonder, after all the long months of trial, fear, hunger . . . they think of it as a city where illusions come true. I should think a great future in the years to come awaits this ideal spot.

"It is certainly an artistic and intellectual center now, and one can live here modestly. Its ever-changing population has made the life here extremely interesting, and now a great many people who have nothing to do with the cinema have come here to this paradise of peace, comfort and security . . . and truly one meets over the year most of the interesting personalities of the world . . . stars, producers, directors, writers, artists, etc. They could not have become the celebrities that they are if they did not each one have some great quality . . . charm, talent, beauty, wit. Everyone must bring something to the board of life here or they would never be invited to sit at it. . . . All of which creates a very interesting society. They have made a society of their own unique in the world."

Yes, I like to think of Hollywood as sort of a "paradise of peace, comfort and security." And I must say it's rather nice to hear Lady Mendl's answer to my question—in contrast to Author Somerset Maugham's. When Maugham was asked, "Why did you come to Hollywood?" he answered, "Isn't that where every one comes when he needs money?"

Newport—we give you Mr. Maugham.

"The Man Who Came to Dinner"

Continued from page 25

saw a wraithlike lady of uncertain years practically float downstairs and into the room like some one not quite of this world. And in harmony with the coming Yuletide she carried a large spray of holly.

"My name is Harriet Stanley," the wraith said, and even her voice seemed to float. "I saw this holly framed against the pine tree. It was the nicest present I could bring you."

"And what, may I ask, was that?" Whiteside demanded as she floated upstairs again.

"That was Mr. Stanley's sister Harriet," Maggie explained. "I've talked to her a few times. She's quite strange."

"Strange!" Whiteside exploded. "She's right out of the *Hound of the Baskervilles*. You know, I've seen that face before somewhere. Did you put through that call for Mrs. Roosevelt?"

"I tried to get her in Portland but she had left for San Diego," Maggie said.

"Try her tomorrow in Phoenix." He stopped as the door bell rang. "If that's for Mrs. Stanley, tell them she's too drunk to talk. There's nobody home!" he roared. "The Stanleys have been arrested for peddling dope! Go away!"

But his venom didn't frighten the tall young man coming towards him.

"Good morning! I'm Bert Jefferson of the *Mesalia Journal*," he said, quite as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world to meet Sheridan Whiteside.

"Get rid of him!" Whiteside ordered Maggie in a loud aside.

"I'm sorry," Maggie spoke up briskly. "Mr. Whiteside is seeing no one." Then as the young man still stood there, she added hastily, "so if you'll please excuse us, goodbye."

"He seems to be sitting up and taking notice," Bert said, not yielding an inch of territory.

"I'm afraid he's not taking notice of the *Mesalia Journal*," Maggie said icily.

Bert wheeled on her. "You know, if I'm going to be insulted, I'd like it to be by Mr. Whiteside himself. I never did like carbon copies."

"Touché if I ever heard one!" Whiteside looked at the visitor almost approvingly. "And in *Mesalia*, too, Maggie dear."

"Will you please leave?" Maggie glared.

"How about an interview, Mr. Whiteside?" Bert ignored her completely. "If I don't get it, I'll lose my job."

"That would be quite all right with me," Whiteside assured him.

"You don't mean that, Mr. Whiteside," Bert went on smoothly. "You used to be a newspaper man yourself. You know what editors are like. Mine is the toughest one that ever lived."

"You won't get around me that way," Whiteside shrugged. "If you don't like him, get off the paper."

"But I happen to think it's a good paper," Bert grinned. "You see, the *Journal* was my father's paper. I'd like to carry on where he left off."

"You mean you own the paper?" Whiteside demanded. "That this terrifying editor, this dread journalistic apocalypse is yourself?"

"In a word, yes," Bert said and again, to Maggie's annoyance, Whiteside chuckled.

"Let me know when you don't want to see people in the future, Sherry," she glared. "I'll usher them right in."

Whiteside flashed her the smile he re-



Don't let that swollen jaw and mussed-up hair fool you. James Craig stuffed his cheek with paper to get some sympathy from attractive Anne Shirley, with whom he had a little tussle for a scene in "Unexpected Uncle," Universal's smart comedy film in which they both star.

PROTECT YOUR NAILS

make them more beautiful

with **DURA-GLOSS**



3 NEW COLORS

Spicy DURA-GLOSS Shades

RED PEPPER CINNAMON NUTMEG

*Spice-Colored BEDFORD DRESSES to harmonize
at leading department stores*

What a lovely feeling it is—to spread out your ten fingers, newly-jeweled in lustrous Dura-Gloss, and admire their unequalled beauty! No, no other polish is quite as satisfying! For Dura-Gloss brings with it that peace of mind that comes from having the *best* manicure and the most beautiful fingernails in the world!

It's good to know *he'll* look at those fingers—take them in his hand. Good to know you'll be admired. No woman who wears Dura-Gloss ever went wanting for compliments, or for something to say herself! And so many millions have switched to Dura-Gloss that it's no wonder America has a real affection for this new and different nail polish formula!

Are your fingernails the most beautiful? Ask yourself this question, now—and examine Dura-Gloss closely, at any cosmetic counter. Not a dollar. Just a tiny dime!

WHY DURA-GLOSS EXCELS

To produce a polish that yields exceptional wear, that does not *chip* off readily, that *dries hard* with unparalleled brilliance, the Dura-Gloss formula contains a specially formulated resin almost identical to the world's most treasured resins which come from fossilized trees buried deep in the earth since prehistoric times. (Amber, from

which precious jewelry is made, is one of these resins . . . cherished for its exceptional gem-like *bardness* and incomparable *luster*.) *This is why* Dura-Gloss puts a finish on your nails of such surpassing *brilliance, luster* and *adhesion*. See for yourself what a marvelous polish Dura-Gloss is . . . do it today!

10¢

*at beauty counters
everywhere*

Lorr Laboratories,
Paterson, New Jersey
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

DURA-GLOSS

FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD

SCREENLAND

63

served for his nastiest moments. "This ageing débutante, Mr. Jefferson, is retained in my employ only because she is the sole support of her two-headed brother. Young man, come over here. I suppose you have written the great American novel?"

"No. I've written the great American play."

"Well, I don't want to read it," Whiteside said quickly. "But since you've won me with your pretty ways, I'll grant you a one-minute interview. A.—I think Mesalia is a town of irresistible charm. B.—I cannot wait to get out of it. C.—I am." He stopped as the ear-splitting shriek of a patrol wagon siren sounded outside. "Ah, my luncheon guests have arrived," he beamed. "Just a few murderers from the Crockfield Home," he explained as a very pale John ushered in the convicts accompanied by two armed guards. "These lads have formed a Sheridan Whiteside Club at the State Penitentiary." He turned to one of them. "You're Michaelson, aren't you? Did the drain pipe murders? And that last fellow, Jefferson, is Haggerty, the hatchet fiend. Why not stay for lunch, Jefferson?" Without waiting for a reply he motioned them into the dining room. "After you gentlemen. We're having chicken livers Tettrazzini and cherries jubilee for dessert. I hope every little tummy is a-flutter with gastric juices." His playful voice developed an icy edge as he saw Mrs. Stanley standing transfixed on the stairs. "Close the doors, John. I don't want a lot of people prying on their betters."

Then, spurning Bert's help, he wheeled himself after his guests. There were two sounds. One that of the door closing, the other the gentle thud of Mrs. Stanley's body falling on the stairs.

The days went in a mad whirl and never a one that didn't add its quota of nerves to the Stanley household, what with an octopus arriving from William Beebe and a crateful of penguins from Admiral Byrd. It should have been the happiest time of the whole year for Whiteside, with the merry Yuletide approaching, the season he had tagged as his own, and with all arrangements made for his Christmas talk over the radio to be broadcast right from the Stanleys' library, and Beverly Carlton wiring he would stop in Christmas Eve for a visit between trains. But it wasn't. Maggie, his bulwark, the one person he really needed, had fallen in love.

"Don't look at me with those great cow-eyes, you simpering Sappho," he growled, as she came into the room dewy-eyed. "Where have you been all night? Playing house with Bert Jefferson?"

"Sherry!" Maggie's voice was as glowing as her face. "I had the most wonderful evening. Skated for the first time in my life. They tell me I'm the first person in history to do a figure-eight sitting down. And Bert read me his play. It's superb. It just cries out for Katharine Cornell. Will you send it to her, Sherry? And will you read it tonight?"

"No, I will *not* read it tonight or any other time," Whiteside sputtered as she put the manuscript on his lap. "And while we're on the subject of Mr. Jefferson, you might tell him I am suing him for your salary since he takes up all your time."

"Oh, stop behaving like a spoiled child, Sherry!" Maggie made a face at him.

"Don't take that patronizing tone with me, you flea-bitten Cleopatra," Whiteside glared. "I'm sick and tired of your sneaking out like some love-sick school girl."

"I'm afraid you've hit the nail on the head," Maggie said quietly. "I *am* in love. Sherry, you're going to lose a very excellent secretary. Bert doesn't know it yet, but I'm going to try my hardest to marry him. So, I suppose this is what might be called my resignation as soon as you've got someone else."

"You're behaving like Tillie the Toiler," Whiteside sputtered.

"It's hard for me to believe, too," Maggie said softly. "Here I am, a hard-bitten old cynic behaving like Winnie the Pooh and liking it. Discovering the moon and ice skating! Oh, Sherry, don't think I'm ungrateful to you. I've had ten years of the great figures of our time and I've loved every minute of it. I don't think anyone has ever had the fun we've had. But a girl can't laugh all the time. There comes a time when she wants Bert Jefferson."

"I see." Whiteside pressed his lips together grimly. "You are drugging yourself into this Ginger Rogers' fantasy. But before you become completely anaesthetized, I shall do everything in my power to bring you to your senses. I'll put you out of this, Miss Stardust. I'll get the ants out of the moonlight. I won't stand by and see you make a fool out of yourself."

Maggie knew the cloying danger signals in his voice. "Now listen to me, Whiteside," she warned him. "I know what a devil you can be. I've seen you do it to other people, but don't you dare to do it to me! Don't drug yourself into the idea that you're thinking of my happiness. You're thinking of all those months of breaking in somebody new. I'm going to marry Bert if he'll have me, and don't you dare try any of your tricks!"

She ran up the stairs without a backward glance and, for once Whiteside was left completely without invectives. He grasped Bert's play as if he were going to hurl it after her and then suddenly came the dawn of an idea. Lorraine Sheldon had always wanted to do a play. He'd get her here! She and Maggie hated each other and that would make it all the simpler. Lorraine, prize man-eater that she was, adored nothing better than breaking up romances and she'd take a special interest in scuttling Maggie's. But just as he gave the operator Lorraine's Palm Beach number, Dr. Bradley came into the room, his massive face a nest of smiles. "Now what would be the best news I could possibly bring you?" he demanded playfully.

"That you have hydrophobia," Whiteside snarled as he hastily hung up the receiver.

"No, no." The doctor laughed it off gustily. "You are a well man! You can get up and walk *now*. Yes, sir. I looked at your x-rays again tonight and do you know what? I had been looking at the wrong ones. I had been looking at old Mrs. Moffatt's x-rays. You are perfectly, absolutely well!"

Whiteside knew now from bitter experience how a trapped animal feels. He couldn't leave now that he had found a way to rid Maggie of Bert Jefferson. "Lower your voice, will you?" he demanded irritably. Then he smiled his most gracious smile, the one reserved for fifteen hundred dollar appearances, and his voice came as sweetly mellow as it had ever gushed over the radio. "Dr. Bradley, I have some good news for you, too. I have been reading your book and I consider it extremely close to being one of the great literary contributions of our time. But here and there it is a little uneven and I would like to stay here in Mesalia and work with you on it. But there is just one difficulty." He frowned thoughtfully. "You see, if my lecture bureau and my radio sponsors were to learn that I am well, they would insist on my fulfilling my contracts and I would be forced to leave. Therefore we must not tell anyone, anyone at all, that I am well. Not even Miss Cutler."

"No, I won't," the doctor gulped happily. "When can we start work? Tonight? I've just got one patient that's dying and then I'll be perfectly free."

Whiteside waved him away as the telephone rang. "This is a private call, will

you forgive me? Hello, hello, is this my blossom girl?" His voice purred as he motioned the doctor to close the door behind him. "Lorraine, I have the most wonderful news for you. I have just finished reading the most brilliant play with the most fascinating part for you. You're on the stage every minute. The author is a young newspaperman in this town. Of course, he wants Katharine Cornell but if you get right out here, I think you could swing it. He's young and attractive, just your dish, my dear. Isn't it exciting, my pet?"

"Oh!" Lorraine's voice came ecstatically. "Good-looking, too! I can hardly wait. I'll take the first train tomorrow morning."

Sheridan Whiteside was happy again. He could give all his thoughts to Christmas and his broadcast and the gigantic tree with the angel poised serenely at its tip. It was Christmas Eve, and all was right with his world.

Even Harriet, floating down with a beribboned package which she told him was her picture as a girl and which she begged him not to open until the stroke of midnight, was rewarded with a special smile. His heart was overflowing with peace and good-will. Sarah and John, who had been inoculated with his charm from the beginning, were more entranced than ever, and under their appreciation the good-will in his heart soared to include Richard and June, and not content with that rushed even further to embrace a young man named Sandy, one of Mr. Stanley's employees and June's adored.

It was wonderful, everything was wonderful. Richard and June were enthralled at his interest in them and wondered how they had ever thought Sheridan Whiteside anything short of an angel as he enthused over Richard's snapshots and told him they were as good as anything Margaret Bourke-White had ever done and that if the boy took his advice, he would be off to Mexico, Galveston, Singapore, anywhere at all and just make millions of pictures. And as for June and Sandy, they certainly had brought their troubles to the right place when they took them to Sheridan Whiteside, mender of broken hearts.

What if Sally were a radical and had been organizing the men at her father's factory and he had forbidden the boy the house, she was in love with him, wasn't she, and he was leaving that night for Chicago, maybe to be gone forever?

"My dears," Whiteside told them gently, "there's no problem at all. Suppose your parents *are* unhappy, it's good for them. Develops their characters. Look at me, I left home at the age of four and haven't been back since. They hear me on the radio and that's enough for them!"

Their gratitude fell sweetly on his ears and he was smiling when Lorraine came in.

"Oh, darling!" she choked. "Look at that poor, sweet, tortured face. Sherry, my sweet, I want to cry."

"You've made a very nice entrance, dear." Whiteside held out his hands. "Now relax. Take off that skunk, darling, and tell me everything."

Everything consisted mostly of news about Lord Cedric Bottomley.

"Has he had his teeth fixed yet?" Whiteside asked. "Every time I order Roquefort cheese I think of those teeth."

"Sherry, really!" Lorraine drew herself up proudly. "If I can marry Cedric, I don't know why I shouldn't. I think from something he said to me he's finally coming around to it. It wasn't definite, mind you, but don't be surprised if I'm Lady Bottomley before long."

"Lady Bottomley with fifty million dollars and all those country houses!" Whiteside looked at her with real admiration. "Won't Kansas City be surprised! Come

**STEALING
THE SHOW—**



**YOU CAN'T HELP
INHALING—BUT
YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!**

ALL smokers *sometimes* inhale. And when you do, there's increased chance of irritation. But now . . . look at the findings of eminent doctors — *who compared the five leading cigarettes:*

IRRITATION FROM THE SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER CIGARETTES AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES THAT OF THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS — AND, WHAT'S MORE, SUCH IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

Even *when you inhale*, you can have this *proved protection* added to smoking pleasure . . . *if you smoke PHILIP MORRIS*. No wonder they're "stealing the show!"

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FINER PLEASURE PLUS REAL PROTECTION — AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

ahead, my blossom, let's hear some more of your skullduggery."

But he wasn't to hear any more just then. The door opened and there stood Bert with Maggie beside him, looking like a ten-year old. Then she saw Lorraine and all the magic fled from her face.

"Santa's been at work, my pet," Whiteside called out cheerily. "Blossom just dropped in out of the blue and surprised us." He evaded the accusation in Maggie's eyes as he turned to Lorraine who had already fastened herself on Bert. "If you want to hear the story of his life, kindly do so on your own time. Maggie and I have work to do. Get out of here, Jefferson! On your way, Blossom. On your way!"

"He's the world's rudest man!" Lorraine's pout couldn't hide her triumph. "Can I drop you, Mr. Jefferson? I'm going to the hotel."

Maggie's heart felt as if it had been turned into an icicle as she watched them go, with Lorraine clinging to his arm.

"The Countess Cyanide," Maggie's voice was dangerously calm. "Quite a surprise, wasn't it I don't think she just *happened* to come out here. Sherry, I'm warning you. This means a great deal to me, and I won't stand for any nonsense!"

Whiteside was saved by the door bell. "I've a hunch that's Beverly," he beamed. "Maggie, see if it is, go ahead, run! Run!" But Beverly was already in the room.

"Maggie!" he cooed in his clipped British tongue. "A large, moist, overpowering kiss for my Maggie! And Sherry, without going into mountainous waves of self-pity, how are you? I want none of the tiresome details. I have only a little time so the conversation will be entirely about me. I wrote two plays, a revue, and an operetta, and all of them so brilliant that they frighten me. How can one man be as clever as I am?"

"It's one of the mysteries of the universe," Whiteside said dryly. "Tell me, Beverly, did you see my wonderful Banjo in Hollywood?"

"I did. He gave a dinner for me. I arrived in white tie and tails to be met at the door by two bewigged butlers who quietly proceeded to take my trousers off and there I was in my lemon-colored shorts."

Whiteside chuckled. "I'll never forget that summer in Antibes when he put a dictograph in Lorraine's cabana and then played the record next day at lunch. She left by the next boat."

"I wish Banjo were here now," Maggie glared. "Lorraine's paying us a Christmas visit."

"Is she being her own sweet, sick-making self?" Beverly laughed. "Dear girl! They do say she set fire to her own mother, but I don't believe it. By the way, I knew I had a bit of dirt for us all to nibble on. Juicy as a pomegranate. It's the latest report from Palm Beach on the winter manoeuvres of Lorraine Sheldon against the left flank, in fact all the flanks of Lord Cedric Bottomley. She arrived there in November and has paused only long enough in her mad chase to change girdles and check her oil. Cedric's hiding in Carolina at the moment, but Lorraine would fly to him in a stratoliner if he so much as belches in her direction. Have you ever met Cedric, Maggie?" And then as she shook her head he went into an imitation of him. "Not v-v-very g-g-good shooting today, blast it. Only s-s-six pheasant, f-f-four duck and my cousin Archie."

"That's Cedric to the very life," Whiteside laughed appreciatively. Then he frowned as the radio man who had been working on the hook-up in the library stuck his head in the door and told him they were ready for the rehearsal.

"Beverly," Maggie whispered breath-

lessly as the library door closed behind Whiteside. "I'm in great trouble. I've fallen in love and Sherry is trying to break it up in his own fiendish way. He's brought Lorraine here to smash it. You know Lorraine, she'll eat him up alive. You've got to help me, Beverly. Here's what I thought you could do."

"Don't tell me!" Beverly exulted. "I know just what to do and I'll love it. It's simply enchanting and it crosses up Sherry and Lorraine at the same time. Mercy!" He looked at his watch. "Let me out of here. Goodbye, my lovely. I adore you."

Maggie grinned as she went to the telephone and called Lorraine's suite at the hotel and asked for Bert. Her heart turned to water as she heard his voice, but she managed to keep her voice steady as she told him that if he wanted to interview Beverly Carlton he'd have to leave for the station immediately. Everything was running on schedule, even Lorraine's reappearance. It came practically on the minute Maggie had anticipated.

"That's quite a gown." She looked pointedly at the voluptuous dress Lorraine had changed into, all for Bert's benefit, Maggie reflected bitterly. "Going anywhere?"

"This?" Lorraine was being elaborately casual. "Oh, I just threw on anything at all. Who does your hair, Maggie darling?"

"A little French woman named Maggie Cutler comes in every morning," Maggie purred warningly.

"You know," Lorraine went on undaunted, "every time I see you I keep thinking your hair *could* be so lovely. I always want to get my hands on it."

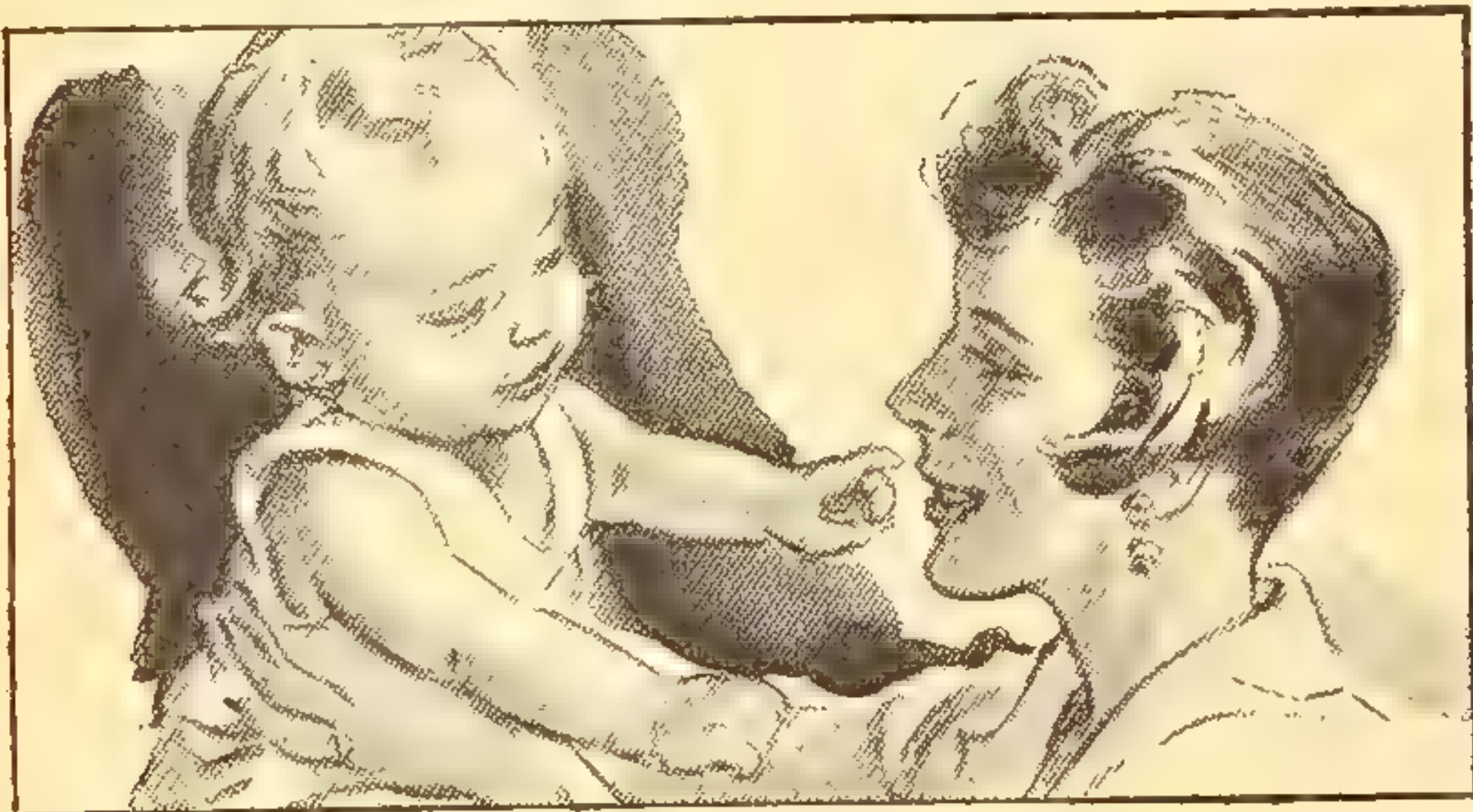
"I've always wanted to get mine on yours, too," Maggie smiled. It had started out as pure venom, that smile, but it changed to anticipation as the phone rang and she recognized Beverly's voice doing its imitation of Lord Cedric. "It's for you."

I met Your Father at a Football Game

—The First Time I Wore Lipstick!



"IT WAS A BIG DAY in my life from the moment I used my first Tangee Natural Lipstick...and thrilled to the way it changed from orange in the stick to my own most flattering liptint of warm blush rose. No wonder the dashing young man beside me couldn't resist the smile I tossed his way!



WE'D BEEN MARRIED 4 YEARS, when you came along. Daddy still whispered that I looked as pretty as the day he married me. My secret was simple—Tangee Natural Lipstick, the harmonizing rouge and Tangee Face Powder.



NOW YOU'RE LEADING THE CHEERS...and it's time to share my Tangee beauty secrets with you. I know that Tangee's pure cream base will keep your lips soft for hours...and you'll discover that Tangee's economical larger size is a blessing to a schoolgirl's allowance!"



TANGEE Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

<input type="checkbox"/> Peach	<input type="checkbox"/> Light Rachel	<input type="checkbox"/> Flesh
<input type="checkbox"/> Rachel	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark Rachel	<input type="checkbox"/> Tan

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____ State _____ SU121

City _____

She handed the receiver to Lorraine. "Long distance from South Carolina."

"South Carolina!" Lorraine brightened. "Cedric!" she said breathlessly. "How did you know I was here? Darling, don't talk so fast and you won't stutter so! That's better. Oh, darling! Yes! A thousand times yes! Oh, my darling sweet, you've made me the happiest girl in the world."

"Sherry," she called wildly as she hung up the phone. "Cedric just called from South Carolina! He wants me to marry him! Maggie dear, can I get a plane out of here right away?"

"I've a timetable right here." Maggie was all efficiency as she followed her to the library. "Oh, this is wonderful. We're in luck. There's a plane out of Cleveland at ten-three. Why, it all works out wonderfully, doesn't it, Sherry?"

"Shut your nasty little face!" Whiteside glowered, as Bert came into the room.

"Hello, everybody," he called cheerily. "It's snowing out. Going to have a real, old-fashioned Christmas. Say, Maggie, thanks for the tip about Beverly Carlton. I got a one-minute interview and I was lucky to get it because he was in a telephone booth most of the time. From the faces he was making it looked like a scene from one of his plays."

"Bert!" Maggie interrupted frantically. But it was too late.

"Philo Vance is now at work," Whiteside smirked as he reached for the phone. He looked triumphantly at Maggie, as he asked the operator if a long distance call from South Carolina had just come through. "I thought not." He hung up and turned to Lorraine. "My dear, you have just played the greatest love scene of your career with your old friend Beverly Carlton. That was Beverly you poured out your girlish heart to. Steady, my blossom, take it easy."

"Take it easy!" Lorraine stormed. "Do you realize I'll be the laughing stock of New York when he gets through telling it? I always knew he was low, but not *this* low. There must be a reason for him playing this silly trick." She stopped suddenly as she saw Maggie looking at Bert. There was no mistaking that look, and Lorraine's voice hardened. "Oh, now I see! Wild horses couldn't get me out of here *now*, Maggie. Mr. Jefferson, will you read your play to me tonight? We'll go back to the hotel right away."

"I should say so," Bert grinned unsuspectingly. "Maggie, I'll bet you did this. You arranged the whole thing, and it's the finest Christmas present you could have given me."

Maggie gave him an anguished look. Then she ran into the hall and picking up her coat flung herself out of the house. And hardly had the door closed behind her than Mrs. Stanley's anguished scream rang through the house and she and her husband appeared wildly on the stairs.

"Quiet!" The radio man ran into the hall. "We go on the air in thirty seconds!"

"Mr. Whiteside," Stanley roared, waving a couple of telegrams. "My son has run off on a freighter and my daughter is marrying an anarchist! And they say you told them to do it!"

"Quiet!" the radio man boomed. "Get the heck out of here! We're going on the air!" And from their place on the stairs the Stanleys saw Sheridan Whiteside leaning graciously toward the microphone.

"This is Whiteside speaking." His voice came hushed and tender. "On this eve of eves, when my own heart is overflowing with peace and kindness, I think it is most fitting to tell once again the story of that still and lustrous night when first the star of Bethlehem was glimpsed in a wondrous sky." And so once more the famous Whiteside voice ushered Christmas into a million homes.

Christmas day dawned bleakly. It was a white Christmas but nobody cared. Mrs. Stanley was weeping in her room and Mr. Stanley had flown to Chicago and Maggie was leaving town on the next train. Whiteside's plot had succeeded too well. There had been a terrible scene when Maggie discovered Lorraine had talked Bert into going to her palatial little shack at Lake Placid to work on his play, and had resigned on the spot. It was preposterous of Maggie, leaving him helpless like this. Whiteside had never realized before how much he depended on a secretary. He'd have to do something to make Maggie stay long enough to break in a new secretary.

He hadn't even been able to eat breakfast and though he had opened his presents, he hadn't really looked at them and they lay strewn about his chair. All except the mummy the Khedive of Egypt had sent him, which leered at him from its case. Even when Banjo was ushered in, Whiteside couldn't draw a grain of comfort out of the surprise visit.

"Now, wait a minute," Banjo protested, after Whiteside had poured out his troubles to him. "All we have to do is get rid of Lorraine. Maybe we can send her a telegram from this Englishman she's been chasing and—"

"I catch on, Banjo," Whiteside shook his head sadly. "Lorraine caught on, too. It's been tried. And we don't want any phony warrants either, with you pretending to be J. Edgar Hoover. I've been through all that with you before. I got Lorraine out here and I've got to get her away. The trouble is there's so little time."

He sighed as the door burst open and Stanley, clutching his daughter's arm, appeared on the threshold with two burly policemen standing guard behind him. "I am pleased to inform you, sir," he thundered, "that my son has been apprehended at Toledo and that my daughter is not, nor ever will be married to that anarchist you so kindly picked out for her. These gentlemen have a warrant by which I am enabled to put you out of this house in fifteen minutes. I am now going upstairs to smash our radio so that not even accidentally will I ever hear your voice again."

Whiteside stared after him with stricken eyes and he shuddered as Lorraine came in and settled herself on the arm of his chair.

"Darling," she babbled. "You're not very Christmasy. Oh!" She saw the mummy case. "How beautiful! Just look at this woman, a woman like yourself, who once lived and loved, full of the same passions, fears, jealousies, hates! And what remains of her now? Just this and nothing more!" She walked over to the mummy case and stepped into it, her arms folded mummy fashion. "A span of four thousand years, a mere atom in the eternity of time, and here am I another woman living out her life."

She closed her eyes and sighed sublimely, and then suddenly the immobilized eyes of Whiteside and Banjo met. The message signalled to the other, and before Lorraine could even cry out, Banjo sprang toward her and locked the case. "I'll let her out as soon as we get on the plane," he grinned. Then suddenly his face froze. "But how will we get it out of here?"

It was a problem. Whiteside was frowning over it when Maggie walked coldly into the room. "Here's the copy of your New Year's Eve broadcast," she said witheringly. "And I called Mrs. Roosevelt at Atlanta but she'd left for Washington. This room looks like a parrot's cage." She started picking up the debris and held out Harriet's picture. "Do you want this?"

"No, throw everything away," Whiteside ordered. Then he caught a glimpse of the picture and reached for it. He stared

at it, and then his laugh came triumphantly as Stanley stood grimly in the doorway. "I would like you to summon those two officers and ask them to help this gentleman down to the airport with this mummy case," Whiteside ordered grandly.

"I shall do nothing of the sort!" Stanley sputtered.

"Oh, I think you will, Mr. Stanley," Whiteside held out the picture. "I knew I had seen your sister before. And I was right. Do you want me to inform my radio audience on my next broadcast that she is none other than the famous Harriet Sedley who murdered her mother and father with an axe twenty-five years ago in Gloucester?"

"Mr. Whiteside, you are a devil!" Stanley groaned. But he called to the policemen and asked their help. And it was only when the funeral procession had left the house with the grinning Banjo at their head that Maggie realized what it was all about.

"Sherry," she asked, "was that—?"

"It was indeed," Whiteside assured her. "The field is now clear, and you have my blessing, rat girl."

"Sherry, you old reprobate!" she whispered happily. Then she heard Bert call her name and ran to meet him.

"Maggie." He came toward her forlornly. "I don't want to go to Lake Placid with Miss Sheldon. I don't even want her in my play."

"You don't have to worry about her," Maggie assured him. "She's gone, and Sherry is taking your play to Katharine Cornell."

"Why, that's wonderful!" Bert exclaimed. "I'm standing on the threshold of a new life. Maggie, will you stand there with me?"

"Bert, are you making a pass at me?" she demanded. "Is this a proposal of marriage?" His kiss answered her question. But Maggie had no sooner given herself up to the rapture of it when a horrible bedlam rose from the living room and as she ran to the door, she saw that Whiteside's luggage had been brought in, and mixed with the din came the sobs of Mrs. Stanley as she looked at Sarah and John dressed for departure. "But my cook and my butler!" she wailed. "They've been with me for years."

"I am commuting their sentence!" Whiteside announced grandly. He turned to Bert and held out his hand. "Goodbye, Mr. Jefferson, you'll never know the trouble you've caused." Then with a lordly gesture he rose from the wheel chair and walked to the door.

"You—you're walking!" Mr. Stanley gasped.

"So I am," Whiteside agreed nonchalantly. "Goodbye, Mr. Stanley. I would like to hear in the near future that your daughter has married her young man and that your son has been permitted to follow his own bent. Or else!"

The outer door closed on his warning and the Stanleys looked at each other appalled. Then the phone rang again.

"Hello," Mrs. Stanley wavered. "Oh, Mrs. Roosevelt! I want you to know that my husband didn't vote for your husband but I did and I'd love to vote for him again some time. Just a minute." She ran to the door and flung it open. "Oh, Mr. Whiteside," she called, "Mrs. Roosevelt's on the phone!"

"Eleanor?" Whiteside turned eagerly. And then it happened. He slipped and fell on the ice.

The nightmare was beginning all over again. As they carried the great man back into the Stanley home, Mr. Stanley threw up his hands in despair, and Mrs. Stanley fainted dead away as Whiteside roared: "Dr. Bradley, where are you, Doctor? Mr. Stanley, I am suing you for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars!"

"My husband's kisses were cold as ice"



HOW A WIFE OVERCAME
THE "ONE NEGLECT"
THAT THREATENED HER MARRIAGE

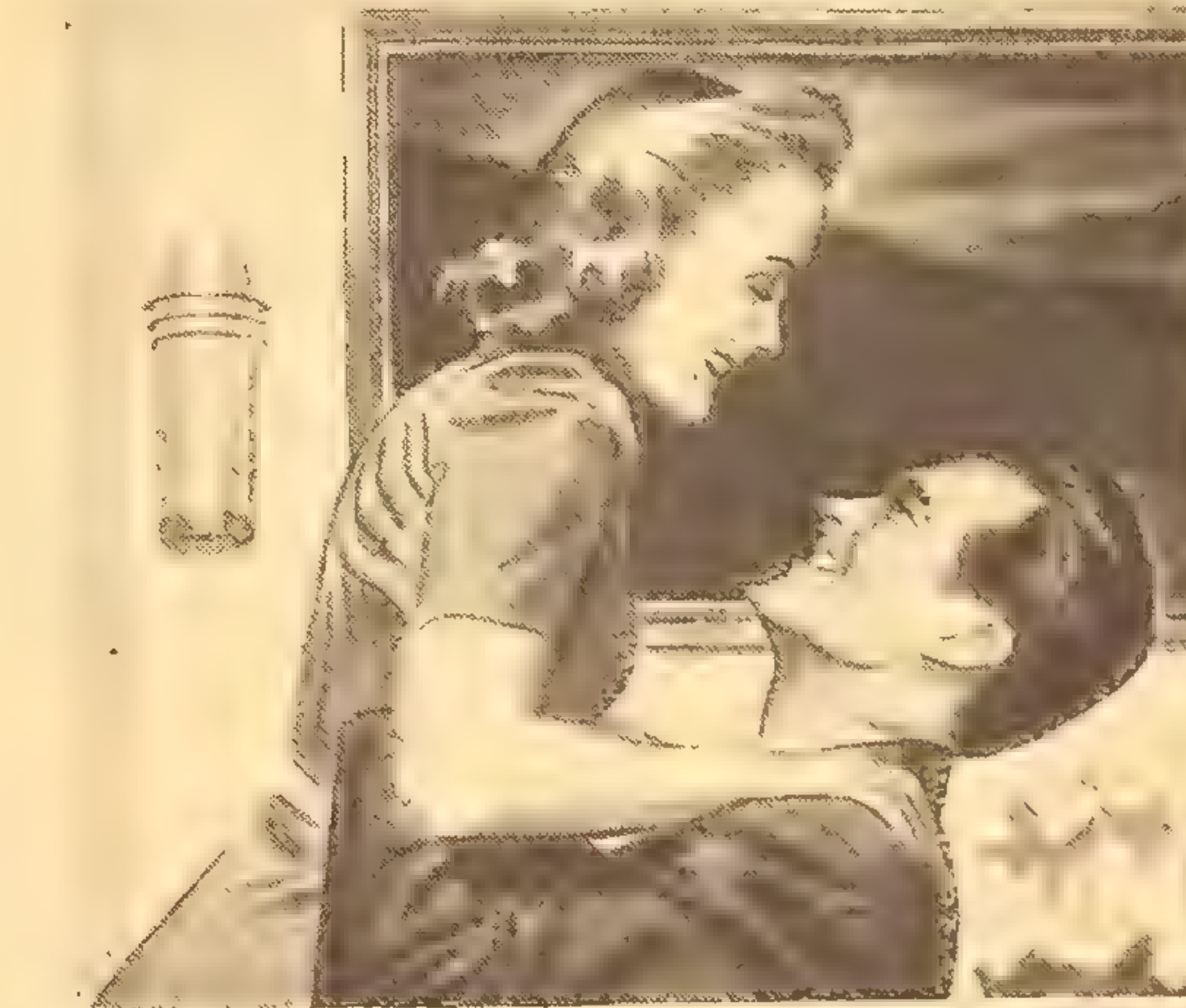
1. I never dreamed I would ever play the rôle of a neglected wife. We were so madly in love, at first—then, little by little, Jack's ardor waned until it seemed as though he actually disliked to be near me. I was utterly miserable.



2. I hid my unhappiness from everyone. Until one day at luncheon with Jane, my closest chum—I broke down and told her *everything*. She said, "Darling, don't be offended, but perhaps it's *your* fault. There's nothing that chills a husband's love more than carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. "Early in my marriage," she said, "a woman doctor set me straight forever about this one neglect. I've followed her advice ever since and used Lysol disinfectant for intimate personal care. Because Lysol cleanses, deodorizes... and a single douche kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues."



4. I went immediately to the nearest drug store, bought a bottle of Lysol, and followed the simple feminine hygiene directions on the label. I've used it ever since, with 100% effective results. My marriage, I might add, has become a happy honeymoon once more!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out* germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copyright, 1941, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene and other Lysol uses, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. S-1241, Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. ArRID has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.



ArRID is the largest
 selling deodorant
 ... try a jar today

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
 (Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

SONG POEM WRITERS

Send us your original poem, Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject, for our plan and FREE Rhyming Dictionary at once. RICHARD BROTHERS, 28 Woods Building, Chicago, Illinois

**Give Your Lazy Liver
 This Gentle "Nudge"**

**Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To
 Relieve CONSTIPATION!**

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So stir up your liver bile secretion and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

Private Life of—

Continued from page 33

Now I'll really begin, try not to detour too often—but you know how it is when you are with friends with whom you have a lot in common—you sort of talk about everything, all at once—well, that's the way it was with Martha and her husband, they become your friends, right off. So, then, I drove to Martha's ranch, some 40 miles out of Hollywood, in the rolling hill country called the Northridge Estates. The chimney of Bob Taylor's ranch sticks its black snout over the next hill. Otherwise, only two other houses are visible.

Martha is married to Radio Director Carl Alsop. You must suspect already that he is the MOST amusing man anyone ever met. And with a Gary Cooper build. When I arrived Carl, in a pair of jeans, was breaking ground for a vegetable garden. Also his back, he said, and had been since sun-up. Martha was sitting hard by on a hummock of hay, crocheting a string rug for the bathroom. Later, as we were having tea in the living room, Carl came in and Martha asked him if he would have a cup. "What I need," said Carl, "is a blood transfusion, not a cup of tea!"

I find I am catching it from Martha, the habit of interrupting myself to quote Carl. Still, that's all right, that fits in with the story because quoting Carl is, emphatically, a part of Martha's private life. Her conversation is profusely punctuated with "Carl sayses" and "Carl thinkses." She is completely, admiringly, and quite understandably in love with him. As he with her.

There's no sort of use, indeed, in talking about the Private Life of Martha Scott unless you tell, first, about the romance of Martha and Carl upon which their private life is founded.

They met first in New York when he was directing "The Career of Alice Blair" radio programs. Martha, you may remember, played *Alice*. Joseph Cotton played *Carl*. In writing the script the radio character of *Carl* was patterned after Carl Alsop. Martha says, "When you get to playing opposite a character named *Carl* and on the other side of the glass a man named Carl is directing you, direction to which you are completely responsive, *something happens!*" Carl said, "I'd sit with the author and tell her exactly what Carl would say. Words I wanted to hear *Martha* say to me."

Martha was the first to know it was love. She says, "I knew, but he was always fighting off the thing"—probably because, she realizes now, there is a difference in their ages, Carl had been married before, to a very wealthy woman, had traveled extensively, had run with a quite different crowd from any she knew, felt that she was "just beginning," and all that.

"All that" blew away like the light chaff it was when Martha came to Hollywood to make "The Howards of Virginia." Soon, Carl followed her. They decided to be married. And when they went back to New York for the premiere of the picture, they were married, in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church across the street from the broadcasting station where they first met. That was September the 16th, 1940.

Martha is pretty superstitious about the number "16." She has never had a script that wasn't dated the 16th of the month. There is the number 16 in their phone number and in their address. They were married on the 16th, and "we'll probably have 16 children!" laughs Martha. (The first one of the 16 is expected very soon now.)

Without Carl (Martha says these two words as one would say "without food or lodging") she would never have played the part of *Ella Bishop*. "I didn't want to do the picture. I felt I was in no way ready for it. I thought Irene Dunne should do it. Or Katharine Cornell." It was Carl who told her "of course you can do it." It was Carl who told her she was "born ready for it"—and Producer Richard Rowland who sensed the age-old wisdom in that twenty-odd years of youth and said, "It is for you and no one else."

But even when she was in production, she would wake up crying in Carl's arms in the middle of the night. "I'm not good enough for the part" and Carl would soothe and reassure her. "I went off into a wing-ding," he said, "demonstrating to her *why* she was good enough; how, and in what particulars—to see me being *Ella Bishop* at the age of seventy was enough to scare her into doing the part!"

Now she is glad and grateful that she did it. Because she has had some of the loveliest letters from teachers who feel as *Miss Bishop* did. One in particular she cherishes, from Miss Lillian Bishop of Ardmore, Oklahoma—"One of the nicest things that has ever happened to me in my career," Martha said. "I'm going to keep it, always. It is, to me, a sign that we did a piece of work that really means something."

Martha is a funny mixture of assurance that she is an actress, was born to be an actress, and of a fan-like attitude toward other players. It was in the Westport High School in Kansas City (Martha was a freshman in high at the age of eleven!) that it "sort of dawned" on her she wanted to be an actress, dawned on her that she had "some sort of talent"—because, for one thing, when she gave interpretative readings, the kids would sit so quietly, not move; would be so appreciative—and because the dramatic coach, Albert Humphries told her so, told her she would go very far and very high.

"But I think," Martha said, "that most actors are developed out of inferiority complexes. They always say they have inferiorities and people are inclined to laugh a little. But it's true. You see, you get to thinking you are someone else, someone quite splendid, and it gives you a sense of power you don't have at all as *you*—like me, I was so little and thin, with long curls my mother wouldn't let me cut and long lisle stockings—such an *inconsequential* little person—then, suddenly, to be flaming *Portia* or lovely *Juliet* or the medium for the poignant words of Rupert Brooke—don't you see?"

"Or sometimes," Martha smiled, at herself, "there is a personal reason. When I was in my freshman year at high school, not quite eleven when I started, I had a violent crush on a boy. He was to be in the class play and I wanted to be in the play, too, so I could be near him. The very day of the first rehearsal I got scarlet fever and couldn't do it. I might as well have been a Wall Street banker who had lost everything I *had* lost everything—children suffer so—the fever," she added, "left me with bad eyes, ears, and flat feet! Not that I mind (except about the feet) because being so near-sighted makes the world more beautiful to me than to others, really I can't see anything, clearly, more than three feet away from me. So, you see, I don't see dust under the beds or cracks in the wall, all the ugly things are blanked out. Things look prettier to me because I can't define them—the moon looks twice as big to me, and the stars—people's faces have a kind of luminosity."

Later, in college, Martha studied dramatics under Valentine Windt, a pupil of Boleslavsky. She took every course in dramatics the University of Michigan offered

and also graduated with a teacher's certificate, because "Not having much money, I thought I should graduate with something that would get me a job. If I don't get the breaks in the theater, I thought, and that's all the theater is, really, the breaks—I mean, you can and must prepare yourself but that's all you *can* do—then I could fall back on my teaching." Martha only "fell back" on her teaching for six months when she taught junior high school English and "I had to study like the devil to keep up with those kids! I wore my hair up and had my glasses on all the time—even so, one of the kids got a crush on me, and I nearly got brain-fag trying to know more than they did! I think teaching is just what *Ella Bishop* knew it is—but it was not, I discovered, for me!"

And then there is that fan-like attitude I mentioned. When Martha was doing Shakespearean things at the World's Fair in Chicago a couple of years ago she was told, one night, that Helen Hayes was in the theater. She rushed out after the curtain, in costume and make-up, and followed Miss Hayes down the street! I don't know whether she begged for an autograph or not. It didn't seem delicate to ask!

She says she "loves Lombard and Crawford and Garbo and, 'way up there, Margaret Sullavan." Among the men, she mentions Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, Bill Holden and Bill Gargan—she sighed, "Oh, I loved working with Cary!"

Now we'll get around to the house: It's one-storied, white and rambling, lying low on the hilly bosom of its eight verdant acres. Paul Williams was the architect. They had been in the house just two weeks when I was there. They have a horse which Carl won in a raffle, for a dollar. They have two infant goats. One is named *Ella Bishop*. The other "Mr. Hubert II" after his sire. They bought the goats on Hollywood Boulevard. They have a Great Dane, name of Ariel, and a Scottie named George. They keep one colored maid, Mrs. Chance. She does everything. What she doesn't do, Carl does. Such as washing the windows. They are scared to death she will overdo and have a nervous breakdown! They have a hired man, also name of George, who helps with things outdoors. They expect to keep chickens, perhaps a cow. (Martha says "We call ourselves the Landed Gentry!") In addition to the vegetable garden, they are planting grapes. (Memo to Martha and Carl: why not name the ranch Martha's Vineyard?!)

It is Martha's first home. And her pride in it shines in her eyes like candlelight. She did the inside of the house herself. With some help from Beth Alexander, mother of well-known Ben. She said, "Carl got a little frantic when I told him the walls were to be a pale, washed blue." Which they are. The rug is soft gray, and sort of woolly. The drapes are raspberry and off-white patterned chintz. There are three bedrooms in the house, a dining room, two baths, kitchen and pantry. Every room except the living room is gaily and charmingly papered. Martha is especially proud of her toothbrush-concealers. She LOATHES the sight of toothbrushes hanging by their necks until dead. So there are little metal doors over her wash basin. You press a button, the door opens and, in slow motion, a rack containing her toothbrushes revolves and makes its appearance. And there is a Grandma in the house, as there should be in every house. As there would be, I might have known, in Martha's house. In Grandma's room, the frilly pillow shams bear quaint mottos. On one are embroidered the words, "I slept and dreamed that Life was Beauty." On the other, "I woke to find that Life is Duty."

When the decorations were finished

See RITA HAYWORTH in "You'll Never Get Rich"—a Columbia Picture



"My favorite cola"

says lovely Rita Hayworth
"Winter or summer... I like the
lift of a frosty bottle
of Royal Crown Cola!"

How Rita proved one cola tastes best...



"THEY GAVE ME leading colas in plain paper cups," says Hollywood's Rita Hayworth. "And there was so much difference in taste—well, it didn't take me two seconds to pick my favorite! 'This is it!' I announced.



"'OKAY, SWEETHEART, you and the United States agree,' they told me. 'It's ROYAL CROWN Cola!' Winter and summer, it's my favorite pick-up now." (Only 5¢ for a big bottle that fills not one but two full glasses!)



ROYAL CROWN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COLA

Best by Taste-Test!

PICK UP A CARTON... AND LET IT PICK YOU UP

COPYRIGHT 1941, NEHI CORP.

GRIP-TUTH...

HOLDS the beauty
of your hair-do!

Exclusive!
NOT a comb. Each SPLIT
tooth (like tiny spring)
grips gently, holds
firmly, keeps hair se-
cure — GRIP-TUTH's
patented principle!



MARJORIE WOODWORTH
Hal Roach Studios Star

Grip-Tuth slides easily
into place...



Invisibly holds your
coiffure firm!

Hold your coiffure love-
ly as Hollywood stars
do—with Grip-Tuth,
the modern, better hair
retainer. Any style—
waves, curls, puffs—
all are kept "beauty-
salon-perfect" with
Grip-Tuth. The split
tooth grips gently,
holds firmly, keeps your
hair-do secure all day.

NOTE: If notion counter
or beauty shop can't sup-
ply you, send 25c for card
(two retainers). State hair
color.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 74

Nu-Hestve Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated com-
pany, are one of our contributions to National Defense.

MUSIC COMPOSED TO POEMS

Send poem for consideration. Rhyming
pamphlet free. Phonograph electrical
transcriptions made, \$7.00 from your word
and music manuscript. Any subject con-
sidered, Love, Home, Sacred, Swing.

KEENAN'S MUSIC SERVICE
Box 2140, Dept. SC Bridgeport, Conn.

YOU GIRLS!

Who Suffer From

DYSMENORRHEA

which makes you
WEAK, NERVOUS—

If you suffer headache,
cramps, backache, feel
"dragged out," blue,
cranky—due to functional monthly dis-
turbances—try Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound!

Pinkham's Compound is made espe-
cially to relieve such female distress—
it helps build up resistance against such
tired, nervous feelings. Hundreds of
thousands of women remarkably helped.
Follow label directions. Try it!



Martha says Carl took her in his arms
and said, "You have done a swell job, I'm
proud of you!" She told me that with
more pride than when she showed me some
of her press notices.

They are terrified for fear something
will happen to the pale blue walls and the
gray rug. When, recently, Lucille Ball
and Desi Arnaz stopped by to see them,
Desi in muddy jeans and boots, "We kept
suggesting that we go out on the porch,"
laughed Martha, "but it didn't work." Carl
said, "And they had a little purp with
them, he must have thought we were
hawks, the way we kept our eyes on him—
funny how you sweat gumdrops for six
months over something new; and then relax."

Martha "adores" Lin Yutang and Rupert
Brooke . . . French and German lieder
. . . her favorite dinner is spare-ribs, fried
bananas, romaine with wonderful garlic
Roquefort cheese dressing, and corn . . .
the Alsops also go for chili . . . her favorite
flower is the camellia . . . her favorite
radio programme, the Quiz Kids . . . her
pet hates the previously mentioned tooth-
brushes and mannerisms of speech . . .
people who keep saying little, pat phrases,
like ending every sentence with "you
know" . . . she once dropped a beau like
a hot cake because he began every sen-
tence with "For cri' eye!" She dropped
another swain because he constantly blew
on a cigarette . . . she collects play-bills
from the New York theaters . . .

She can't cook . . . says she is one of
whom it is said "She can boil water" . . .
she can get breakfast, too . . . but not for
Carl. Carl says she scrambles eggs and
peanut butter and he doesn't even like to
think about it . . . she's not athletic, but
she is a pretty good marksman, and pretty
good at paddle tennis . . . "she has," Carl
told me, "the same determination at games
as she has in the theater. She's one of the
kind of people who does what she does
superbly or not at all."

She would have got along capably as a
pioneer woman . . . when the dog gets
hurt, says Carl, she'll go right out there
and operate on him, lay him open and go
to work . . . a Florence Nightingale at
heart . . . the only time she takes a licking
is when she can't face something . . . as
soon as she faces it, she's all right . . .

She has a beautiful voice . . . this was
told me by Carl, as a "secret" . . . "but
if you ask her to sing," he says, "she
dies . . . she sings for Grandma and me, a
soprano voice, and a lovely one . . . but
it's one of her shynesses."

Martha usually sleeps as late as she can
in the mornings, when she is not working
. . . "that usually takes me to 9.30" . . .
Carl gets up at the most amazing hours,
5.30 to 6, usually . . . they spend their
evenings very quietly, especially since they
have been in the new house . . . a new
piece of furniture comes and it takes hours
to "oh" and "ah" over that, to try it here,
then there . . . or they sit and listen to
the radio . . . or they play gin rummy . . .
or they just sit and talk and laugh while
Grandmother knits and "listens to our idle
prattle" . . . Martha says "we have fun
together, Carl and I, fun just doing noth-
ing, which is real fun . . ." they don't
know, or see, many people in the picture
business . . . Lucille and Desi, Mary Mar-
tin and Richard Halliday, the Hank Pöt-
ters, Margaret Sullivan and Leland Hay-
ward are the ones they know best.

Martha isn't, or wasn't, clothes-conscious.
She said, "I never really cared about hav-
ing a big wardrobe. But I must say that
when I'd get an invitation to a big pro-
ducer's house and my "other dress" was at
the dry-cleaner's and I was in a quandry,
I'd kick myself for not shopping more.
But I have a lovely wardrobe now. Carl

has seen to that. He likes to see me in
lovely things, he *knows* lovely things, he's
seen women all over the world. I wouldn't
dream of buying anything without him."

Playing "Our Town" gave her, she says,
an interesting complex. Living life after
death as she did for so long, first in the
play and then in the picture, "made me
realize I ought to be living my life for
everything there is in it right now . . ."
she added, "and I *am*—every minute."

Martha likes to be alone with her
thoughts; as some women sort over their
souvenirs, old love letters, odds and ends.
Martha sorts over her favorite memories.
She showed me some of them: the little
country schoolhouse near Jamesport, Mis-
souri, where she learned the Three R's,
sixteen pupils in eight grades, one young
teacher "with a shining mind so that she
made us think of learning as something
lovely" . . . Miss Ida Lilly, who taught
American history in Westport High School
and taught Martha something even more
important than history—faith in herself,
faith in the generous goodness of others
. . . for it was Miss Lilly who, believing
in Martha, insisted that she go to college
and financed her while she was there . . .
the day she signed her contract with Sol
Lesser to make the film version of "Our
Town" . . . asking for an advance of \$100
and when asked "Why? for what?" said,
"to finish paying a debt" . . . putting that
check in an envelope and mailing it, know-
ing that the debt could never be paid in
cash alone, because faith had been banked
for her, as well as money, and that, too,
she must pay back, and keep paying . . .
the day she heard that the Bonstelle The-
atre in Detroit was recruiting a winter
company, took a bus to the city and the
theater management gave her a bit and
walk-ons . . . other stock companies, each
one contributing to her a new tool to use
in her craft . . . the Globe Theatre in Chi-
cago, the two years there, when she was a
member of the company and played ab-
breviated versions of Shakespeare . . . the
day she arrived in New York with \$50.00
in her purse . . . the two weeks of summer
stock . . . the long summer without work
when she rubbed out-at-elbow elbows with
her fellow-men . . . that bit in a radio show
with another youngster, name of Orson
Welles, a nightly presentation of ghost
stories, they gave . . . Martha still shivers
when she thinks of that, so goose-fleshing
a "ghost" was Orson . . . and then "Our
Town" on Broadway . . . and "Spring-
time for Henry," with Edward Everett
Horton, and a brief run in Lonsdale's "The
Foreigners" . . . the Hollywood producer
who saw a test she had made and said,
shaking his head, "I'm sorry. I want to
compliment you on a very fine performance
in your test, but—I don't think you are a
screen type!" . . . she likes this memory
because, in less than nine months after
that, she had made "Our Town," "The
Howards of Virginia," "Cheers for Miss
Bishop," was starting "They Dare Not
Love," was under a three-year contract to
Director Frank Lloyd, scheduled to make
one picture a year, for five years, for
Producer Lesser . . . being told how in-
credibly she resembled her Grandmother
McKinley in "Cheers for Miss Bishop."

These are among the thoughts Martha
turns over in her mind, like bright-colored
wools in a basket, when she is alone.

Around Hollywood they are saying,
"She is the Helen Hayes of pictures."

Her husband says of her, sort of sum-
ming up, "Her only drawback is that she
is too honest and too sweet for this mod-
ern world."

So now, by one means or another, by
detours and a somewhat circuitous route,
you have it, I think—Martha Scott, the
Private Life Of:



Jean Parker's ranch is pint-sized but her home is crammed with cheer and comfort, especially in the Christmas season. Facing page, Jean mixes her special salad at the table. It is the first course of her Christmas dinner, and after reading her recipe you'll want to try it too.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 8

Jean's living room, a brick-walled, comfortably informal room with beamed ceiling and enormous fireplace. The wreaths



were up in all four windows and over the fireplace.

"I'm going to have my tree in the largest window," said my hostess. "I call it my crying corner, because I haven't found out what to do with it yet—and we've been here nearly eight months."

The "crying corner" overlooks a black acacia tree, under which "sunset grass," set out in what looks like patches of deli-

cate green clover, is beginning to take root. Nothing, Jean complains, will grow under acacia or eucalyptus trees! "Unless the sunset grass fools me," she added.

There's an Etienne Ray picture over the fireplace. "When I was in London, Robert Donat and his friends were always talking about Etienne Ray and his wonderful work," Jean recalled. "I never expected to meet him then. But here he is in Holly-

First and Only CANDY served the "Quints"!

"With Peanuts... Delicieux!"
—MARIE

"Oh---h... Chocolat Couvert!"
—CECILE

"And Crème Centre!"
—YVONNE

"Nice and Chewy!"
—ANNETTE

"Magnifique!"
—EMILIE

CURTISS Baby Ruth

RICH IN DEXTROSE
THE SUGAR
YOUR BODY USES
DIRECTLY FOR
ENERGY

World Copyright 1941
King Features
Syndicate

U M-M-M! You'll agree with the "Quints" and millions of Americans that Baby Ruth is candy at its finest! You'll love the luscious, velvety-smooth coating, the chewy caramel and tasty opera cream center, the abundance of golden, freshly roasted peanuts which make up this great candy bar. Baby Ruth is good food — good for you. Its ingredients are all pure, wholesome foods—nourishing and delicious. Enjoy a big bar of Baby Ruth today!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
Chicago, Ill.

"Baby Ruth, being rich in Dextrose, vital food-energy sugar, and other palatable ingredients, makes a pleasant, wholesome candy for children."

Allan Roy Dafe, M.D.

RICH IN DEXTROSE Food-Energy Sugar



That's why thousands of women everywhere are turning to MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP as the perfect powder base for the make-up glamour men admire.

A powder base or complete make-up, it imparts a velvety smooth finish, helps conceal blemishes and keeps your complexion gloriously fresh-looking all day long. Try it today!

5 flattering shades, including EVENING WHITE for evening wear.

MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP

10c, 25c, & 50c at cosmetic counters

FREE Generous Sample

Send coupon and 3c stamp

Peach ☐
Rach. ☐
Brun. ☐
Suntan ☐
Eve. White ☐

MINER'S, 12 E. 12th St., Dept. 842, New York
I enclose 3c stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-up FREE!

Name.....
Address.....

If you prefer a cream base...
Try MINER'S FOUNDATION CREAM
with Lanolin—10c at all 5 and 10's



Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster—
Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

wood and I've not only met him but he has painted my portrait! I never was so thrilled in my life."

The Dawsons intend to have their "little Christmas"—the one for their special intimates—on Christmas Eve. Then the small group will trim the tree, have a gay supper and open their presents together.

The "Christmas Eve snack," as Jean calls it, will consist of *Lobster Newburgh* served on toasted English crumpets, accompanied by champagne and eaten by candlelight.

LOBSTER NEWBURGH

2 baby lobsters
1 cube butter
2 tablespoons flour
½ pt. coffee cream (or more)
2 teaspoons paprika
1 wine glass sherry

For the cream sauce, take ½ cube butter and the flour and cream and blend them well. Sauté inch-size cubes of lobster, ½ cube melted butter and paprika before adding sherry and finally the cream sauce. This serves 4.

Christmas Day is open house at Sands-Park. All the boys and girls either Jean or Doug know who will not have a home Christmas that day are invited to come over as soon as they wake up Christmas morning. Breakfast will be a continuous performance, as guests arrive. It will be served in the English manner, with a side-board covered with dishes to choose from, the dishes kept deliciously hot with warmers and chafing dishes, fresh toast and waffles being made as often as appetites demand.

"Everyone who comes can do as he or she pleases the rest of the day," planned Jean, "and we'll have a big dinner at night. They can exercise the horses, go for hikes, play the radio, rest or talk—whatever appeals to them.

"My Christmas dinner will begin with our favorite salad, instead of soup or fruit cup or anything like that. Most people complain that they eat too much at holiday dinners and I hope my guests will feel pleased and not pained when they rise from my table. Either Doug or I mix the salad at the table. I've never tasted it anywhere else."

SANDS-PARK SALAD

Beforehand, a pan of bread cubes is baked in the oven. Romaine lettuce, bread cubes, a tray of condiments, lemon, oil and an egg is set before the salad maker.

½ cup olive oil
¼ teaspoon salt
pepper to taste
sprinkle of sugar
paprika

Mix well; pour over the lettuce, put in bread cubes and juice of ½ lemon, break egg over whole and toss with two forks.

Turkey, with chestnut stuffing, and tiny sausages bordering the platter is the main dish, as it is in most American homes. At Sands-Park, they serve cranberries chopped up with oranges as a relish, and there is a choice of potatoes.

Because Hollywood likes vegetables, there will be two or more besides the potatoes, the most unusual being stuffed carrots.

STUFFED CARROTS

6 medium-sized carrots
2 hard-cooked eggs
½ cup chopped cooked mushrooms (Heinz)
2 tablespoons butter, melted
½ teaspoon salt

Scrape carrots and cut in half lengthwise. Cook in boiling salted water until tender, but not thoroughly done. Cool and scoop out the center, leaving a boat

shaped shell. Mash the carrot that was scooped out and the hard-cooked egg, add melted butter and chopped mushrooms. Mix well and fill the carrot shells with the mixture. Bake in a hot oven about 10 minutes.

Jean, with her flyaway red hair, her wide green eyes, her charmingly helpless femininity, looks as if she wouldn't know a string bean from a Swiss chard. But the heroine of "No Hands on the Clock" (the latest of the several films Jean is appearing in for William Pine and William Thomas of Paramount), is actually an authority in the kitchen.

It takes days to make Jean's honey fruit cakes, which she serves as dessert instead of the heavier plum pudding, and she supervises the cake-making herself, carefully weighing out quantities of this-a and that-a.

HONEY FRUIT CAKE

1½ teaspoons cinnamon
1 pound chopped figs
1 pound chopped dates
5 eggs, well beaten
1 cup brown sugar
6 cups (Swansdown) flour
1 cup chopped citron
½ cup chopped prunes
1 cup chopped pecans
2 teaspoons cream of tartar
1 cup chopped almonds
2 cups chopped walnuts
½ cup honeyed lemon strips
¼ cup crystallized ginger
1 cup honeyed orange strips
½ cup chopped stewed apricots
½ cup honeyed grapefruit strips
½ teaspoon (Burnett's) allspice
1½ teaspoons nutmeg
1 pound currants
2 cups butter
2½ cups honey
½ teaspoon cloves
1 pound raisins
½ cup (Maxwell House) coffee
1 teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt

To make honeyed grapefruit, orange and lemon strips, remove peel in 4 lengthwise sections. Cover with cold water and simmer till soft. Drain and scrape out white pulp. Cut in thin strips with scissors.

Cook together 2/3 cup honey, 1 cup sugar and 2/3 cup water until syrup spins. Add fruit peel and cook over low heat for 20 minutes or until most of the syrup is absorbed.

Drain in a large wire strainer and roll strips in granulated sugar.

Now for the cake. The fruits should be prepared a day ahead. Chop and mix raisins, currants, dates, figs, citron, ginger, prunes and apricots. Add the honeyed orange, lemon and grapefruit rinds and allow mixture to stand overnight.

Next day cream butter and sugar and add eggs. Sift together 5 cups flour, salt, spices, cream of tartar and soda. Add this alternately with honey and coffee. Then combine the fruit and remaining cup of flour, and add this to the cake mixture. Last, add the chopped nuts.

Put the mixture into 1 or 2 pound cans, cover with wax paper and steam for 2 hours. Then bake at 275 degrees F. for 1 hour. This recipe makes 12 pounds of fruit cake.

Appropriately enough, in Jean's view, since she loves to entertain, her dining room looks like a tavern with its panelled walls, leaded windows, and hatch buffet. An impressive portrait of Doug's father hangs above the hatch.

While I was there, Jean was experimenting with a table centerpiece of bright Christmas balls and single white oleanders from her garden. The oleanders are in

bloom most the year and are her prize table flowers.

"But we may decide to go in for Christmas' cactus—it has gorgeous red blossoms, you know," she said, thoughtfully.

The young Dawsons are sun-worshippers and live mostly in their patio, winter or summer alike. It's enclosed by the house on two sides, and by high lattices on a third, olive trees shade it, and it's floored in brick. Here there are dart games, ping-pong tables, a barbecue fireplace as well as a charcoal-burning portable barbecue.

The animals will have their Christmas here, the horses coming in for their new bridles, saddles or polished apples, the dogs enjoying their special dog-biscuits.

"I think I'll have a lot of bright packages hung on that olive tree for my animals and their friends," laughed Jean. "There's a new kind of dog soap. Can't you imagine how thrilled the visiting hounds would be with dog soap?"

There may be "No Hands on the Clock" in Jean's new picture, but she is going to need more than one pair herself, if she does all she plans for Christmas, 1941!

Hollywood Needs You!

Continued from page 29

clamoring at our gates, why should this be? Let's dispose of the clamor first. From executives to grips, everyone connected with a studio gets his share of frantic appeals from would-be actors and actresses. Directors are hounded by them. They come in, they phone, they wire, they write, they get into your hair and under your skin. As an honest reporter, I must go on record as saying that most of these pleas reveal—a certain lack of perspective, let's call it. One woman wrote me that she was thirty-eight, the mother of three children, lived in a small town, yearned to break into the movies, and what could I do to help her? All I could do was feel sorry for her, which I'm sure was no help. If you tried to do anything else, you'd make no pictures, you'd have no time for pictures. Your days and nights, your mind and emotions and energies would be exhausted by the conscientious examination of one out of every hundred appeals that cross your desk.

That's not the director's job. And the root of our trouble lies in the fact that, under present arrangements, it's nobody's job. It ought to be, but it isn't. Why it isn't I don't know, except that this industry mushroomed so swiftly from seed to forest that much of its undergrowth remains uncleared. Instead of hiring the group of experts we need to clear it, we stumble along and bark our shins and swear. Leaving figures of speech, we lack in plain English a system for the discovery of new talent. Our present hit-or-miss tactics can't be called a system. We're like kids lighting skyrockets, tossing them up, and hoping the stick won't boomerang back to conk us.

Here's how it works—rather, how it fails to work—now. Tests are made for two reasons—to establish the screen possibilities of a newcomer or to find a player to fit a particular rôle. Dozens of new people are tested every week and never used. The feeling gets around that tests don't matter, anyone can do them, let's get it over with, who cares? Nobody cares except the person being tested. Result—a sloppy, indifferent job—potential talent disheartened and turned away. Why do they bother to test him in the first place? Now I'll ask one.

Or take the case of a part for which a player is being sought. Someone's seen Jimmy Stewart, found him attractive, a

Picture Book Glamour



Sugar Plum and Gingerbread

Cutex on her fingers, Cutex on her toes, she shall have fun wherever she goes . . . in these gay new picture-book nail shades by Cutex.

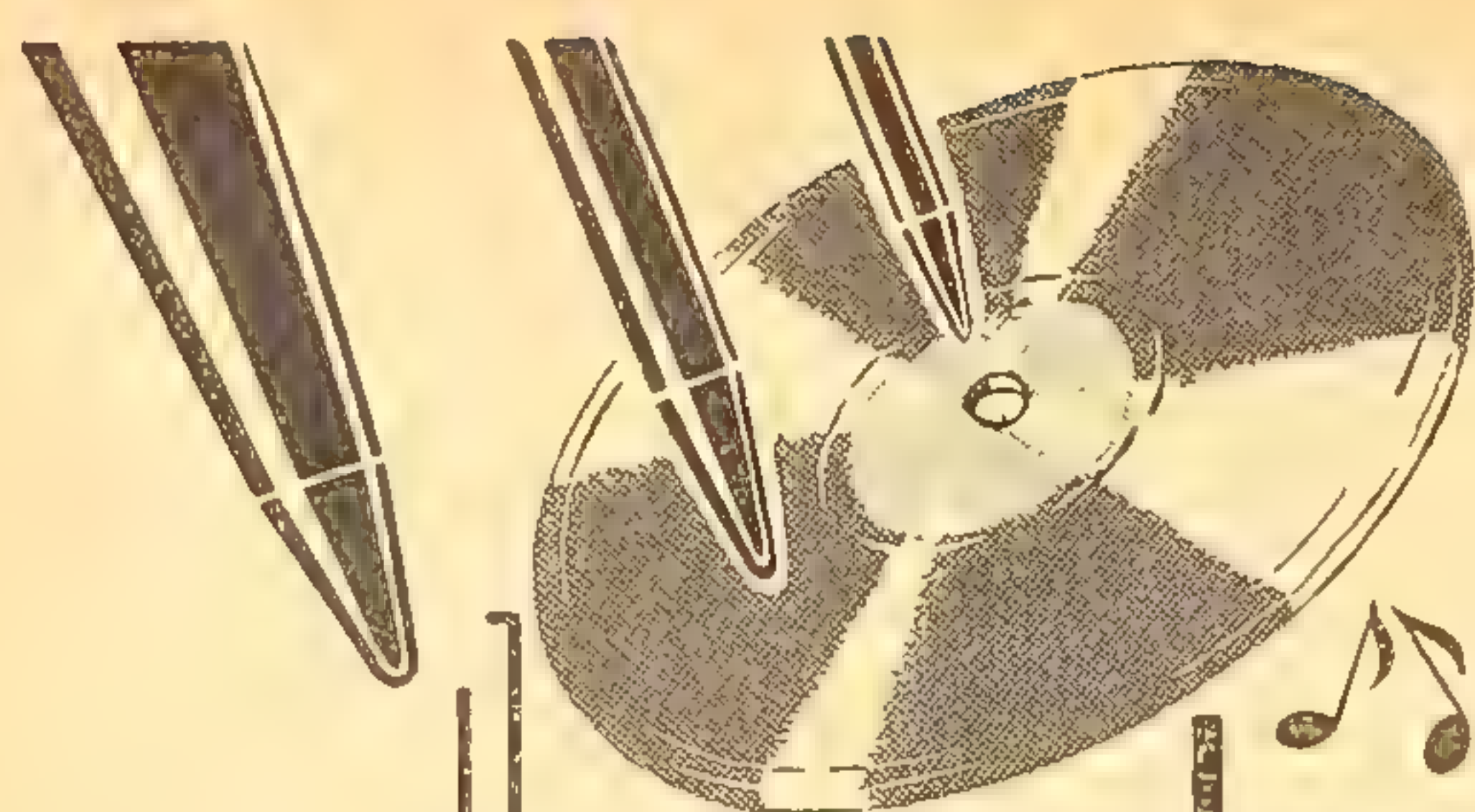
SUGAR PLUM—a real fairy-princess color—deep, dark, exciting! **GINGERBREAD**—warm and amber-tinted—a cunning new snare for your dashing prince charming! There's fairy-tale magic, too, in the way Cutex flows on . . . in its sparkling, flattering lustre! Only 10¢ in the U. S. If you go in for "simpler sophistication," try the new, Cutex charmer—**SHEER NATURAL**.

Northam Warren, New York



new nail shades
by **CUTEX**

For that "Professional Look"—and Longer Wear USE 2 COATS



the needles MAKE THE MUSIC REAL!

Says Jimmy Dorsey,
exclusive Decca
recording artist:

"I have yet to
see any other
type reproduction
give my
music the clarity
and fine musical
quality I expect from
RECOTON
needles."

and other
GREAT
STARS, too,
endorse

RECOTON

phoneneedles

It matters not if
you buy records or
if you cut and listen
to your own home recordings . . . RECOTON
needles bring out the full quality and richness of
all recordings. They are the choice of the great
singers, instrumentalists, dance band leaders and
all music lovers . . . because there is nothing else
comparable. Buy RECOTON . . . and get the music
as it was played.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out
of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into
your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing
freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay
in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach.
You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and
the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver
Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to
make you feel "up and up." Get a package today.
Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely.
Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



See how gloriously young your skin looks
with HAMPDEN'S powder base! It helps
hide blemishes, faintly tints your complexion,
and keeps it flower fresh for
hours and hours.

POWDER-BASE
hampden

25c also 50c & 10c sizes
Over 15 million sold

good actor. They test him for *Rhett Butler*. You think that's stretching a point? I've known many points to be stretched much farther. They don't stop to consider that the boy doesn't fit the rôle. An actor's an actor and can play any part, they argue. But an audience won't believe in the wrong kind of person. They won't believe Jimmy Stewart's *Rhett*, or Warner Baxter's *Peter Pan*. But the studio tests him, wastes his money, finds he won't do and away flies Jimmy. I tested him a year or two before he came out here. My studio was trying to accumulate a few players. They didn't like him. If they'd owned "The Philadelphia Story," they'd have grabbed him, they'd have had him and with him a nice tinkle in the cash register. But no, the imagination to look beyond the moment was lacking.

A boy can't be any boy nor a girl any girl. It's folly to test a player for the part you happen to have open at the moment, unless you've convinced yourself that he's got the physical and emotional equipment to make him believable in the part. If he hasn't got it for you, how can he have it for the audience? Take the case of Martha Scott. And while we're about it, take my apologies if I seem to be sounding my own horn. My experience has been paralleled by most of the directors in town, but obviously I'm better acquainted with such details as I handled myself. So if I use them to point my arguments, I also trust your indulgence to understand that it's done in a spirit of scientific objectivity and not, like Jack Horner, to prove what a fine boy am I!

Martha Scott was a Broadway stage sensation in "Our Town." They brought her out here, tested her for many parts at many studios, and reached the conclusion that she didn't photograph. Why didn't she photograph? She had two eyes and a nose. I'd seen her in New York and wanted her for the picture, but kept bucking up against a stone wall. Dutifully I tested dozens of others, but always went back to Scott. In the end I collected all the tests made of her here and ran them. "You see, Sam," they told me, "she doesn't photograph." I turned mulish and insisted on having her brought out. There was weeping and wailing, but she got here, she played the rôle, and the chief mourners became her chief admirers. She hadn't looked like the thing they'd wanted her to look like when they made their tests. So she doesn't photograph, they said, instead of saying that she didn't suit the parts they'd tested her for.

Much the same thing happened to Greer Garson. She was hauled over from England, and sat for a year going crazy with nothing to do. I was going crazy, trying to find *Mrs. Chips*. I'd decided to hunt for her in England where the picture was to be filmed, but on the day I was leaving for New York to sail to London, I ran some tests—as a final desperate measure and to satisfy myself that I'd left no stone unturned. One test was of Garson, playing a society girl. A few feet, and I prickled with excitement. Then came a sense of relief and perfect peace. This was *Mrs. Chips*.

How did I know? You form a conception of a character. You want the audience to find certain qualities in her. Those are the qualities you look for. If you don't see them, the audience won't. If you do, they may. That's how rôles should be cast, but they're not. The girl *Chips* married had to be attractive and desirable, to account for her lifelong influence on him and the school, though she lived with both for only a year. She had to have compassion and insight, or she'd never have discovered the heart of the man behind the pedantic school teacher. She had to have humor and tact and tenderness, else she couldn't

have worked in him the transformation that had to be worked. She had to be honest in spirit to convince the audience that no matter how many Prince Charmings came along, she'd always love *Chips*. I believed these things possible of the woman I saw in that test. As it turned out, audiences believed them, too.

How does this help you? By opening your eyes to what you may have to contend with if you ever do reach Hollywood. Don't let them pour you into a mould. Don't let them make you look like a thousand other ingénues and juveniles. Fight to keep your personality, the spark which sets you apart from the rest of the world. On every lot you'll find people who'll help you fight against the stodginess of routine.

Then when we have enough fighters, maybe some day a great white light will break over the studios, and we'll get the system that will give you the chance you're worth. Baseball has it today. Baseball scouts the country from sandlots to minor leagues. They take these kids, watch them, groom them, wet-nurse them, discipline them. Sure it takes time and money, but it pays. The misfits drop out. The rest are fit for big-league ball. We get our Tracys and Davises by accident. They get their di Maggios and Greenbergs by labor pains. As they scout the sandlots, we ought to scout summer stock, dramatic schools, amateur productions.

Every studio should maintain a training department, run by professionals who know their business—people intelligent enough to recognize personality when they see it, patient enough to develop it. Unless a man's downright deformed, you can't tell till you've worked with him how he'll turn out. Run the early tests of some of today's moneymakers, and you'll find they screened like slabs of cheese. They're the lucky ones, the ones who by some chain of accidents came through. But again I repeat, and I can't repeat it too often, we're suckers to trust to luck. We should build up an army of possibilities, finance them till they're whipped into shape, present them to the public only when they're ready for the public. What baseball can afford, so can the films. If we get one star out of fifty—and we will—the returns are astronomical.

Casting nowadays is left mostly to the director, who wants new material but can't be expected to use his pictures as training schools. Sometimes he's driven to it. I was, in a couple of cases. I needed a child for "Rangers of Fortune"—an honest kid caught in a rat-trap, sensitive but independent and aggressive enough to stand on her feet and battle the world. I interviewed plenty of kids who had been in pictures, but they were all polished up, pretty and artificial and unconvincing. Tim Whelan came in with Betty Brewer. He'd found her outside the Brown Derby, singing for nickels. She'd fought like hell to exist, mothered her family, bossed them, made herself responsible for them. She kept watching me during the tests with this look in her eye that said it couldn't come true, and if it did, it couldn't last. She was real, so I took a chance on the acting end. When you take that kind of chance and win, you feel swell. For your own sake, of course, but for the player's, too. There's a very human gratification involved in the sense that you've opened for someone a door to a whole new world.

I interviewed dozens of boys for the part of Mark in "Kitty Foyle." I needed a contrast to Dennis Morgan, yet someone equally attractive. Kitty had been married, and madly in love with Wyn. I couldn't foist her off on someone who didn't measure up to the other fellow. I couldn't afford to have women in the audience thinking, "Well, after Wyn, I'd never fall for that guy." One day an agent brought James

Craig in. I liked his eyes and smile and voice—everything about his appearance and personality. I kept hunting and hunting for someone with more experience, yet he was the one who stuck in my head. I felt I could turn the girl over to him, and still keep faith with the girls in the audience. I remembered his physique. He looked as though he'd been an athlete. That turned the scale. Men who've been active in sports are less self-conscious than the average, more pliable, take instruction more easily. So again I decided to take my chance with Craig.

Both he and Betty were tested, of course, before being signed. But they were tested *my way*—the way, if you'll forgive the presumption, I believe tests should be made. First, I had them photographed as they look. Then I studied the photographs and satisfied myself that they were worth testing. If you're worth testing at all, you're worth testing right. I put them in with ten other people, to see if their personalities stood out among the other ten. Nobody wants to sit for an hour and a half, watching a face he doesn't like. Convinced that their personalities were vital and attractive enough to claim attention, I put the cameras on them, had them shot from all angles to familiarize myself with all their photographic possibilities. I wouldn't let the makeup men change their lips or eyebrows or facial planes. You spend months hunting for a certain freshness, then wash it out to conform to some stereotyped standard of good looks. What could be stupider? If teeth aren't good, I have them capped. Otherwise, I leave the face as I find it.

Now you're ready for the specific test. In the case of Betty and Craig, the parts were waiting. In the case of a general test, you'd have to size your actor up, figure the kind of parts he ought to play and test him in some such part. If you stick a wolf into Little Red Ridinghood's cape, you'll lose out on both. Then—don't give him any old Tom, Dick or Harry to work with. He needs all the support and stimulus he can get. Put something dull in and you'll have something dull to look at. Again, don't badger him. Use your imagination. Think how you'd feel in his place, with so much at stake. Make him realize you're working with him, not against him. He's not going to do it a hundred percent the first time. Talk to him, ease him up, play round with him, give him confidence in himself and you. It'll take time and sweat and patience but the results will be worth it—to you, to the industry, and to the kids whose dreams are in your hands.

I seem to have forgotten for a moment that it's you kids I'm talking to. I've tried to give you some notion of some of the things you'll be up against, should you ever strike this Bagdad-on-the-Pacific. If you've got the stuff, you won't let my straight talk put you off. And in spite of what I said at the outset, I find that I do have one piece of advice for you.

Don't be content to dream. *Work.* Go to the library, read plays, discuss them, see them. Save your pennies and buy a recording machine, they don't cost much. Work on parts, make records, listen to them, get your friends to listen and criticize, make them over and over till you're sure you can't do any better. Listen to experienced actors on radio shows. Learn to place your voices. Every high school has a department of speech. Try out for amateur productions. Go to dramatic school if you can, but be sure it's a good one. Bad trimming's worse than none.

Among you are the stars of five and ten years hence. Hollywood can't get along without you. If you're sure you can't get along without Hollywood, roll back your sleeves, pitch in, and good luck to you.

Maureen O'Hara appearing in 20th Century-Fox hit, "How Green Was My Valley." The favorite way to charm your hands—use Jergens Lotion!



**"LOVE can be strong and Beautiful
when Hands are silken-soft,"**

says **MAUREEN O'HARA**

(Lovely Hollywood Star)



JUST TRY AND DO HOUSEWORK
AND HAVE SILKEN-SOFT HANDS!

I'VE MANAGED FOR YEARS,
DEAR, WITH HELP
OF JERGENS LOTION.
JERGENS TENDS YOUR
HAND SKIN WITH
BEAUTY-GIVING MOISTURE.

WELL, ANNE BEGAN RIGHT AWAY TO USE
JERGENS LOTION AND NOT LONG AFTER:

TO THINK THESE
DARLING SOFT HANDS
KEEP HOUSE FOR ME!

**Have almost professional
soft-hand care . . . so easily**

Rough, coarse hands say you're careless about yourself. Because people know—by using Jergens Lotion, you can easily have delightful hands. Yes! Jergens Lotion tends your hand skin

with 2 special ingredients many doctors rely on to help rough skin to heavenly smoothness. Quick to use—never sticky. Regular use helps *prevent* dismal roughness and chapping. 50¢, \$1.00; introductory sizes 10¢, 25¢. Soon have "darling soft hands"; start now to use Jergens Lotion.

**JERGENS
LOTION**

FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS



FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

(Paste on a penny postcard, if you wish)
The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3926, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)
Please send me—*free*—my purse-size bottle of the famous Jergens Lotion.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Song of an Actress

Continued from page 51

ADJUSTABLE
to Fit to a
Fraction-
of-an-
Inch.



***ALLO-ETTE ONCE-OVER**
In these one-piece foundations, you select the size which fits your hips correctly—and then, by means of the brassiere's adjustable back-fastening and adjustable shoulder straps, you adjust the upper section to suit your individual requirements. In Broadcloth, \$5.00; in Satin, \$7.50.

Separate Allo-Ette Brassieres (for slightly larger-than-average bosoms)—\$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. Send for free Style Booklet 2; Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., N.Y.

Maiden Form
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES ONCE-OVERS

AT ALL LEADING STORES
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

SONG POEMS WANTED
TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send Your Poems To
J. CHAS. McNEIL
A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC
510-V So. Alexandria Los Angeles, Calif.

Beautify Your
FORM *Contour*

DON'T BE embarrassed by a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust. Do as thousands of other women just like yourself are doing. They have learned how to bring out the loveliest contours of their figures, whatever their bust faults. Now you too can do the same—safely, easily and positively.

Highly Endorsed By Many Doctors

Your flat bustline can be miraculously beautified into full and alluring contours. Or, if you are the pendulous type, it can be rounded into high and youthful loveliness. All you have to do is follow the easy directions on exercise, massage, brassieres, diet, etc., given in the great medically-endorsed book, "The Complete Guide to Bust Culture." Adopt these simple self-help measures at once and your bust will positively appear full, firm and shapely... the proud, glamorous curves that attract men everywhere.



OUR OFFER—SEND NO MONEY

You can now obtain this unique book by A. F. Niemoeller, A.B., M.A., B.S., at a remarkable price reduction. Formerly \$3.50. Now only \$1.98. Guaranteed harmless. Amazing lifetime results. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. Shipped in plain wrapper. Money back if not delighted. Enjoy life anew, attract men. Write name & address in margin NOW and mail to HARVEST HOUSE, 70 Fifth Ave., Dept. P-316, New York

may, in that goofy coop of a coast Montmartre, have eaten quite as little, even less, she has, thank heaven, Sam Goldwyn and Darryl Zanuck, kept her health and strength. Heaven (not to be too biological) made her what she is, Sam put her into training, and Darryl put her to work. And altogether it's a swell job.

Now that things have got started, they're going at a mighty fast clip. From "Western Union" the speedy Virginia went into "Tall, Dark and Handsome" and now she's being rather sensational in "Swamp Water." No time for anything else? Oh yes, she had. In her spare moments she wrote poetry for magazines. And so you see on this page the poem she graciously consented to write for SCREENLAND.

One of the first things about Miss Gilmore to strike me was that her face had brains in it. An oval tendency added charm, while the lips were just full enough for warmth—you know. Her clear eyes had a sunny way of smiling, her fair hair was like a flag in the breeze. Looking further was to find a profile that meant something. Strength fortified softness. A musical voice, not unlike the 'cello she plays so well, matched all this, rich-throated and flowing, with no uncertain high notes shrilling to exclamation. It spoke of poise and the disciplined mind of a young woman of 24 who looked 21.

At a far earlier age, long before Bohemia ranged above her horizon, Virginia, I was amazed to hear, became an actress to keep from going to bed. I could hardly believe my ears. In their time they had heard many reasons for choosing the same calling, among them, if memory served, "career." But "bed" was something else again, something that knocked understanding flat as a mattress.

Miss Gilmore smiled indulgently. "When I was five I'd take my stand in the living room every evening after dinner and defiantly announce, 'I'm going to do a play.' It wasn't that I wanted to act, but that I didn't want to go to bed. To stay up, I'd do anything, even if I didn't know how to do it. Not knowing any plays, I had to make them up as I went along. That was a great strain on me, but a still greater one on the helpless members of the family. They'd sit resigned to their fate while I desperately performed. The wonder was they didn't all become victims of chronic indigestion. From time to time they would try to stop me, but I'd always hurry to say, 'There's one more scene.'"

Virginia was 11 when the way led to Bohemia. Born in Del Monte, Calif., she presently lived in Carmel and then went to school in Burlingame. By now the acting bee in her bonnet was buzzing busily. So one day her aunt, herself with a sympathetic leaning toward the stage, took her up to San Francisco on a Toonerville trolley for a reading at the Group Theater. There and at the Green Room Theater her training continued for eight years, with time off for the University of California at Berkeley, until the call to Hollywood came like a cry out of the wilderness. How it happened to come is still a mystery.

"If it had been a wee bit stranger, a shade more mysterious, I might now be in New York," she reflected, "for I had never thought of going into pictures."

Meanwhile, that schoolgirl with her hair in braids had gone into a life so strange to

her, so utterly unlike any existence she had ever imagined, that at first its unreality had all the quality of a fantastic dream.

"We lived," considered Miss Gilmore, "what is called the Bohemian life. This does not mean it is a gay life. In a sense, it is the outgrowth of poverty. Its aim is to keep faith with itself, to try individually to meet the requirements of living on little—and they try so desperately, those kids who have no money. It is a very pathetic attempt to be brave. I think this is true of youth all over the world, youth struggling to rise."

Her deep sympathy with that youth, as these words came from her free of sentimentality and self-consciousness, was felt in her sincerity and understanding, based alike on her own actual experience.

"Yes, we got fun out of it," she willingly admitted, "but I think we learned a great deal, too. Mainly, we learned self-dependence. This is something probably of more importance today than ever before in the world. For youth, boys and girls alike, now faces a world such as never has been known. None of us know what tomorrow may bring, but all of us know we should be ready to face whatever comes. To do this we must have, first of all, self-reliance. In its way, acting is largely a matter of self-reliance, since the actor must stand or fall by himself. He lives, too, much by himself. Indeed, it was wholly so with the Group to which I belonged."

There was a characteristic pause, then: "There were fifteen of us altogether. We lived in a strange, eerie house on Telegraph Hill in San Francisco. It was an earthquake house. That is, it had been shaken out of shape and never put right again. It leaned at a perilous angle. Its stairs swung drunkenly, its doors wobbled to one side, its floors staggered across lurching rooms. The whole place had the feeling of an awful hangover. Everything was on the bias, and that's the way we walked—we had to, or fall flat on our faces. Downstairs, by the front door, was a bulletin board with a piece of white chalk hanging by a string. On it we would write messages, such as: 'Toots—If you're going to the drug-store, bring back toothpaste. Sally.' The girls were all on one floor, the boys on another. Three other girls were in the room with me. We'd share the work of it, and do our own washing, or most of it, to save laundry bills. We each got \$16.50 a week—some weeks. But we drew only about \$10 after our household expenses were taken out. By that time we had borrowed about \$5 apiece, so we had to get through the week with what little was left. There was the strictest economy in food, all of it chosen by the management with that one idea in mind. We had stewed apricots every morning and pancakes every other Wednesday morning. The apricots gagged us, but the pancakes were a great treat. When we had roast lamb for dinner we'd have it for three more nights, the last time as soup made out of the bones. At meals the talk was always of acting and clothes. We girls were always borrowing one another's clothes. But I sold a lot of mine."

A bit of business on the side? "N-no," and she mused reminiscently. "That's another story. You see, a boy at home seemed to be interested in me, and my mother hoped he was. Mother had a charge account in a San Francisco store, and told me to stock up with clothes for the boy's

Why Hollywood Women LOSE Their MEN!

BROKEN ROMANCES are the worst blight on Hollywood's reputation. Why can't the loveliest women in America hold their men? Learn from their unhappy experiences. Screen Guide tells the intimate truth!

Other Scoops in December Screen Guide:

Greta Garbo Exposed—Now she's no longer such a mystery!
How Bette Davis is facing the new crisis in her career.
Why Bing Crosby won't retire—no matter what "they say!"
Is Joan Crawford ready to try an escape from Hollywood?
Why Irene Dunne is Hollywood's most "interesting" woman.
Ann Sheridan's own personal wardrobe—real-life fashions.
How Joan Fontaine found her formula for happy marriage!
How "Blondie" gets along without "Dagwood" in private life.
Giant Portrait of Claudette Colbert in Full Color!

**Fool-Proof
Four-Day
DIET!**

SPECIAL! Hollywood's own diet, designed for stars and now available to you only in Screen Guide! Lose a pound a day—and then follow simple instructions to avoid gaining them back. Created by Terry Hunt, served at "The Brown Derby," followed by the most important stars. It's yours!



SCREEN GUIDE

DECEMBER ISSUE

Now on Sale

at ALL NEWSSTANDS

10¢

like. As my step-father was quite wealthy, I entered into the idea so enthusiastically that I spent \$2,000 on coats, dresses, hats and shoes. But in time I sold nearly everything to the other girls of the Group, most of the dresses for \$5 apiece, or anything I happened to get."

Naïvely, I wondered what had happened to the boy. "He got married," was the bland reply, "but not to me."

My ready sympathy went out to a life, particularly a Bohemian life, starved of romance, only to be met with the astonishing disclosure: "I fell in love with twins. But it was rather confusing. Not that I couldn't tell them apart. But, somehow, I kept getting my dates mixed."

With the unerring instinct of a Los Angeles realtor, I speculated as to whether this duplex attachment had led to a further financial investment.

"Yes, it did," confirmed the twin-developer. "With another girl of the Group, I bought a house for \$30, so that we could get away from the earthquake house for week-ends. It was really just a shack on Fishermen's Wharf down at Monterey. Though not much to look at, it had a lot of atmosphere—fishy. In fact, it smelled so strongly of fish that we had to keep both the doors and windows open day and night. Of course, keeping open house like that made it seem all the more Bohemian. We furnished it accordingly. For example, I used rejection slips from editors as drink coasters. In its simple way, it was really lovely. The twins would come down to lunch—fish. We all enjoyed it immensely until one of them nearly strangled on a bone and the other choked sympathetically. Naturally, it was impossible to tell which was which—that is, which one had the bone. So my girl friend and I matched pennies to decide which twin we would pound on the back. Then we hit 'Tails,' as

we called him, so hard that we knocked him right out of doors, where he fell off the wharf. As he bobbed to the surface, blowing like a whale, he spluttered, 'S-sorry, but you soaked the wrong guy!'"

Miss Gilmore grinned regretfully. Then, asked whether she had found Bohemia to be the land of romance, she gravely replied: "Romance is like gold—it's where you find it. For my part, I did not find it in Bohemia. None of the boys in the Group interested me romantically. There, I was interested only in the work of the theater—acting, production, lighting, direction, and the like. We were always busy. They kept changing casts, and everybody got a chance. There was little friction or jealousy, though I did have one rather unpleasant experience. Another girl kept interrupting my scenes. One night when I was playing *Winifred* in Wiedekind's 'The Awakening of Spring' she walked into my best scene with the boy four minutes before her time and utterly ruined it. I was so upset that I decided to leave the company. After the performance I got into an old car for which I'd paid \$20 and started out of town with no idea as to where I might be going. It was just a matter of driving blindly all night. At five in the morning I found myself in King City, two hundred miles from San Francisco, and out of gas. I'd just enough money to pay for a bed in a little hotel. By that time I was so tired that I didn't wake up till late in the afternoon. There was no way of getting back for my performance that night, so I wired for gasoline and returned the next day. Missing a performance was the only result of that foolish escapade. My work meant everything to me then, just as it does now. But when Mr. Goldwyn brought me to Hollywood, I didn't do any acting for two and a half years, although I was

paid first \$50, then \$75, a week. I was taught French and Spanish and given dancing lessons, and I hated it all. I thought it silly. It may have been just my conceit, but I felt they were missing a good bet by not letting me go to work."

Of all things, Virginia Gilmore surely was not conceited. And, curiously enough, there seemed to be nothing of the Bohemian about her.

"You don't have to be a Bohemian in Hollywood," was what she had to say to that. "Anyway, it's not a matter of a girl's going out every night. I've gone to a night club on the White Strip only once. To me, it just seemed terribly expensive. And it's so much more fun to have a talk and a drink with a friend or two at home or in some other quiet place. In a night club it's so noisy you can't hear yourself. And the cost is ridiculous, there's no sense in it. Hollywood Bohemians, from what little I've seen of them, have lots of money, but they let it run through their fingers. It is very valuable to you if you don't have money, for then you won't ever be sunk by it. Now, I've had all the advantages, so to speak, of a child of wealth. But, as I see it, the mere display of money, the sheer waste of it, is a terrific pretense. I still say it is much more interesting to sit in the peanut gallery at a concert than down in the third row. There are many ways of taking your pleasures innocently. Morally, Bohemia—which often is just another word for license—is a matter of taste. There was nothing of that sort in the Group. Had there been, I think I might have accepted it, though it never would have interested me. Bohemia, as I know it, is adolescence without money. And I wouldn't trade it, the brave spirit of it, for anything in the world."

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Just rub it on the gums

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Buy it from your druggist today



ALMOST LIKE A MIRACLE

—is what women of society, stage, screen, office, and home say about FaSet, the new tissue form. You too will be enchanted with the new firm beauty it will bring to your face and neck. FaSet lifts, helps rebuild muscle tissues, remove double chin and heavy face lines. Soft, porous, washable, delightfully comfortable to wear during sleep or leisure hours. Adjustable, on and off in a moment.

Not sold by stores—Obtainable only direct. Send check or M. O. or pay postman \$1.25 plus postage. (Plain package.)
FaSET CO., DEPT. C-1, ROCKVILLE CENTRE, L. I., N. Y.

SONG POEM WRITERS

Write today for free booklet outlining profit sharing plan.
ALLIED MUSIC, Dept. 10
7608 Reading Cincinnati, O.

GIVEN
AWAY!

GUARANTEED JEWELRY

Solid sterling silver Birthstone Ring; or lovely 13 set sparkling Dinner Ring; or an All-Occasion Ring with simulated Ruby and 8 brilliant marcasites. **FOR** selling 4 boxes of Rosebud Salve at 25c each. Send No Money. **Order 4 salve.**
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., BOX 22, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

FREE CATALOG

Class Pins and Rings

Artistic pins, rings and emblems for classes and clubs. Attractive prices 30c up. Finest quality, gold plated, silver, etc. Over 300 designs.
Dept. W, METAL ARTS CO., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

Be an ARTIST

LEARN AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME!
Trained artists are capable of earning \$30, \$50, \$75 a week. By our practical method, we teach you **COMMERCIAL ART, ILLUSTRATING and CARTOONING**, step by step, all in ONE complete course. **FREE BOOK**—"Art for Pleasure & Profit" describes training and opportunities in art. No obligation. State age.
STUDIO 1712T, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
1115-15th ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

P

SORIASIS ECZEMA

AND OTHER EXTERNAL SKIN IRRITATIONS

When **SABETAL** vanishes on the skin it tends to clear scales, itch, redness. No bandaging necessary. Not oily or greasy. A professionally prepared compound. Send '1 for regular size. Or free sample.

Hillcrest Laboratories, Spring Valley, N. Y. Dept. 206

SABETAL DOES NOT STAIN



Cute? Armida, who dances and sings in "Fiesta," Hal Roach musical, is teaching her parrot the film's songs, but Polly seems unhappy. Is it 'cause he can't dance like her, too?

The New "Doug and Mary" at Home

Continued from page 27

Mary Lee wasn't in the mood for pretty talk or attractive men right then, but she thought that the least she could do as a house guest was to be pleasant. So she dabbed on a little powder, and a little lipstick, and a few minutes later was shaking hands with her future husband—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Nobody suspected it, least of all Mary Lee and Douglas, but Merle had definitely started something.

Just because Mary Lee was well-mannered enough to be a pleasant house guest, even in the midst of her dumps (and I hope this will be a lesson to some rude people I know) she is now one of the happiest, and certainly one of the luckiest, of the young wives in Hollywood. That's the moral for the month.

In those delightfully unconscious days when people could laugh without feeling guilty about it—only a few years ago, in fact, though it seems centuries—young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was quite a gay and dashing young fellow. And decidedly the "catch" of the town. Son of the famous Douglas Fairbanks and Beth Sully Fairbanks Whiting, Douglas was tormented by tutors all the way from Pasadena to Paris and back again. "I wasn't a very keen student in those days," says Douglas with a grin. "I guess I was too intent on having fun."

As he grew older he thought no more of crossing the Atlantic than we would of crossing the street to the grocery store. In Hollywood he had a fling at making pictures, and a fling at marriage with Joan Crawford—who divorced him in 1934. In New York he was asked to join the very social Knickerbocker Greys. In London he helped form Criterion Films, Ltd.,

dashed around Mayfair in high-powered cars with the Duke of Kent, and rushed Gertrude Lawrence off her pretty little feet. Life was crowded with fun for Douglas. That was before a jerk paperhanger named Hitler got fancy ideas.

Douglas and Mary Lee were married in a little church in Westwood, California, April 22, 1939. "Our friends didn't even know we were going together until we announced our engagement a week before our marriage," says Mary Lee, while Douglas adds, "I'll always be grateful to Merle for trotting out Mary Lee that rainy afternoon."

That little trip to the altar meant a lot to Douglas. That gay, carefree, dashing young playboy suddenly did a right-about-face and became a very happy and considerate husband. He wanted a home, and he wanted a family. And that little trip to Paris, made by the Germans, also meant a lot to Douglas. He who had been a disinterested student suddenly discovered that he couldn't learn enough about current events, politics and economics. He entered into British War Relief with a big heart and an equally big pocketbook, and today he alone is supporting two of the largest hospitals for the wounded in England. During the last presidential campaign he made speeches all over the country—good speeches, too, which he wrote himself. And he didn't just talk about doing something about the war, like most movie stars—Douglas really got down to doing something. He is vice-president of The Committee to Defend America By Aiding the Allies, which is a job by itself. And last spring, as you know, the U. S. Government sent him to South America on a good

neighbor tour — which was much more important than it sounded. Evidently he did a good job, because as soon as he completes "The Corsican Brothers" for Edward Small, Uncle Sam has another mission for him. How that boy changed! We who knew him when he was tossing orchids at glamorous ladies never suspected that there was a serious thought in his handsome head.

Shortly after their marriage the Fairbankses went house-hunting and stumbled on the lovely old rambling home once owned by Elissa Landi when she was a top movie star. The house is high on a hill in the Pacific Palisades and overlooks the azure blue of the ocean. It was love at first sight. Douglas signed the deed that made him a man of property ("It was a big bargain," adds Mary Lee, the practical) and promptly named his new home Westridge. Out came the pipe organ which had been installed when Miss Landi lived there (the Fairbankses presented it to a church) and in went the Fairbanks furniture. "We didn't have to buy a thing," Mary Lee says gleefully. "I had my things from Virginia, and Douglas had his things from his London flat. We even used most of our rugs and drapes—though we did have to do a lot of cutting and dyeing."

"Mary Lee and I both come from a long line of furniture collectors," Douglas adds. "And fortunately for us they collected old English and early American pieces—as that's what we like, and what we wanted for our home."

"I did my own decorating," says Mary Lee proudly. "And I did most of it on my back in the hospital after Daphne was born. I had the painters and the curtain people bring in samples and colors. I'm not too pleased with the walls in the living room—but I told the painter I wanted a shade between beige and green, and I think he did very well, considering."

The prettiest room in the house—but without even a splinter of Sheraton and Chippendale—is the very delightful nursery of Miss Daphne Fairbanks. Miss Daphne is a year and half old now, curly-headed and pretty as a picture. She has a cute little way of saying "No, No," right before she touches anything she knows she shouldn't. Daphne isn't a family name. Mary Lee and Douglas picked it out of a name dictionary after the baby was born. They wanted their child's initials to be D. F. (they had rather hoped for another Douglas) and Daphne, they decided, was the prettiest D to be found. Needless to say Douglas is mad about his little girl who says "No, No" right before she breaks his favorite cigarette box.

After a day of duelling his way through hundreds of men for Edward Small ("The Corsican Brothers" is Dumas at his most thrilling) Douglas comes home to a quiet, orderly, well-run home. After dinner they light a fire in his "Pub" and indulge in a spirited game of darts—the idea being to get Hitler right in the kisser. Douglas has played chess ever since he was a kid and is one of the best players in the country, so Mary Lee, the perfect wife, is now learning chess. The chess set they use, by the way, Mary Lee bought in Europe as a wedding present for Merle Oberon. But Douglas took one look at the beautiful, exquisite old ivory and said, "Oh, no! That's not for Merle. That's for me." (And a fine way to do Merle, after she introduced him to his bride.)

Stand-out days at the Fairbankses are Thursdays and Sundays. On Thursday the cook is away and Mary Lee has to prepare Douglas' dinner. "Mary Lee goes very Southern when she cooks," says Douglas—and somehow I suspect that Mary Lee is much more pleased with her cooking than Douglas is. One of her favorite Thursday night dishes is a bean-

For Kissable Lips

USE
FLAME-GLO

10c
AND
25c

Glamorous Hollywood stars choose Flame-Glo for their personal use, for here is a lipstick that keeps lips radiant for hours and hours longer! The youth-glowing color is sealed by a water-repellent, protective film... won't blur at the edges! You'll adore its petal-softness, its sheenful smoothness, its moonlight fragrance. And you'll be thrilled by the luscious new fashion shades, with harmonizing face powder and rouge.

Try these popular Flame-Glo shades TODAY!
RASPBERRY, GLAMOUR RED, PINWHEEL RED, RUBY RED

AT ALL
5 & 10c
STORES

Flame-Glo
"KEEPS YOU KISSABLE"

10c

LIPSTICK • FACE POWDER • ROUGE



Help Yourself to Beauty 3 Important Ways

See How Much This Medicated Cream Can Do for Your Skin

★ ★ ★

★ Nurses were the first to discover the extraordinary merit of this snow-white, greaseless, MEDICATED cream, Noxzema—both as an aid to complexion beauty and for the relief of red, chapped hands. Now more than 15 million jars of Noxzema are sold yearly! Women everywhere use it as a night cream and powder base to help improve poor complexion, also to help keep hands soft, smooth.

The reason Noxzema does so much is because *it's not just a cosmetic cream*. It's MEDICATED. (1) It helps heal externally-caused pimples and the tiny cracks in chapped skin. (2) It helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin. (3) It has a mildly astringent action.

Why not get a jar of Noxzema and try using it for just 10 days? See if you don't notice it helping your skin grow smoother, softer, clearer!



SPECIAL OFFER! Here's your chance to try Noxzema at a real saving! Right now all drug and cosmetic counters are featuring the big 75¢ jar for only 49¢—for a limited time only. Get a jar today, and see how much it can do to help you!



Better than a dozen hankies for opening Stuffy Nostrils

due to colds

WHAT'S the use of soiling so many handkerchiefs trying to blow mucus out of stopped up nostrils? Mentholum will do a much better job without blowing, without straining, without noise and fuss. Insert Mentholum in your nostrils, and in a little while the congestion will clear and you will be able to breathe more easily. Jars or tubes, 30c. For a generous free trial size write to the Mentholum Company, 29 Harlan Building, Wilmington, Delaware.



MENTHOLATUM

BUY DEFENSE BONDS and STAMPS

WANTED-WOMEN-GIRLS

Address and Mail our Catalogs for us. We Pay You 2c Each in Advance plus Bonuses. Everything Supplied including Stamps. Easy and pleasant work. Write for Free Details. RALEIGH PREMIUM CO., Dept. 16, Lawyer's Building, Jersey City, N. J.

Poem Writers! Lyric Writers!

WE REVISE POEMS—SUPPLY THE MELODY and MAKE RECORDINGS. FOR IMMEDIATE CONSIDERATION send yours to

"MASTER MELODY MAKERS" D-10

6411 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood, Calif.

5¢ LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

Send postcard for our free catalogue. Thousands of bargains. Address: HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO., Catalogue Dept. Desk M-555, GIRARD, KANSAS.

WEDDING INVITATIONS—ANNOUNCEMENTS

100 only \$4.75 postpaid. Write for samples EBEL-BINDER CO., 1825 Queen City Ave., Cincinnati, O.

SONG & POEM WRITERS!

New Songwriters in great demand. Send us your Poems. We set them to Music FREE. Hear your song on a record. Send for FREE Folder today.

CINEMA SONG COMPANY

P. O. Box No. 2828, Dept. CI, Hollywood, California

NEW! Latest Model Pocket Radio!
NO Tubes Batteries
DURABLE PLASTIC CABINETS
 Dual Bands—Magictenna—Microdial
 Fits your pocket or purse—Wt. 6 ozs.
 ABOUT CIGARETTE PACKAGE
 SIZE! PATENTED FIXED POWER
 CRYSTAL! Receives broadcasts
 clearly. Hi-ratio easy tuning "MICRO-
 DIAL" No upkeep—OWNERS RE-
 FORT 2-3 YEARS OF SERVICE!—
 THOUSANDS SOLD! M. L. of Ill.
 says: "MIDGET RADIO WORKS FINE!"
ONE YEAR SERVICE GUARANTEE.
 Shipped complete ready to listen with instructions and tiny phone for
 use in homes, offices, hotels, in bed, etc. SIMPLE TO OPERATE—
 NO ELECTRICITY REQUIRED! LOWEST COST—Send only
 \$2.99 (M. O., Cash, Check), for postpaid delivery or GUARANTEE
 to pay postman \$2.99 plus no-take charge on arrival. PRICES MAY
 GO UP—GET YOUR MIDGET NOW FOR REAL ENJOYMENT!
 FREE! PLUG IN "MAGICTENNA"—ELIMINATES OUTSIDE
 WIRES WITH EACH ORDER! GUARANTEED TO WORK!
 MIDGET RADIO CO. Dept. SC-12 KEARNEY, NEBR.

corn-pork stew which is as plain as the nose on your face. Into a big pan she puts string beans, corn (on cob or off, to suit yourself) and a huge hunk of salt pork. She covers this with water and cooks slowly for four or five hours. Then she puts potatoes around the top and cooks about forty-five minutes, until the potatoes are done. "It's heavenly," says Mary Lee.

"Douglas loves the way I cook liver," she says. "I have a pot of boiling water. Then I stick a huge fork in the liver and submerge it in the boiling water for one minute. This keeps the flavor in it. Then I fry it in butter in a hot skillet."

If Douglas ever goes broke, heaven forbid, at least he's got a wife who knows her way around the kitchen.

On Sundays the Fairbankses have open house. Lunch is informal out at the swimming pool and you'll probably find a *bona fide* Princess on one side of you and the penniless granddaughter of Douglas' favorite cab driver in London on the other. Guests change from Sunday to Sunday (David Niven used to be there every Sunday before he took a boat for England), but you can usually find Wing Commander Jimmy Adams, Allen Vincent, a boyhood friend of Douglas', Tom Geraghty, Douglas, Sr.'s, best friend, and Douglas' pretty cousins, Lucile and Letitia Fairbanks. (Letitia and Huntington Hartford discovered each other this summer—and, as the columnists pointed out, if Letitia marries Huntington he will become his ex-wife's cousin!)

One of the chief things you notice about the Fairbanks home, outside of the perfect taste with which it is furnished, is the great number of family pictures all over the place. Douglas is a great one for family pictures. He loves them all around him. There are grandmothers, and grandfathers, and great-aunts — but mostly there are pictures of his mother, his wife, his baby, and his father. "That's Pete's favorite picture of the two of us," he tells you, pointing to a picture on the chess table, "it was taken four years ago." Douglas, it seems, started calling his famous father Pete after he became a young man. "I asked him one day," says Douglas, "what name he would have liked to have been called if he hadn't been called Douglas. And he said, 'Pete.' So I've called him Pete ever since. And he called me J. R."

Now that he has become a serious-minded young man Douglas isn't as great a tease and ribber as he used to be in those casual pre-Hitler days. "Oh, I still bring in a funny-looking little guy from the studio occasionally," he admits with a grin, "when Mary Lee is having a formal dinner party, and he insults everybody. This used to amuse Pete and Sylvia. But Mary Lee refuses to be ribbed. She just stuffs him with fried chicken and spoon bread." (Mary Lee not only cooks Southern herself, but usually employs cooks who cook Southern.)

"But I can always tease Mary Lee by playing ghost," he adds. "The house has several sliding panels and a secret staircase in it—and Mary Lee is positive we have an old ghost, and is frightened to death of peculiar noises. I think, though, that she is beginning to suspect that the ghost is only her bridegroom."

The Fairbanks marriage, I have a feeling, is going to last forever. They're such good balance for each other. Mary Lee is easy-going, good-natured, calm and practical. Douglas is high-strung, talkative, nervous and impractical. They both agree that there should be only one actor in the family—and that's Douglas. They both agree that there should be only one homemaker—and that's Mary Lee. And they both agree that Merle Oberon should be given some kind of a prize—but not a chess set—for bringing them together.

Atlas with a Grin

Continued from page 34

luck. He tried to persuade one man to give him a job behind a soda fountain—nothing doing. "Ever hear of the bull in a china shop?" asked the employment officer cornily. In another office he was mistaken for an adult and asked if he could do book-keeping. Swallowing hard, he said he could. They fired him at the end of two weeks because he might look like a double portion of manhood, but double entry book-keeping was a fabulous mystery to him. Also, his penmanship was so generous that the rulings in the ledgers were only half large enough. Finally he got a job in a woolen mill—again because he was presumed to be well over 21. "That was good, hard, manual labor," he says. "I don't think the average kid could have stood it. I had to lift these soaked bundles of woolen material from one vat to another." Anyone who has trudged home from a football game in a soaked topcoat knows that pig-iron must be made from sheep.

Previous to this experience, Laird had managed to lay the cornerstone of a good education at the Winchester Academy in England, and afterward he went on to the Episcopal Academy just outside of Philadelphia. At fourteen—the woolen date—he was able to speak and write Greek, and he had had four solid years of Latin, both languages useful for describing a sheep at the end of a long day.

While Laird worked, he planned the future. He had footlight fever in every body cell—something to reckon with when the container is as ample as the Cregar torso. There was a momentary deflection when Laird decided that, perhaps, he had a vocation. The Church of England, he meditated, could probably profit with a zealot having a taste for dramaturgy. He wrote to his uncle, an Episcopal clergyman, and mentioned this idea. Laird still has the answer, and he says his uncle's letter is one of the most beautiful he has ever read. "No man should embrace the ministry," the uncle said, "unless he can't think of anything else, unless he feels so burning a desire to preach that nothing else in life could interest him in the slightest."

Laird was about twice as fascinated by Enter Upstage Left as he was by a rousing Recessional, so he promptly set about hounding local producers to give him work. It is no mean jest to say that Mr. Cregar made a hit, in local dramatic circles, in precise proportion to his physical attributes, because he was shortly awarded a scholarship to Pasadena Community Playhouse—the local eye of the needle through which many of the screen's great have passed.

He remained in Pasadena for a year, then returned to Philadelphia, then returned to Pasadena. A manifestation of the Cregar restlessness. You wouldn't expect so big a man to so relish movement, but Laird has the soul of a Mexican jumping bean. Proof: during the past year he has lived in five different apartments in Hollywood. No, rent wasn't the reason this time, although—

Rent *did* become the biggest thing in Laird's life, on his second trip to Pasadena. Jobless and broke flatter than a chocolate éclair on which Mr. Cregar has sat, he was offered the convertible coupé of a friend as sleeping quarters. By draping a sheet around the interior, and by sitting to the extreme right and extending his legs to the extreme left—beyond the clutch and foot brake—he achieved something akin to comfort. He probably looked like a Great Dane folding himself into a lower

dresser drawer, but at least it saved him from vagrancy. Cheese and crackers, purchased whenever he managed to eke out a few cents, saved him from starvation.

Laird's position in the convertible every night was conducive to thinking long thoughts, to wit: Robert Morley was getting an enormous amount of attention for his work in "Oscar Wilde." Mr. Cregar had a hearty respect for Morley's genius, but why couldn't Hollywood have a rousing production of "Oscar Wilde," sans Mr. Morley? With someone like, say Laird Cregar, in the title rôle? A chap named Arthur Hutchinson thought so too—to the tune of the necessary capital.

In half the time it would take to measure Laird for a new suit, all of Hollywood was talking about the astounding man who was bringing Oscar Wilde to life nightly at El Capitan Theatre. It was considered downright illiterate not to have seen the play at least once. Everybody at 20th Century-Fox saw it several times, then Mr. Cregar began to see everyone at 20th Century-Fox. As things stand now, he will go on seeing them regularly for, at least, the next seven years.

His first picture was "Hudson's Bay" in which he made other members of the cast look like Boy Scouts out on a weekend hike. By the way, he didn't have a stunt man double for him in those arduous lifting, hauling, bar-pulling, and fight sequences. That was Cregar doing the things that only Cregar can do. His next picture was "Blood and Sand" in which he was the fiery columnist. That finished, he went to work in the Jack Benny film, "Charley's Aunt."

Benny is said to have jubilated, at the beginning of the picture, that he didn't have to worry about Rochester stealing this one right out from under his nose—because Rochester wasn't in it.

The day the director gave Laird Cregar a gold-headed cane, and Cregar introduced one of the cleverest bits of business seen in Hollywood in many a day (the appreciative sliding of the cane through his hands after he met Charley's bogus aunt), Jack gave up. "I get rid of Rochester," he is reported to have moaned, "and they give me Carmichael—with a cane. Oh, fine!"

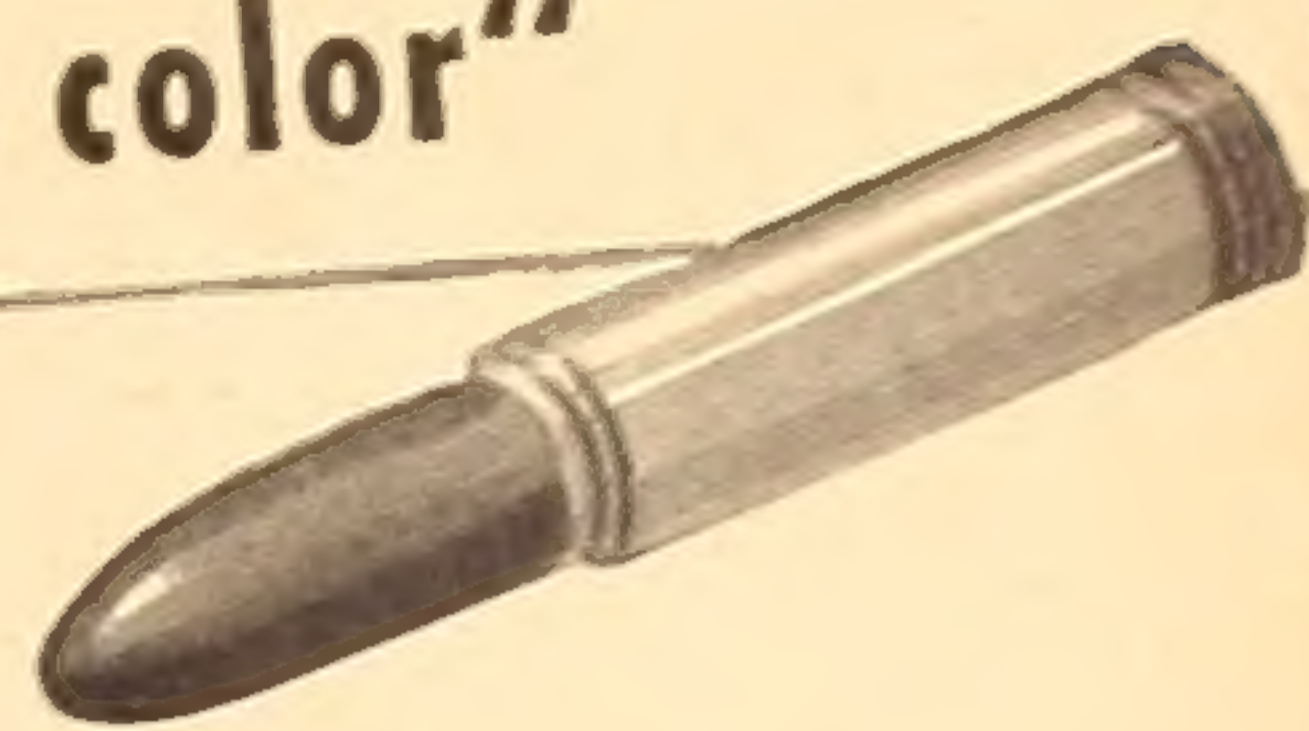
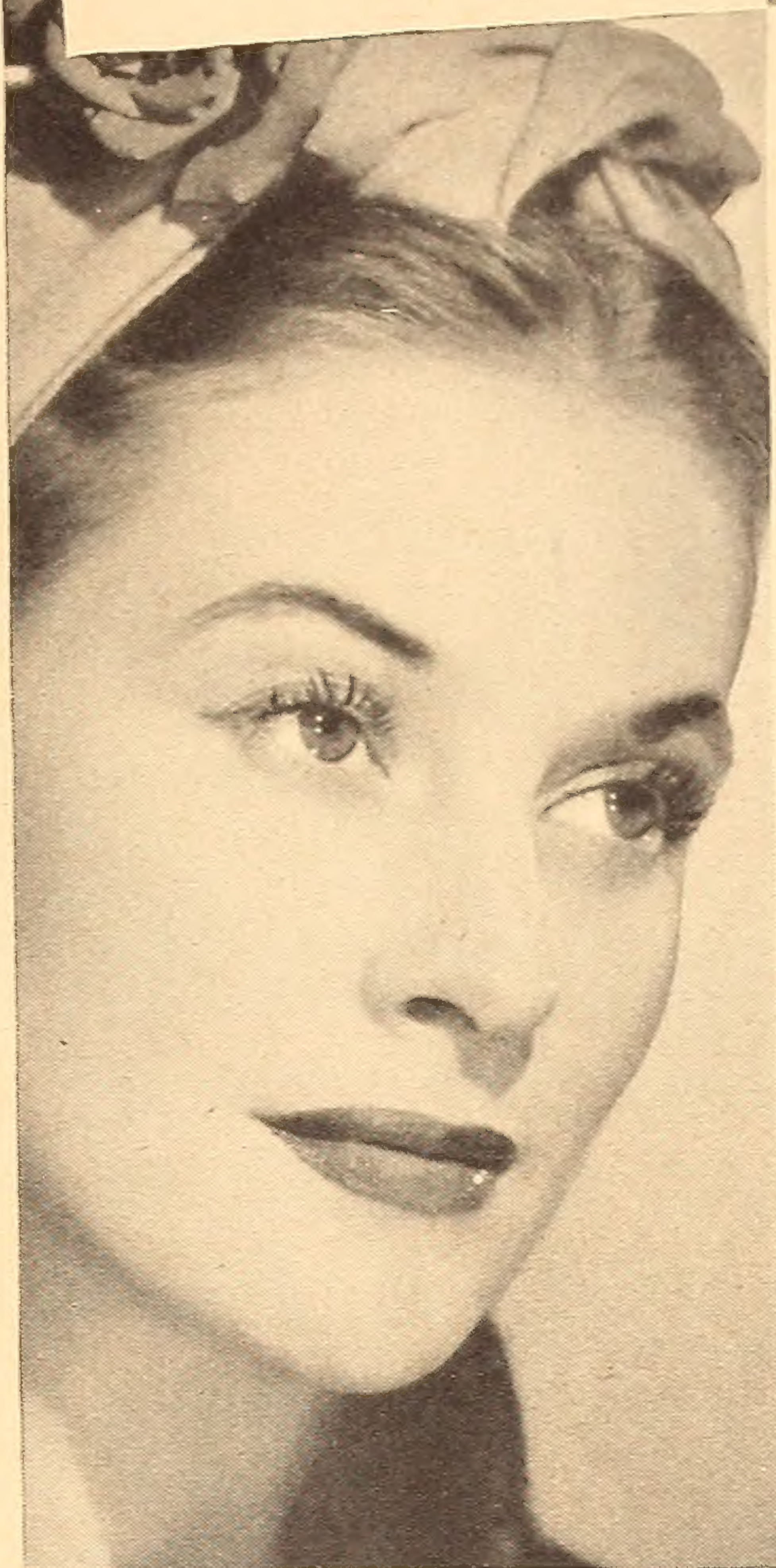
This job done, Laird took time out to have his appendix removed; the largest operation on record to date with the single exception of Lansing, Michigan. Oops—sorry. Currently he is appearing in "Hot Spot" with Victor Mature, Carole Landis, and Betty Grable. In company like that, Cregar is at his best. His part is obviously—just ask anyone who read Steve Fisher's blood-curdling murder mystery, "I Wake Up Screaming," from which "Hot Spot" was made—the tops. He plays the psychopathic detective who very nearly hounds a man into the gas chamber.

After having seen him as a French-Canadian replete with whiskers and accent, and as a Spanish Alexander Woollcott, and as a Nineteenth Century father behind a grey mustache, and as a lax-lipped, narrow-eyed woozy, one is scarcely prepared for Laird Cregar, played straight.

One expects size, yes. But how could one know that his hair is a pleasant shade of reddish brown, absolutely straight, and parted on the left. Who would expect his eyes to be faintly almond-shaped, more inescapable than Joan Crawford's, and a hazel brown of color. He is just twenty-five, or competition for Orson Welles as Boy Genius of Hollywood.

Mr. Cregar has some interesting ideas about the future. He wants to play Nero at the age of 21, when that violinist inherited the Holy Roman Empire. He wants to play Ghengis Khan, the gigantic worthy who cut a throat as casually as Fred Astaire cuts a rug. "The interesting thing

"There's more to Helena Rubinstein's lipsticks than glorious color"



Color of course! Smart, daring, challenging. But the scientist in Helena Rubinstein adds more to her lipstick—an ingredient as helpful to your lip-beauty as a cream is to your face! Its purpose is to keep lips as soft as velvet—to protect against drying, cracking—to help prolong their touchingly young appeal. Lipsticks, 1.00. Generous Debstick, .60.

The three most becoming lipstick shades: Apple Red, glowing daylight color. Deep Red Velvet for evening drama. Red Raspberry, America's favorite!

***For Limited Time Only. All three shades on a key-ring. "KEYS TO BEAUTY" 1.00**

At your favorite store or fill in coupon

Helena Rubinstein, Dept. SU 12-41
715 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Please send me Lipstick, 1.00 ☐ Debstick, .60 ☐
Apple Red ☐ Red Velvet ☐ Red Raspberry ☐
Keys to Beauty, all three shades, 1.00 ☐
Please include samples of Helena Rubinstein's
flattering Powder! ☐ Dry or ☐ Oily Skin.
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Cash ☐ C.O.D. ☐

helena rubinstein

about Khan," Cregar tells you, "is that he was one of the most brutal men who ever lived, but at the same time he was as tender as a woman with members of his own family. He adored and worshipped his own children. To top off this list, Laird wants to bring the person of Attila, The Hun, to the screen. Attila, you may remember, was nicknamed "The scourge of God." When Laird really turns in a charac-

terization of any of the three hearties listed above, you may plan on some sleepless nights—or singularly hideous nightmares.

At that, he may solve the problem of double features, because you've got to admit that the Cregar buy is a double bill. He's the biggest thing to hit pictures since all four of the Marx Brothers, and he's eight times as handsome.



What's all the shooting for, Jean Parker? Getting in a little practice for your new comedy-mystery, "No Hands on the Clock"? We know you're one of Hollywood's best shots so whatever you're shooting at really doesn't matter when you can look so cute.



A "perfectly balanced face" is how John Powers described Katharine Aldridge's features when he first saw her. And Mr. Powers should know, since his office is the home of America's most beautiful advertising models. And, of course, Hollywood, which is the home of beautiful women, lost no time in putting Kay in motion pictures.

Nelson Eddy, P. H.

Continued from page 31

subject of Nelson as a husband came up frequently, and was discussed by Nelson and his mother. Yes, Ann Franklin was in the picture even then.

In fact, Nelson almost ran away from her, to Europe, that summer. Almost, but not quite. That running-away business is not new, either, as we all know. But it usually ends up in the "almost" category, such as Nelson's did. Since time immemorial, men have feared the ultimate capture, and nature always prompts them to escape when they know they're gone, hook, line and sinker.

And Nelson Eddy was no exception to the rule. If you'll recall, that was the summer after Nelson's astounding success in "Naughty Marietta." That summer was undoubtedly the most important in his life. That was the summer when his fate (almost wrote gate), hung in the balance with the fans. For stories of his conceit, his arrogance, and his discourtesy to the press, were rampant. Stories which reached a peak about a year later, and stories which Nelson gracefully outrode.

But that summer his patience was taxed pretty heavily. He became a screen idol overnight, after two years of obscurity in Hollywood, and this sudden swinging of the pendulum brought with it many problems. If he had immediately gone into another picture, the success would have been easier to believe, for he would have been surrounded by the tangible evidences of his profession, and things would have seemed less unreal. Instead of that, the studio naturally wished to be very careful in the selection of his next picture, and this left Nelson, the young man whose picture greeted you from every conceivable periodical, languishing impatiently at home.

He did go out dancing quite a bit with such charmers as Alice Faye, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, and others. But at that stage of his life, he was not seeking such pleasurable diversions. Rather he

seemed to be seeking some direction to his emotional life.

And he found it, in the person of Ann Franklin, who even then enjoyed an enviable reputation as a sophisticated hostess and a *soignée* socialite. He was around thirty then, and the settling-down urge was upon him. Perhaps subconsciously, but nonetheless there. Nelson Eddy is very idealistic, and somewhat of a perfectionist, so he realized that finding a marriage partner was not going to be easy. And don't think for a minute that he exaggerated his own charms. Quite the contrary, despite all those tall tales about his being pursued by frantic femmes. (Seriously, those stories were actually played down in the press. Some of those women with fixations on Nelson were heart-breaking.)

Even if the thought of matrimony had not been in Nelson's mind at the time, his constant interviews on the subject would have made it a paramount subject. When he was asked about his ideal girl, as he invariably was, he invariably answered in a tactfully evasive manner, for he had not truly formulated his thoughts on the subject. But once, after the subject came up for a story, he said:

"What chance would I have of a happy marriage, I ask you? Here it is July, and my tour is already fully lined up. Five months of the year on the road, like a travelling salesman, which I am. One-night stands. It wears me out physically. I couldn't ask a woman to do that, and I certainly wouldn't want to be away from my wife for that long. SO?"

The only specific thing he had in mind regarding THE girl, was that she be a "live wire." He knew what he meant, but he had many ways of expressing it.

"You know, that certain something. I don't mean the kind that move around constantly, and nervously. But the kind that have that keen, understanding look in their eyes. Interested in everything. The

kind that like people and things."

And that certainly describes Ann Eddy. And as for his fears about taking his wife on tour, anyone who has seen them leaving a concert hall together, will realize that the rigors of travelling leave as little mark on Ann as they do on Nelson. They always seem to be having so much fun. And the onlooker further realizes that here is a wife who has solved the problem of being a star's wife with exceptional cleverness. How she can remain by Nelson's side as they wend their way through the crowds to their car, and still seem so unpossessive as not to exist, is the neatest trick of the season. As Nelson signs autographs and returns greetings, Ann seems to melt into the background, but somehow they're cozily ensconced in their car and driving off, leaving smiling fans behind them.

Of course, this degree of perfect husband which we have bestowed on Nelson Eddy, requires many extra-curricular activities, to be so painlessly suggested by the proper wife, as to seem the husband's own idea. So Ann Eddy must also take a bow, for she possesses tact and social talent to a great degree.

We think this quality was what first attracted Nelson to her. Nelson definitely is social, in a sound, wholesome way. The master of the house sort of thing. By that, we mean, he enjoys having his friends under his own roof, and appreciates a woman who can superintend the mechanics of living gracefully and effortlessly. Which, of course, as all Hollywood knows, Ann Eddy can.

Her friendly gifts to Nelson at the time of their budding romance were evidence of the good taste she brings to the art of living. Hothouse strawberries on a silver tray, delivered by her butler. Armsful of fragrant flowers from her greenhouses, with the card marked for both Nelson and his mother.

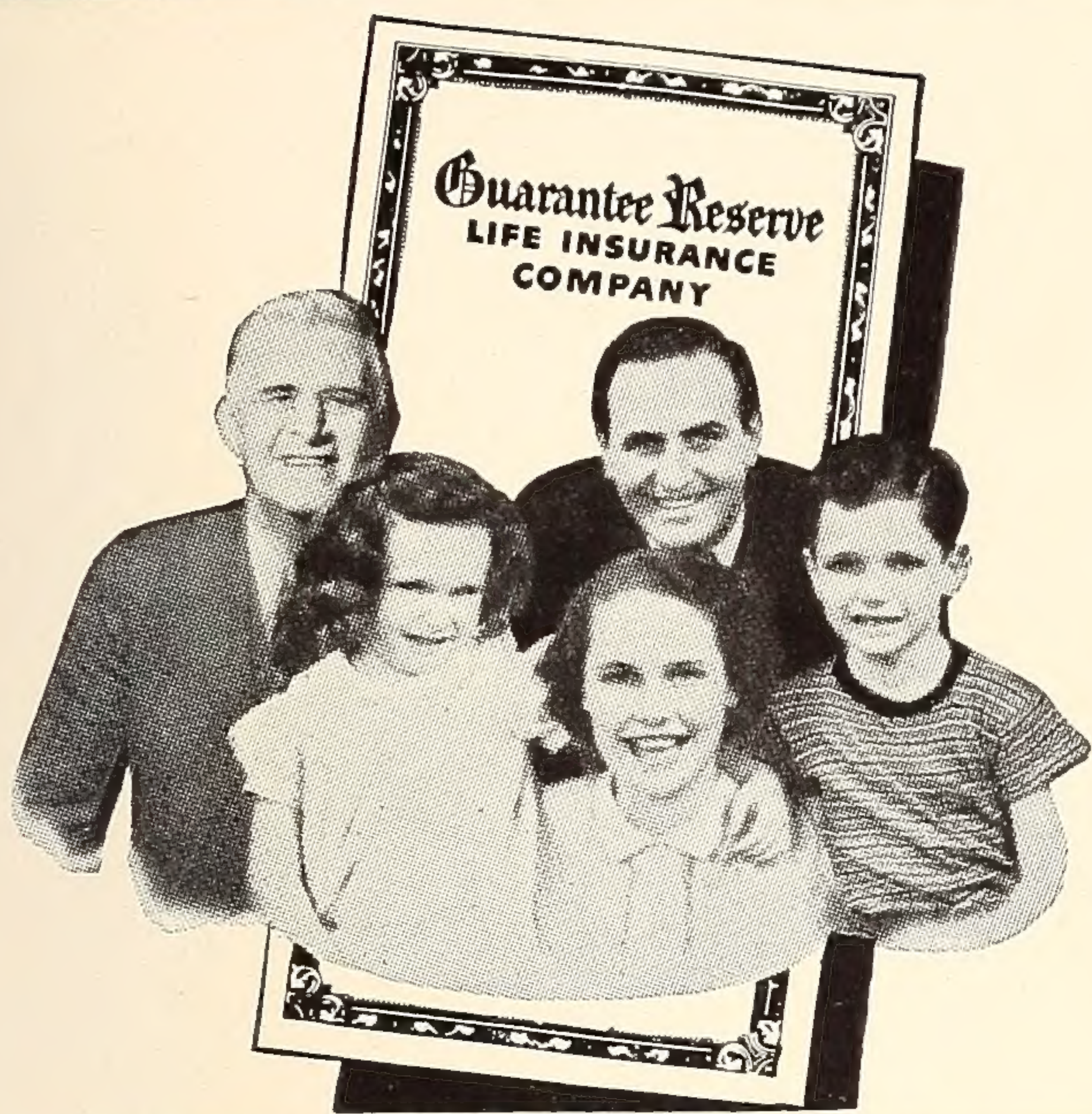
She would send Nelson witty telegrams at all odd hours. As Nelson leaned over his piano in old sports clothes, practicing with his accompanist, Ted Paxson, his eyes would constantly watch the winding drive to the front door, for the Western Union boy, and he'd rush to the door himself to sign for the awaited message. And then his deep-throated laugh would ring out as he read Ann's latest sally.

Yes, Nelson Eddy was doing a lot of thinking about Ann Franklin that summer. He was very pleased that she and his mother got along so well, for Nelson's love and loyalty to his mother, for her lifelong sacrifices for him, is a very important factor in his life, and had there been a lack of compatibility between the two women he loved, life would not be as serene as it now is for this fortunate lad.

It was about here that he began toying with the idea of going on a French boat to Europe, to perfect his French, and he even booked passage. The studio encouraged this, very cannily, by suggesting that he appear at the opening of "Naughty Marietta" in Paris. Certainly, such an opportunity comes to few. An operatic and cinema success at thirty. Endowed with charm, grace, health, artistic and financial success. And now the opportunity to receive the international acclaim that was his due. Fairy-tale stuff, says you. But Nelson was having none of it. For he decided to stick to the library, the quiet life, and of course, Ann Franklin. After that decision, it was merely a matter of time before Nelson joined the ranks of the benedicts.

And now look at him. He has added emotional success to that artistic and financial success. So, when next you see Nelson, in "The Chocolate Soldier," said to be his best film, you will see before you not only a fine singer, a swell actor, a dynamic personality—but a happy husband.

One LIFE INSURANCE POLICY INSURES YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY!



TOTAL COST
Only \$ **1** A MONTH
PAYS FOR ALL

**INSURES PARENTS, CHILDREN (Married or Unmarried)
BROTHERS, SISTERS and GRANDPARENTS...Ages 1 to 65**

Guarantee Reserve
FAMILY POLICY

**INSURES FROM 2 to 6
MEMBERS OF YOUR FAMILY**

\$1,422⁰⁰ For Natural
or Ordinary
Accidental Death

\$2,844⁰⁰ For Auto
Accidental Death

\$4,266⁰⁰ For Travel
Accidental Death

The figures shown above represent the insurance provided by the policy on a typical average family of five persons.

GUARANTEE RESERVE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
DEPARTMENT 75-M, HAMMOND, INDIANA

NO AGENT WILL CALL
10-DAY FREE INSPECTION OFFER
SEND NO MONEY

★ Now, modern life insurance methods make it possible for *all* of your family, including in-laws, to be insured in one policy paying guaranteed benefits for death from any cause.

Instead of issuing five or six policies to include mother, father, sons and daughters, even grandparents, we now issue just one policy that insures them all . . . and at one low cost price of only \$1 a month.

COMPUTED ON LEGAL RESERVE BASIS

To guarantee payment on each death that occurs in your insured family, we have figured this policy out on the strict legal reserve basis, complying with State government requirements in every respect. This is your assurance of *Cash When You Need It Most*. Claims are paid at once . . . without argument or delay. State records verify our fair and just settlements.

Guarantee Reserve specializes in full family coverage, that's why we can offer you safe, guaranteed life insurance on your whole family at one low price of only \$1 a month.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION

To eliminate costly doctor fees, etc., we have eliminated Medical Examination. All people from age 1 to 65, in good health may be included in this new type Guarantee Reserve family policy. No membership fees, no examination fees, no *policy* fee . . . \$1 a month pays for one policy that insures all.

RUSH—MAIL AT ONCE—DON'T DELAY

Guarantee Reserve LIFE INSURANCE CO.

GUARANTEE RESERVE BLDG., Dept., 75-M, Hammond, Ind.

Gentlemen: Without obligation, please send me at once complete information on how to get your Family Life Policy for FREE inspection.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Talcum, Single Loose Powder Vanity . . . \$5.00



Purse flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne and Talcum . . . \$1.50

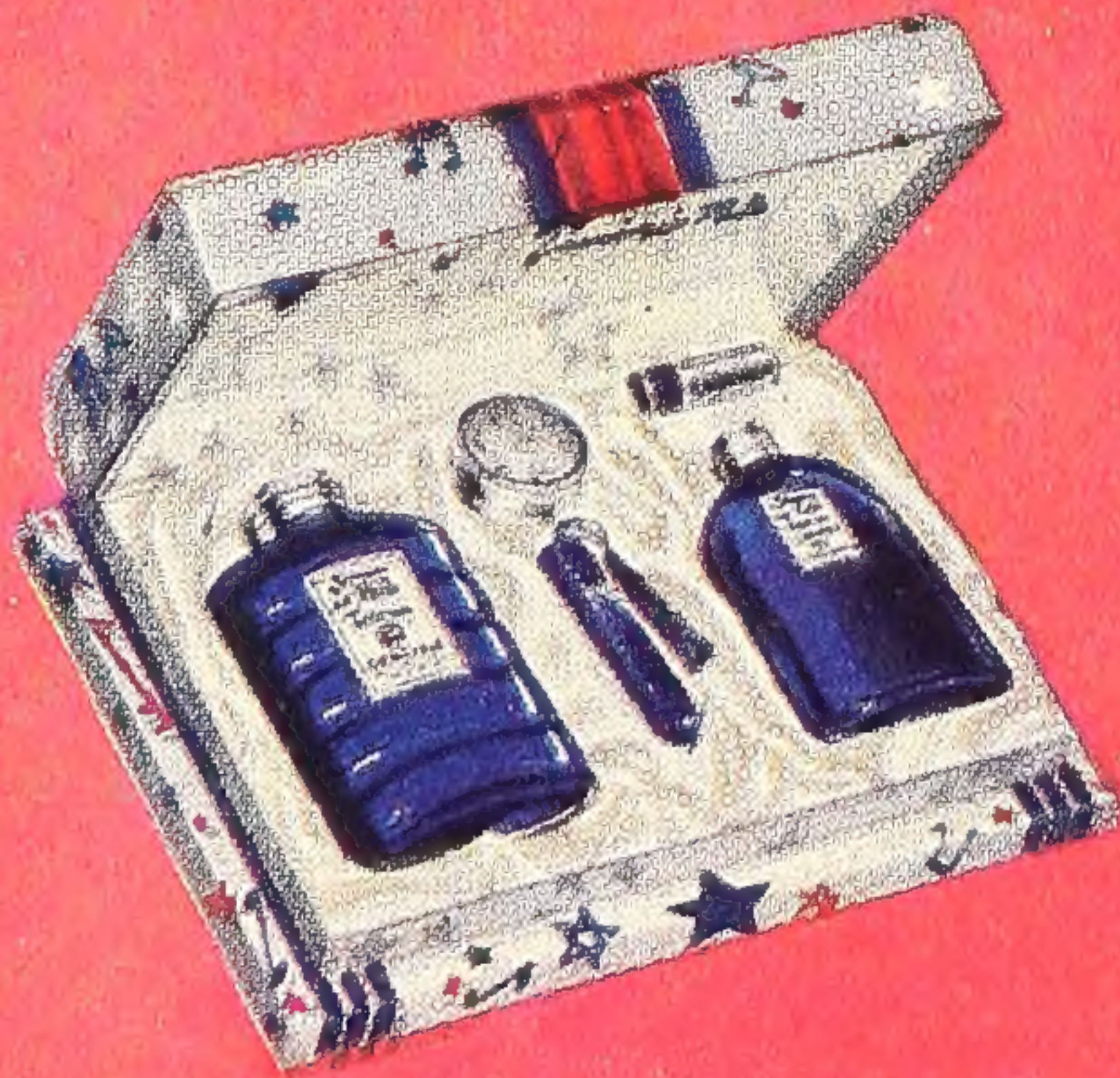


Purse Flacon of Perfume, Face Powder and refreshing Eau de Cologne . . . \$2.50



Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne, Talcum . . . \$1.25

Triple Loose Powder Vanity. Others \$1.25 and \$2.00. \$2.95



Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Rouge, Lipstick and Talcum . . . \$2.95

WHISPER "I LOVE YOU"

WITH
Evening in Paris



CREATED BY
BOURJOIS



Evening in Paris Talcum and sparkling Toilet Water in gift package . . . \$1.85

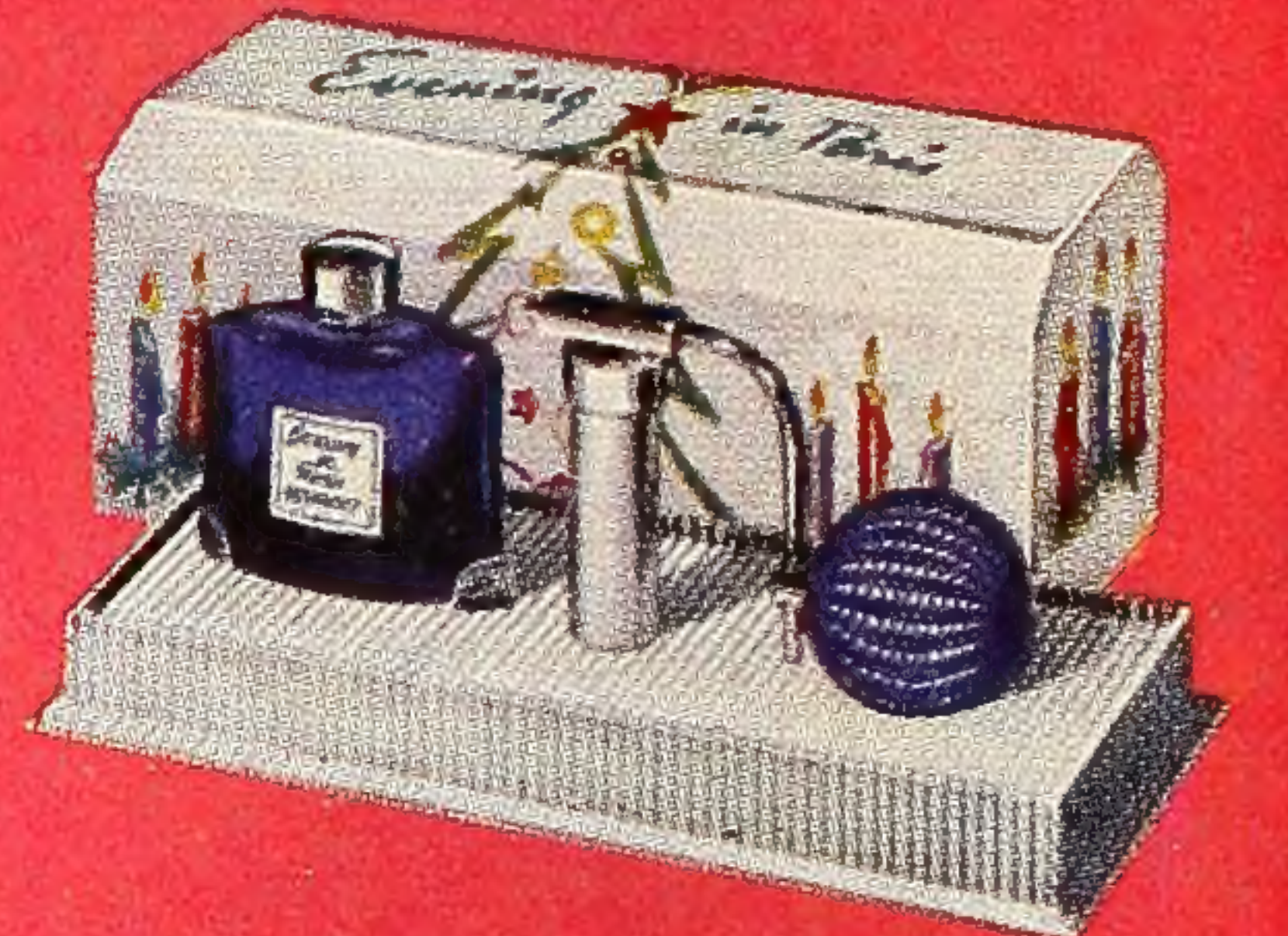


Purse flacon of Perfume, Eau de Cologne . . . \$1.00

Popular Evening in Paris Perfume . . . \$1.25



Evening in Paris Face Powder, Eau de Cologne . . . \$1.65



Evening in Paris Perfume. Separate atomizer. Delightful holiday package . . . \$1.75



Perfume and atomizer, Eau de Cologne, Talcum and Single Vanity . . . \$4.00